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The Camisards








THE CAMISARDS

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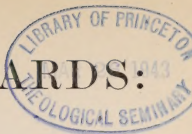


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Tour de Constance ; Women Prisoners on the Terrace.

# THE CAMISARDS:



A SEQUEL TO

'The Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century.'

BY

✓  
CHARLES TYLOR,

JOINT AUTHOR OF BACKHOUSE AND TYLOR'S 'EARLY CHURCH HISTORY,' AND  
WITNESSES FOR CHRIST.'

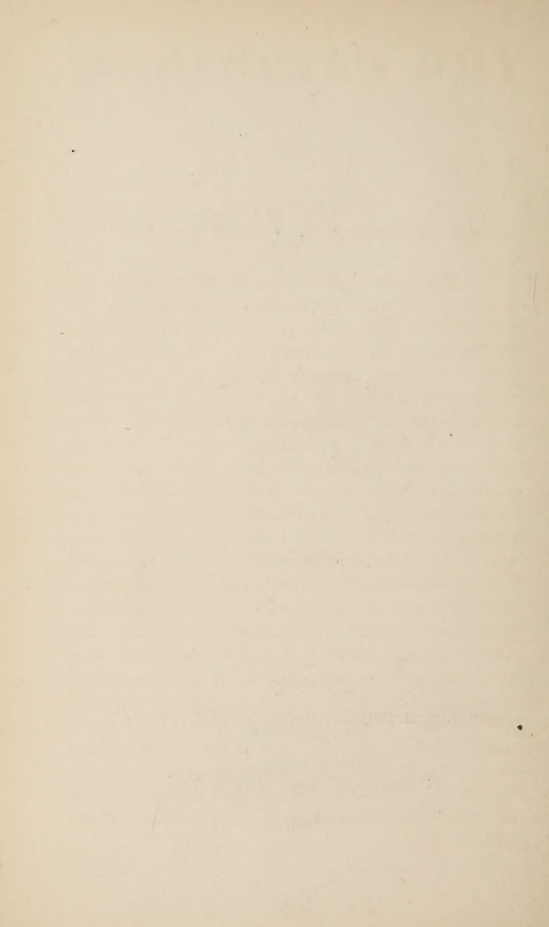


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## PREFACE.

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THE phases through which a Church passes in the course of a long history afford abundant food for profitable thought. This is rendered more stimulative when, as in the case of the Huguenots, the Church has been brought through the crisis of a persecution as hot as any which has ever befallen the Lord's people. "Minished and brought low, made to sit in the shadow of death and bound in affliction and iron," she yet came forth in safety out of the depth of her tribulation. Such an experience was necessarily prolific of character and incident, and the personal narratives in this volume, as in the former, will be found to be deeply interesting. When the outward tribulation was over, the Church encountered other enemies still more deadly,—lukewarmness, unsound teaching, and the benumbing influence of the world,—enemies which well-nigh accomplished what the dragoon, the galley, and the scaffold had failed to effect. But God, who we may surely say has yet a mission for the Protestant Church in France, again had pity upon her, and has once more raised her out of the dust. She is advancing, as we cannot but believe, although it may be by slow degrees, towards that position which she ought to have taken up long ago.

From the beginning of the century the charities which bespeak a living church have been steadily multiplying;—the diffusion of the Bible and of religious books, education, the care of the poor, home and foreign missions, and efforts for Christian union. In 1808 the French Reformed Church could not count 150 pastors, and had hardly a single work of its own, either for instruction, evangelization, or any other branch of charity; in 1885 there were 700 pastors, besides Lutheran, Methodist, Baptist, and of the *Eglise Libre*, which numbered about 160 more.

In harmony with this external progress there has been, as is referred to in the concluding chapter of this work, an internal development, manifesting itself in a deeper spiritual experience and a wider Christian sympathy. The desire to be free from State support is now not confined to the *Eglise Libre*, which has always strenuously protested against such aid, or to the Methodists and Baptists, but has many warm advocates in the Reformed Church itself; and it is to be hoped the day is not far distant when French Protestantism under every name will have shaken off all dependence on the government.

But there are other hindrances to progress: the ecclesiastical spirit on the one hand and the rationalistic on the other are still serious impediments. Church order and discipline are invaluable, but they are too dearly bought at the expense of spiritual life and of the free exercise of spiritual gifts. So also liberty of thought, when it casts off the authority of Scripture, and refuses to submit itself to the obedience of Christ, fails in its object, and must end in spiritual bondage.

The Reformed preachers in their discourses, like the



Romish clergy, have always aimed at logical argument, learning and eloquence, and some are still disposed to give an undue place to these accessories. Happily, however, there are many, both in the Reformed Church and the smaller bodies, who believe that to be effectual the gospel must be preached in the power of the living Word, by which alone the sinner is convicted, the stony heart broken in pieces, and the contrite spirit bound up.

One of the greatest hindrances to the spread of the gospel is that men work for the aggrandisement of their own church, instead of to bring souls to Christ. Many preachers and congregations amongst the French Protestants keep, we believe, the higher object steadily in view; and just in proportion as this heavenly spirit pervades the whole body, will be the power and success with which the Church will contend against the world and unbelief on the one hand, and against superstition and priestcraft, whether in the Church of Rome or elsewhere, on the other, and the day be hastened when all divisions and self-seeking emulation shall vanish, and there shall be one flock and one Shepherd.

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A large portion of the history embodied in this volume appears in English now for the first time. In like manner, the materials on which 'The Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century' was founded, were largely drawn from works which have not been translated.

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The author wishes to repeat, in relation to the present volume, the same grateful acknowledgment of help which he made with regard to the former.



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**Le Fanatisme Renouvelé.** Par LOUVRELEUIL. 3rd edition. 3 vols. Avignon, 1868. The 1st edition was published in 1706.

**Relation Historique de la Révolte des Fanatiques ou des Camisards.** Par DE LA BAUME. 2nd edition. Nîmes, 1874. The author died 1715.

These three works of contemporary writers are the chief authority for the history of the period on the Roman Catholic side.

**Le Théâtre Sacré des Cevennes.** Londres, 1707. Republished by A. Bost, in 1847, under the title of *Les Prophètes Protestants*. Printed at Melun: no date.

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Court was only six years old when the Camisard War broke out, but he spared no pains in collecting materials for his history; he was thoroughly acquainted with the theatre of the events, and had intercourse with many of the actors and eye-witnesses. His work, which was not published till after his death in 1760, is the storehouse of facts on the Protestant side, from the outbreak of the war to the year 1711.

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These two works are most carefully edited.

Album du Désert. Folio. Paris, 1888.

The Seal of the Desert Church which is stamped on the cover of this volume is taken from the 'Album,' as was the plaintive device on the cover of the 'Huguenots in the XVIIth Century.' We are also indebted to the 'Album' for the plate of a Desert Meeting in 1775. The other picture of a Desert Meeting has often been re-engraved. Although it belongs locally to page 391, the assembly it represents was held in the year 1780, twenty-four years later than the event there described. The scene was drawn from life by Boze, afterwards painter to the king : it was engraved in 1785.

Other French works have been consulted.

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## ERRATA.

Page 82, note, line 2, for “old” read “lofty.”

Page 94, line 5, for “Camargues” read “Camargue.”

Page 142, line 3 from bottom, for “Satterargues” read “Saturargues.”



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Part I

THE GALLEY



# THE CAMISARDS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE GALLEY AND ITS EQUIPMENT.

Two engines for coercing conscience were peculiar to the Huguenot persecution, the Dragonnade and the Galley. In the previous volume we have spoken of the former ; of the latter we had a passing view in the narratives of Louis de Marolles and his fellow-sufferers.

The galley was a vessel of war, rowed by convicts and slaves, and made use of by the Italians, French and other nations bordering on the Mediterranean. It was no doubt a descendant of the Roman trireme. It was shallow, a great barge in fact, 150 feet long by 40 wide, with one deck, on which were many benches of rowers. It carried two masts, but sails were seldom used. The oars, which were of enormous length, were usually worked each by five *forçats*, or galley-slaves, besides the Turk who as stronger than the rest was stationed at the handle. The galley had 300 rowers ; and the officers, soldiers, and crew numbered 150. On the poop, above the bridge, was a cabin for the captain and superior officers. The benches were a foot and a half wide ; and the rowers were secured to them by a chain a yard long riveted to one leg : here they rowed, ate, slept, lived, and sometimes died. In calm weather an awning

was put up, of grass in winter, and cotton, blue or white, in summer. At night, from the incessant labour, close contact, and want of a change in linen, the poor fellows were devoured by vermin; but those who lay near to a sub-officer durst not stir lest the noise should awaken him, and get them a beating. The dress of the *forçats* consisted of a shirt of coarse hempen cloth, and a vest of red serge open at the sides and with wide short sleeves, a cape of coarse twine, and a red cap. Their head, eyebrows, and beard were shaved as a mark of infamy.

In rowing the men rose and then fell back, half turning over on the bench. The sweat poured down their bodies, bathing their bruised limbs; and by constant rowing the palms of their hands became as hard as wood. A narrow gangway, called the *Coursier*, ran down the middle of the galley from stem to stern, on which three *Comites* (special officers over the *forçats*) were stationed to watch the rowers. Each was armed with a long flexible stick, and whenever he observed that one of the rowers did not keep up with the rest, he reached out and struck him, making no enquiry as to the cause of his slackness, and regardless if, as often happened, the blow fell on the wrong man. As the men rowed naked from the waist upwards, the blows they received might be counted by the number of bruises, sometimes turning to wounds. Every blow was accompanied by execrations and blasphemies. When the galley put into port, and rapid and punctual manœuvres were necessary, it might be said to rain blows, for the *Comite* put all his faith in the use of the stick.

The daily ration of the *forçats* was biscuit in sufficient quantity, a basin of soup made with peas and beans, tolerably good, but sometimes mouldy, and a little oil. When the galley was at sea, two-thirds of a pint of wine was dealt out to each man. When they were in port, by seeing the sub-officer, the Turk and the halberdier, the

forçats were able to go into the town and buy provisions. By the same means they could get the cook to let them use the ship's kitchen, and the *Argousin* (galley-sergeant) to loosen the chain at night so that they could lie at full length. When the galley was in port, those who were master of a trade worked at it; the rest made coarse stockings with a needle. They were furnished with the wool; and half the value of their labour was paid to them in tickets on the galley-stores.

The officers' table was served in a very different style from that of the prisoners. Sometimes great people came on board, and were sumptuously entertained. It was, however, a sorry place for a regale, surrounded by such misery, and with the effluvia which rose from the whole vessel. The visit of a great man was announced by the Comite's whistle to call attention, and when he blew a second time, every forçat yelled with all his strength: this was called the salute.

For the sick there was a place set apart at the bottom of the hold under the bridge, called the prow-room. It was dark, being lighted only by the entrance, two feet square. At the further end were two platforms one above the other, on which the sick were laid on the bare boards, often so close as to rest one upon another; and when the platforms were too crowded, they were laid on the ropes. The consequence was that, however ill a forçat might be, he would have preferred to remain at his chain and die at his oar rather than be taken to the prow-room. The hospital allowance was a pound of bread, a pound of meat, and two ounces of rice per day. But in this, as in every other department of the service, the prisoners suffered from the avarice of the officers, who enriched themselves at their expense. The galleys belonged to the ports of Toulon, Marseilles, Dunkerque, Brest, St. Malo, and Bordeaux.

The service at sea was far more severe than in port, most of all in time of actual war. In 1688, De Seignelay, Minister of Marine, wrote:—"As nothing can so much contribute to bring to reason the forçats who are still Huguenots, and unwilling to be instructed, than the fatigue of a campaign, do not fail to put them on the galleys which go to Algiers." And Louis XIV. laid it down as a rule that forçats condemned for a term of years on account of their religion should never be released until they were converted. At the same time it was understood, although not always acted upon, that a forçat could any day obtain his liberty by declaring himself a Catholic. From this it is evident that the condemnation of Protestants to the galleys was not so much a punishment, as a perpetual rack of body and soul on account of their religion. Like the dragonnades, it was a material means of conversion.

In the narrative of the sufferings of Louis de Marolles and his companions, contained in the former work, we read of frequent beatings, or, as one of the stewards termed it, "painting Calvin's back with cudgels." This treatment was cruel; but it was succeeded by something far worse, namely, the systematic use of the bastinado, which was introduced after the Peace of Ryswick. The missionary priests then undertook during the celebration of the mass to make Protestants uncover their heads and go down upon their knees like the Roman Catholics. The infliction was horrible.\* After a certain number of blows, the officer

\* Eye-witnesses thus describe the torture:—"On le livre entre les mains de quatre Mores ou Turcs, qui le dépouillent, le mettent nud et sans chemise, et l'étendent sur le canon de chasse. Ils lui tiennent les bras et les jambes, sans qu'il puisse remuer. A la vue de ce spectacle on voit régner dans toute la galère, un silence morne. Les plus scélérats détournent les yeux. La victime étant ainsi préparée, un Turc, armé d'une corde pleine de nœuds, ou d'un bâton pliant, l'assomme." Another writer speaks of the instrument as "une corde



interrupted with the question, "Dog, wilt thou now obey the King's orders?" and if the answer was in the negative, the blows were continued, sometimes to the number of one hundred, but in this case the victim seldom survived.\* The confessors bore this treatment with holy patience, praising God in the midst of their torment. The refugee ministers and other friends of the oppressed, whose hearts were lacerated with the report of these savage doings, represented the case to the ambassadors of the Protestant powers at the French courts. The ambassadors presented a memorial to the King showing how unjust it was that men who were suffering the penalty of the galley for refusing to conform to the Romish Church should be assailed by new tortures to bring them into it. Louis confessed the injustice of the treatment, declared it was without his order, and sent to Marseilles to put a stop to it. From that time the Reformed were allowed to lie on their benches whilst mass was being performed.

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goudronnée et trempée dans l'eau de mer," and adds, "le corps bondissait sous la violence des coups." Another says:—"Derrière le Turc est le comite qui le frappe avec une corde pour l'animer à frapper de toutes ses forces. Rarement ceux qui sont condamnés à souffrir un pareil supplice, en peuvent-ils supporter dix à douze coups sans perdre la parole et le mouvement. Vingt ou trente coups n'est que pour les peccadilles, mais j'ai vu qu'on en donnait cinquante ou quatre-vingts, et même cent; mais ceux-là n'en reviennent guère. Après donc que ce pauvre patient a reçu les coups ordonnés, le barbier ou *frater* de la galère vient lui frotter le dos tout déchiré, avec du fort vinaigre et du sel, pour lui faire reprendre la sensibilité, et pour empêcher que la gangrène ne s'y mette."

\* Some officers were more humane or more indifferent, telling the sufferers that they did not desire to meddle with their religion. One of these used to say, "Take off thy cap, look towards the stern, and then pray to God or Calvin, or whomsoever thou wilt."

## CHAPTER II.

THE FORÇATS—THE TURKS—THE GOOD  
CHAPLAIN.

ON the galley bench the Christian confessor sat side by side with hardened criminals, offenders against military and fiscal regulations, and Turkish (or Moorish) slaves.

The offenders against the salt tax were mostly poor peasants who had gone to buy salt into the provinces where it was cheap. A pound of salt in most parts of France was worth ten and a half sous ( $5\frac{1}{4}$ d.); and families would sometimes go a week without tasting soup because they could not afford to buy salt. In the provinces where salt was produced the price was only one-fourth of the above; and a father, distressed to see his wife and children languish, would sometimes venture over the forbidden line that he might bring back a few pounds of the coveted article. For this offence the galley was the penalty, nominally for a term of years only, but, when once at the oar, nothing was more difficult than to obtain a release, especially if the condemned had the misfortune to be a man of brawn and muscle.

The deserters from the army were of various classes; some of them of noble families, who had fallen into licentious habits or were impatient of the discipline of the camp. Formerly offenders of this kind had their ears and noses cut off; at the time we are writing of they were only lightly slit.

Of the criminal convicts, the worst were those who

accommodated themselves most easily to the galley life. They recounted to one another the robberies and murders they had perpetrated, and he who had done the blackest deeds was a hero amongst them. When they were beaten they vomited curses and blasphemies, not against the Comites, of whom they stood in terror, but against God,—“enough,” says a chaplain who often heard them, “to make one’s hair stand on end.” “Their conversation and conduct,” he adds, “were filthy in the extreme, as who should know better than he who at the hour of death was the depository of their abominable secrets?” Not the least cruel part of the torment inflicted on the Christian confessor, whose heart was filled with reverence and love to God and his Saviour, must have been the company he was compelled to endure.

The Turks and Moors were slaves from the Barbary States or from Turkey, bought for the purpose of helping at the oar, and were generally tall, well-formed, robust men. They were much better off than the forçats; they wore no chain, only a ring on one ankle, received soldier’s rations, and were allowed to trade when the galley was in port. They saved money, which they sent to their relations; and in their punctual observance of the religion they professed, and their charity towards one another, they were an example to Christians. “I had for my valet,” says the writer to whom we owe these particulars, “one named Tripoli, who was a most religious observer of his law. During the Ramadan, the first moon of the year, he neither ate nor drank from sunrise to sunset, so that although he became so exhausted that I could scarcely recognise him, I could never get him to taste a drop of wine.” The honesty of these Turks was proverbial; all the officers’ valets were Turks, and nothing that was confided to them was ever missing. Nor was their charity towards each other less remarkable. If one got into

trouble, all the others entreated their masters to intercede for him with the captain. When one was sick, his comrades waited upon him. They clubbed together to make their soup and to buy little indulgences. "You would say," observes the same writer, "that the Turks are Turks in name only, but Christians in fact, and that the Christians are the real infidels. So that when the Turks are spoken to regarding Christianity, they reply, 'We would rather be transformed into dogs than embrace a religion which practises so many cruelties and abominations.'" "There was," he says, "a Turk who spoke French, and to whom I had rendered some service. One day I found him on the ropes in the prow-chamber in a dying state. Seeing me console some men in the same condition who were lying near him, he called to bid me adieu, saying he felt he had not four hours to live. I ventured, contrary to my practice, to speak to him of God and of Jesus Christ, telling him I was grieved to think that after having suffered so much on earth he was going to everlasting fire. He seemed to be affected by the truths I set before him; I embraced him and told him I would answer for his salvation if he would renounce Mahomet, who was only an impostor, and would believe on Jesus Christ our Redeemer, of whose wonders he had so often heard me speak to the forçats. He consented. I then said it was necessary he should be baptized, for that without baptism there was no hope of salvation. I left him to procure some water, and to confide to the captain what I was about to do, but whilst I was absent, another Turk, who also understood French and who had been attentively watching us, took my place and spoke a few words to my proselyte in their own language. The consequence was that when I returned I could get nothing from him; his comrade threw himself upon him, and in spite of the threats of the Comite, who told him that if he did not

withdraw he should be beaten, exhorted him to stand firm and be faithful to Mahomet. He gained the day; the sick man died in my presence, without uttering another word. If I had then known my religion as I now know it, I should have continued to speak to him of the Divine mercy and of Jesus Christ our Redeemer; I should have exhorted him to repentance, without troubling him with the absolute necessity of baptism."

The writer of the above was Jean François Bion, a curé of Burgundy, who became chaplain on 'La Superbe' in the port of Marseilles in 1703. He thus describes his first experience:—"Many Protestants from the Cevennes and Languedoc were brought on board with orders that they should be watched. On Sunday morning I was much astonished, on coming to the poop to perform mass, to hear the Comite say that he was going to give the bastinado to the Huguenots because they would not raise their caps or kneel at the elevation of the host. The word bastinado terrified me, and I begged the Comite to withhold the punishment until the next Sunday. In the interval I did all in my power by kind words and warnings, and presents of food, to bring the prisoners to reason, telling them that it was by the King's orders, and that St. Paul says, 'he who resists the power resists God himself.' They answered me with the firmness of the Maccabees, that the King was indeed master of their bodies, but he should never be master of their consciences. The next Sunday all except two remained firm, neither bending their knees, nor uncovering their head. Their disobedience was reported to the captain, and they were bastinaded."

Deeply affected at what he saw, Bion did all in his power to comfort the sufferers and ameliorate their condition. Their patience under suffering and the Christian temper which they exhibited soon began to raise doubts in his mind whether their religion was not at least as good as

his, since it bore better fruit. After the recurrence on several occasions of these scenes, he thus describes his feelings :—" Under pretext of visiting the sick, I used to follow the sufferers when they were carried from their punishment into the prow-room, and when I gazed on their lacerated bodies my eyes flowed with tears. They perceived my emotion, and, although scarcely able to speak, thanked me for my sympathy. I went to impart consolation to them, but I had more need for comfort than they, for God was their support, and fortified them with a constancy and patience truly Christian. Amidst the cries and groans, which they could not suppress, no word of impatience or malice ever escaped their lips. I visited them every day, and every day my heart reproached me for remaining in a religion in which I saw so many errors, and especially a cruelty irreconcilable with the precepts of Christ. Their wounds were so many mouths which preached to me the Reformed Religion, and their blood was for me the seed of the new birth." " When," he continues, " in my office as confessor, or consoler of the sick, I went into the hole, I was covered with vermin. As I went in my dressing-gown, unlike the poor wretches whom I visited, I could free myself from this tormenting company. Every time I went down I seemed to be in the chamber of death, and as the space between the platforms was only three feet, I was obliged to lie down close to the sick men to hear their confessions in private; so that sometimes, whilst confessing one on my right, I found another on my left dying on my breast. Besides the vermin, the place was foul with stench and corruption."

In 1704, Bion, having occasion to go to Versailles, acquainted the Minister of Marine, Pontchartrain, with the abuses of the galley service, and suggested a remedy. His complaints agreed with some hints the Minister had already received, and the King ordered a present to be

made to him. It does not appear, however, that his good offices produced any result, and he returned to his post on board 'La Superbe' with a mind ill at ease.

At length, unable longer to bear the strain, and resolved to renounce the Roman Catholic religion, he fled, in 1707, to Geneva, where he arrived in a state of complete destitution. Some charitable persons supplied him with clothes and with money for his passage to England. In London he opened a school, but, receiving episcopal ordination, he gave up teaching to become minister to the French Church in Chelsea. Here he published his *Relation des Tourments qu'on fait souffrir aux Protestants qui sont sur les Galères de France*, which he dedicated to Queen Anne. In 1709 Bion removed into Holland, where he served as chaplain to an English Church.

A better illustration of life on board the galley cannot be found than in the following biography of Jean Marteilhe, as related by himself. We must first see, however, by what mishap the narrator came to lose his liberty.

## CHAPTER III.

## JEAN MARTEILHE: HIS ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

IN the year 1699 the Duke de la Force, whose ancestors were Protestants, went down from Paris to Perigord, to convert the Huguenots on his estate in that province. By means the most barbarous he forced a large number of them to abjure their faith, and swear inviolable attachment to the Romish religion. Elated with his success, he held a festival at his castle, and made a bonfire of the Protestant library which his ancestors had collected. Returning to the court to give an account of his achievements, he received authority to undertake the same work in the royal towns of the province, and accordingly the next year he came again into Perigord, attended by four Jesuits, and by a regiment of dragoons, whom he quartered upon the unoffending people.

In the month of October these bloodhounds were let loose on the town of Bergerac, twenty-two of them being quartered in the house of a tradesman named Marteilhe. The husband was taken to prison, two sons and a daughter were removed to convents, and one son escaped, leaving the mother to contend alone with two-and-twenty ruffians. After consuming and destroying everything in the house, the soldiers dragged the weeping woman before the Duke, who compelled her to put her hand to a paper of abjuration, full of imprecations against the Reformed Faith. She had the courage and wit to add to her name, "*La Force me le fait faire.*"



The son who escaped, and who was named Jean, was sixteen years of age. Accompanied by another young man named Daniel Le Gras, he set out to walk to Paris, where they arrived on the 10th of November, 1700. The brethren of Paris had prepared route-maps and directions for clandestine journeys to the frontier, after the manner of the "underground railway." These instructions warned the fugitives to use the greatest precaution when entering the frontier town of Mezières, where strangers were stopped at the gates, and if unprovided with passports, sent to prison.

"We arrived at this place," says Jean Marteilhe in his autobiography, "one afternoon about four o'clock, and halted at the top of a little hill whence we could see the whole town and the gate by which we should have to enter. Our feelings may be imagined as we contemplated the danger which lay before us. Sitting down to consult together, we observed that the approach to the town was by a long bridge, on which a number of citizens were walking; and we thought that by mixing with them, and walking up and down, we should be able to pass through the gate with the crowd, without being challenged by the sentinel. Accordingly we emptied our knapsacks of some shirts that we had, putting them all on, and the knapsacks into our pockets. Then we cleaned our shoes, combed our hair, and made ourselves look as little like wayfarers as possible. Thus smartened up, we descended the hill to the bridge, where we walked up and down with the citizens, until the drum beat for the closing of the gates. At this signal all the people hastened to return into the town, and we with them, the sentinel not perceiving that we were strangers."

But although the fugitives had escaped this peril, they were not yet safe. The landlord of the inn at which they put up insisted on their going before the governor. They contrived to put him off for that night, and early the next

morning, by means of another subterfuge, and without paying their reckoning, got away from the house unperceived, and left the town by the opposite gate to that by which they had entered. In crossing the frontier they had a narrow escape; the rain fell so heavily that the sentinels had retreated into the guard-house, and so they passed by without being observed.

But a new danger awaited them. Marteilhe continues:—"We arrived at Couvé, in Luxembourg, wet to the skin, and entered an inn to dry ourselves and get something to eat. At table, beer was brought us in a two-handled pot, but without glasses, and when we asked for these the host saw at once that we were Frenchmen, and told us the custom of his country was to drink out of the pot. This incident, which seems so trivial, was the cause, humanly speaking, of our misfortune. In the same room were two men, a citizen of the town, and a gamekeeper of the Prince of Liège. The latter began to eye us attentively, and presently accosting us, said he would wager we did not carry rosaries in our pockets. My companion, who was taking a pinch of snuff, showed him his snuff-box, and said very imprudently, 'This is my rosary.' This answer confirmed the gamekeeper in his suspicion that we were Protestants, and that we were fleeing from the country; and as informers were rewarded with the spoil of captured fugitives, he conceived the design of getting us arrested if we should pass through the town of Mariembourg." So long as they were in Luxembourg the travellers were safe, but the French possessed within the Duchy the town of Mariembourg, which lay in their direct route. It was part of their plan, therefore, to avoid this town; and accordingly, on leaving Couvé, they struck off to the left. Unfortunately the sight of a mounted officer alarmed them; they turned back, and imprudently took the road which led to the fatal place. It being almost night when they arrived before Mariem-

bourg, they decided to go no further, but to lodge at an inn which they saw opposite the gate. They little knew that the treacherous gamekeeper was on their track. As soon as he saw them safe in the net he gave information, and they were presently in the hands of a sergeant of the city guard, followed by eight soldiers with fixed bayonets. Carried before the governor, they confessed that they were of the Reformed Religion, but pretended they were hair-dressers' apprentices making the circuit of France. "On the question of religion," says Marteilhe, "our consciences would not suffer us to prevaricate. Alas! that we did not tell the simple truth in reply to the other questions which the governor put to us, for Christian morality requires that one should never tell a lie."

## CHAPTER IV.

JEAN MARTEILHE : IMPRISONMENT AT  
TOURNAY AND LILLE.

MARTEILHE and Le Gras were placed in a dungeon in the prison of the parliament, but the major of the fortress, who was their fellow-countryman, procured their removal to a room in the jailer's house; and the governor, who also sympathised with them, made out the charge against them as favourably as he durst.

After some time they were taken in chains to Tournay, guarded by four archers (soldiers). The journey, which was made on foot, with only bread and water, and lodging in miserable dungeons, was very painful; and when they arrived at Tournay, they were thrust into the prison of the parliament and almost starved. "We became," continues Marteilhe, "so emaciated that we could not stand, and were obliged to lie down, with nothing to rest upon but a little damp straw swarming with vermin. We were forced to lie close to the door, for our bread was thrown to us as if we were dogs, and if we had moved away we should not have had strength to crawl to it. In this extremity we sold our doublets and waistcoats to the turnkey, as well as a few spare shirts we had, keeping only the one we wore, which soon fell to rags. We saw no one but the curé, who came rather to mock us than to show us any compassion. He asked if we were not weary of suffering, and told us we were not to be pitied, since we might regain our liberty by renouncing the errors of Calvin.

At length his discourse became so insipid that we ceased to answer him."

At the end of about six weeks two other prisoners were brought and thrust into the same cell. They were young and richly dressed, and Marteilhe and his companion recognised them as fellow-townsmen and schoolmates. They had money, and were very willing to relieve the misery of Marteilhe and his companion. "Receiving from them a louis d'or," says Marteilhe, "I knocked with all my strength at the prison-door. The jailer came and asked what we wanted. 'Something to eat,' I said, 'for this money.' 'Very well, gentlemen,' he replied; 'what will you have—soup and bouilli?' 'Yes, yes,' I answered; 'good thick soup, and a ten-pound loaf, and some beer.' 'You shall have it in an hour,' said he. 'In an hour!' I exclaimed; 'what a long time!' The two gentlemen could not help smiling at my impatience. At last the much desired moment came: the gentlemen ate very little, but my companion and I fell ravenously upon the soup, and my digestion being impaired by long fasting, I was taken ill, and an apothecary had to be sent for."

The bishop of Tournay sent one of his chaplains to the prison to instruct the Huguenots. He was a good old priest whose honesty was better than his theology. He said he was come to convert them to the Christian religion. They assured him that they were already Christians, and to prove it Marteilhe repeated the Apostle's Creed. "What!" he cried, "do you believe in that? I think the bishop must have been making an April fool of me"—(it was the first of April). So saying, he went quickly away, quite discomfited. The next day the bishop sent his grand vicar, an acute dialectician, and eager to proselytize, but at the same time humane and charitable. The grand vicar came frequently to dispute with them, but, as he argued from tradition, whilst they appealed only to Holy Scripture, the

disputants never came any nearer to an agreement. Seeing their destitute condition, he secretly sent them some linen; he also gave them four louis d'or, which he would not suffer them to refuse.

Some time afterwards, they were examined before the parliament. Unhappily they did not adhere to Marteilhe's excellent maxim that "it is never allowable to a Christian to depart from the truth," but set up an illusory defence, which did them no service. The parliament indeed was, or pretended to be, satisfied; but the court at Versailles could not be so deceived, and in reply to the favourable report sent up the Secretary of State returned the laconic mandate:—

"Gentlemen,

"Jean Marteilhe and Daniel le Gras having been found upon the frontiers without passports, His Majesty decides that they shall be condemned to the galleys.

"DE LA VRILLIÈRE."

Three days afterwards the prisoners were taken to Lille, and conducted to the tower of St. Pierre, chosen for the thickness of its walls. Here they were placed in a large upper room with about thirty villains who were expiating various crimes. It was so dark that the prisoners could not see one another, nor the rats and mice which ate their bread. The first compliment of the old occupants to the new comers was to demand their "footing," under penalty of being tossed in a counterpane. They paid the demand, but a poor wretch who joined them two days afterwards, having no money, was cruelly treated, being let fall many times on the stones until he was half-dead. Every evening the jailer with four turnkeys and the prison-guard searched the room to detect and prevent any attempt at escape.

One evening Marteilhe said something about the candle which offended one of the turnkeys, who reported him to the jailer. "The next morning," says our hero, "when all my comrades were singing their litanies,—without

which the Jesuits would have given them no alms,—and I was sleeping on my handful of straw, I was awakened by several blows with the flat of a sword. I jumped up and saw before me the jailer, sword in hand, the four turnkeys and all the soldiers of the guard armed to the teeth. I asked why they thus ill-treated me. The jailer answered only by redoubling his blows, and the turnkey dealt me so terrible a box on the ear that I fell to the ground. When I rose again the jailer made me follow him, but seeing that this was only to do me more injury, I refused. Hereupon they gave me more blows, and I again fell down. Then the four turnkeys took me, two by the legs and two by the arms, and carrying me out of the prison, dragged me like a dead dog down the steps into the court, whence a door led still further down by another stone staircase to a subterranean dungeon. This hole, which was guarded by an iron door, was called the witches' dungeon. They thrust me in, and closed the door upon me. It was pitch dark, and I could see nothing, and when I groped a few steps to seek for some straw, I sank up to my knees in water as cold as ice. I turned back, and placed myself against the door, where the ground was higher and less damp. By groping I found a little straw, on which I sat, but in a minute or two I felt the water coming through the straw. I firmly believed they had buried me alive, and that if I remained there twenty-four hours this frightful hole would be my tomb. Half-an-hour afterwards the turnkey brought me some bread and water, which he passed through the grating. I refused his victuals, saying, 'Go tell thy hangman of a master that I will neither drink nor eat till I have spoken to the Grand Provost.' "

This courageous reply of Marteilhe's procured his release. "In less than an hour," to continue his relation, "the jailer himself came, armed only with a candle and a bunch of keys, and opening the door, told me in a kind voice to

follow him. He took me into his kitchen. I was dirty and covered with blood, which had flowed from my nose, and from a bruise on my head, received by being bumped down the stone steps. He washed off the blood, put a plaister on my bruise, and gave me a glass of Canary wine, which revived me a little. He reprimanded me slightly for my indiscretion about the turnkey's candle, and after making me take breakfast with him, he led me to a cell in the courtyard which was dry and light. 'But let me have my comrade with me,' I said to him. 'Patience,' he answered; 'it will all come in time.' I remained four or five days in this cell, during which time the jailer every day sent me my dinner from his table."

Marteilhe was then taken back to the dark room in the tower, where Le Gras, who thought he was lost, was delighted to *feel* him again, for they could not *see* one another. One morning the jailer opened the door and bade them follow him. The Grand Provost of French Flanders had sent for them; he had received a letter on their behalf from his brother, who lived near Bergerac, and he was in consequence disposed to show them favour. "For any other crime," he said, "I should have had influence sufficient to obtain your pardon, but nobody dares to exert himself for any of the Reformed Religion. All that I can do is to make you comfortable in the prison, and to keep you here as long as I can, which, however, cannot be long, for the chain is about to start for the galleys." Accordingly he ordered the jailer to place them in the alms-room, the largest and most airy chamber in the prison, and to make Marteilhe provost of the room.

The Grand Provost's fears were soon realised. The chain set forth almost immediately afterwards, taking Marteilhe and his companion, and on the third day arrived at Dunkerque.



## CHAPTER V.

JEAN MARTEILHE: THE GALLEYS AT  
DUNKERQUE.

As soon as the prisoners arrived at Dunkerque they were placed on the galley 'L'Heureuse,' each on a different bench.

"The very day of our arrival," says our author, "I was horrified to see an unhappy forçat undergo the bastinado; it was done on the spot without any form of trial. The next day I myself narrowly escaped the same punishment. A villainous forçat, named Poulet, came to the bench where I was chained, and in an insulting manner demanded money to drink my welcome. I replied that I gave welcome money to those only who did not ask for it. (I had already paid for five or six bottles of wine for my bench-mates). The wretch went off and told the sub-comite that I had blasphemed the Virgin and all the Saints in Heaven. The sub-comite, who was a brutal savage, as they all are, believed the man's story, and coming to my bench ordered me to strip to receive the bastinado. I asked my comrades why I was to be so treated; if it was a seasoning all new-comers had to undergo. They answered that they did not understand it. Meanwhile the sub-comite had gone towards the quay to report me to the major, in whose presence the punishment is always inflicted. As he was crossing the plank, however, he met the chief comite, to whom he told what he was about to do. That officer enquired if he, the sub-comite, had himself heard me

blaspheme. The man answered, 'No; he had it from Poulet.' 'A fine witness truly!' replied the chief comite. This chief comite was a tolerably good man and serious for one of his profession. He came to my bench and asked me why I had blasphemed the Roman Catholic religion. I answered that I had never done so, and that my religion forbade it. Upon which he sent for Poulet and asked him what I had said. The rascal had the impudence to repeat what he had told the sub-comite. The comite then interrogated the *galériens* of my bench, and afterwards those of the benches above and below, all of whom, some eighteen or twenty persons, concurred in saying that I had never uttered any such words, but that Poulet had grossly insulted me, and all that I had said was that I did not give welcome money to those who asked for it. Thereupon the chief comite gave Poulet a severe beating, and had him double-chained and put on the criminal bench, and at the same time sharply rated the sub-comite for listening to the tales of such a rogue. Thus I got off with only the terror of the infliction.

"Alongside of the galley where I was," continues Marteilhe, "was another, the comite of which was a very demon. He had his galley cleaned out every day, instead of every Saturday like the others, and during this operation, which lasted two or three hours, his blows fell on the *galériens* like hail. The *forçats* of my bench were always saying to me: 'Pray God that in the allotment of the last comers amongst the six galleys, which will soon take place, your lot may not fall to the galley 'La Palme' (that of the wicked comite).' When the time for the allotment came, we were led to the park of the arsenal, where we were stripped and examined, just as would be done with fat oxen at the market, and arranged in six classes, from the strongest to the weakest. From these were made up six lots, as equal as possible, which the comites drew. I found

myself in class number one, and at the head of my lot. The comite to whom I fell bade us follow him to his galley. Eager to know my fate, and not suspecting that my guide was a comite, I asked him to tell me to which galley I was allotted. 'To La Palme,' he answered. I uttered an exclamation of horror. 'You seem,' said he, 'to think yourself worse off than the rest, why is this?' 'Because, sir, I have fallen to a hell of a galley, the comite of which is worse than a devil.' It was the comite himself. He knit his brows as he fixed his eyes upon me and said sternly, 'If I knew who told you that and had him in my power I would make him repent of it.'" But here, as in the Tower prison of Lille, Marteilhe's honest boldness made way for him. "The comite," he continues, "seemed desirous to prove that he was not such a demon as he was represented, for when the argousin began by fastening on my leg an unusually heavy iron ring and chain, he threatened if he did not take off that ponderous iron, he would complain of him to the captain, for he would not have the best oar of the lot spoiled in that manner. Accordingly the argousin put on instead one of the lightest chains he had, chosen by the comite himself. Then the comite ordered the argousin to take me and chain me to his, the comite's, own bench."

It should here be observed that the benches of the comite and sub-comite were coveted, not only because the forçats attached to them were fed with the remnants of their meals, but chiefly because they never came in for blows of the stick whilst they were rowing or performing other manœuvres. Marteilhe through his independent behaviour soon lost his new position; but although he was removed to another bench, the comite had conceived so great a respect for him, that he not only never struck him, but would not suffer his sub-comites to do so; he even extended his favour to the other four Huguenots on board his galley.

There was at Dunkerque a wealthy banker named Piecourt, a New Convert,\* but at heart as much a Protestant as he had ever been. He was a generous man, always ready with his purse; and he lived on the best terms with the Catholic nobility, who often came under obligation to him. One of his intimate friends was the Chevalier de Langeron, captain of Marteilhe's galley. As soon as they heard that he was in a galley at Dunkerque, Marteilhe's friends wrote to Piecourt, recommending him to his kind attention; and through his influence with De Langeron various indulgences were granted to the confessor.

One day Piecourt begged the captain to let Marteilhe call upon him. The captain complied, and the argousin was sent to conduct the prisoner, without his chain, to the banker's house. Piecourt told Marteilhe that he had devised a scheme for his release, which would certainly succeed if only he would leave the matter entirely in his hands. Marteilhe thanked him and said he would do all that he wished provided that it was not against his conscience. "Conscience," replied Piecourt, "may have something to do with it, but so little that you will not feel it; and what you find to be wrong you can make amends for when you get to Holland. Listen to me, I am a Protestant like yourself; but I find it necessary for my fortune's sake to play the hypocrite before the world, and I do not believe that there is any very great harm in this, if one does not apostatise inwardly." Then he propounded his plan, which was for Marteilhe to sign a declaration that when he should be set at liberty, in whatever country he might be, he would live and die a Roman Catholic. "M. de Pontchartrain, the minister of marine," continued the banker, "is a friend of mine, and will refuse me

\* The New Converts, or New Catholics, were those who had abjured during the persecution.

nothing. What do you think of the plan?" "I think, sir," answered Marteilhe, "that I was deceived in supposing you to be a good Protestant. You may be a Protestant, but one must drop the word *good*. I pray you to pardon me if I take the liberty to tell you, that although you think yourself a Protestant, you are nothing at all. How! do you suppose that God is deaf or blind, and that the promise which you propose I should make, although unknown to men, would not be in the highest degree offensive to Him, as much so and even more than if I had made it to a curé? For I have only to do the same thing before the chaplain of my galley and he would at once procure me my release. Do not deceive yourself, the light you possess condemns you; for you know as well as I do, and much better, that if the confession we make to God in our hearts is not confirmed by our lips, instead of being a virtue it becomes a great sin." Piecourt was not offended by Marteilhe's frankness. For some time he tried to move him by argument, but the truth was too strong, and he ended by embracing the galérien with tears in his eyes, praying that God would grant him grace to persevere in sentiments so worthy of a confessor of the truth. "I love you," he added, "not so much on account of the recommendations I have received on your behalf, as from respect for your excellent sentiments, and you may be sure I shall watch for opportunities to render you service."

The pitiable condition of the galériens was ever present with their refugee brethren abroad, especially in Holland, who took care to keep them supplied with money, without which some might have died of hunger. The money was remitted by a banker in Amsterdam to his correspondent in Dunkerque or Marseilles, where one of the galériens was appointed to receive and distribute it. It was a difficult and very perilous office; if once discovered the agent could count on no punishment short of being bastinadoed to death,

unless he disclosed the name of the banker, and in that case the banker would be ruined.

Marteilhe was chosen to fill this office in Dunkerque. The Romish missionaries were well aware that such help was received, but were unable to trace the channel through which it flowed; and even although at their instance the court instituted a system of the strictest vigilance, the secret was never discovered. This was mainly owing to the fidelity of the Turkish slaves. By the rules of the galley, ordinary malefactors had permission to go ashore, on paying a sou to the argousin, and another to the guard who went with them; but through the influence of the missionary chaplains the Huguenots were denied this privilege, and this important link had to be supplied by another agency. Once or twice M. Piecourt sent Marteilhe the money by his clerk; but the measures taken by the court so terrified the clerk that he durst not again expose himself. In this extremity, Marteilhe confided his difficulty to the Turk on his bench, asking him if when he went into the town he could call at the banker's for the money. The poor man, whose name was Ysouf, joyfully undertook the service, and placing his hand on his turban gave thanks to God for being chosen to perform a work of charity, although it was at the peril of his life. Ysouf served Marteilhe in this way for several years with perfect fidelity, always refusing the smallest remuneration, saying that if he were to receive anything his good deed would be cancelled, and God would punish him.

De Langeron, although desirous to oblige M. Piecourt, hated the Protestants in his heart, and when they were rowing, stripped as usual, would call the comite to him, and say, "Go and refresh the backs of these Huguenots with a salad of blows." The blows fell indeed, but the comite took care that they should fall on other backs than those of the confessors. After a while, however, De Lan-

geron's feelings towards the Protestants underwent a change, and he began to use his influence to protect, instead of oppressing them. This change was produced by the fidelity of an aged galérien named Bancelhon, whom, at the recommendation of the comite, the captain had made his cabin-boy or steward. It was with no little reluctance that he consented to take a Huguenot into his personal service, but the comite assuring him that strict honesty was not to be found except in the proscribed religion, he consented. Bancelhon's fidelity, prudence, and conscientious discharge of his duties so won on the captain's heart that he trusted him with his purse, would have no one else about him, and for his sake showed kindness to the rest of the galériens.

## CHAPTER VI.

## JEAN MARTEILHE: A NAVAL BATTLE.

FRANCE was at this time at war with England and Holland, and Marteilhe describes several engagements in which he was present.\* One of these was with the English frigate 'Nightingale.'

"The frigate having grappled us we were exposed to the fire of the artillery; and our bench, on which were five forçats and the Turkish slave Ysuf, was opposite to a gun which I saw to be loaded. Our broadsides touched each other, and the gun was so near to us that by raising myself a little I could have put my hand on it. This ugly neighbour made us all tremble. My comrades lay down quite flat, thinking thus to escape its fire; but on examining the gun more narrowly, I perceived it to be pointed so low that its discharge would come full against the bench, and that by lying down we must receive it in our bodies. Having made this observation, I resolved to stand straight up on the bench. I saw the gunner with his lighted match begin to touch the gun at the bows of the frigate, and then go from gun to gun till he came to the one opposite our bench. I lifted up my heart to God, and offered a short but fervent prayer, like a man who is expecting the stroke of death. I had the firmness to watch him put the match to the gun, still standing straight up, commending my soul

\* When an attack began the galley-slaves raised the *Chamade*, an unearthly yell from the whole 300 at once, who at the same time stood erect and violently rattled their chains.



to the Lord. The gun went off. I was stunned and thrown down, not on the bench, but into the gangway which runs down the middle of the galley, and as far off as my chain would allow. Here I lay, I do not know how long, stretched across the body of the lieutenant, who had been killed. When I came to my senses, I raised myself from the dead body, and returned to my bench. I felt no pain, and did not know that I was wounded; and supposing my comrades were still lying down for fear of the cannon I called to them, 'Get up, lads; the danger is over.' But I received no answer. Ysouf, who had been a janissary and who had often boasted that he did not know what fear was, remaining prostrate like the others, I cried out jokingly, 'What, Ysouf, this is the first time thou hast been afraid! Come, get up'; and at the same time I took him by the arm to help him. But, O horror, it makes me shudder when I think of it, his arm came away from his body and remained in my hand! I let it fall, and soon perceived that he as well as the four others were hacked to pieces like mincemeat, for the whole charge of the gun had fallen on them."

Marteilhe soon found that he himself had received several dangerous wounds, one through his left shoulder, another below the left knee, and a long gaping wound in his stomach. Of the eighteen men who rowed on his and the two adjoining benches, he alone had escaped with his life. The gun had been loaded with canister,—long tin boxes filled with musket-balls and pieces of old iron.

When the fight was over the argousins went round the galleys, throwing the dead into the sea, and carrying the wounded down into the hold. But as the night was dark, and they were afraid to show lights, and the time too was short, this examination was very perfunctory. If the prostrate men did not cry out or give some sign of life, they were at once thrown overboard. Before the argousins

came to Marteilhe's bench, the poor fellow had fallen down in a swoon, and lay amongst the dead men, bathed in his own blood and theirs. Supposing him also to be dead, the argousins unchained his leg, and were dragging him up, when one of them putting his hand upon his wound, the smart roused him, and he uttered a loud cry ; and hearing the argousin say, "This man is not dead," he exclaimed, "No, no, I am not dead." They took him down into the hold and threw him on a cable. The place was full of sailors, soldiers, officers, and forçats, lying pell-mell on the hard boards. The wounded were so numerous that the surgeons could not attend to all. Marteilhe lay three days in this horrible place with no dressing for his wounds but some camphored brandy to stop the bleeding. "The poor fellows," he says, "died like flies in this charnel-house, where the stifling heat and horrible stench caused our wounds to mortify. In this deplorable state we arrived in the roads of Dunkerque three days after the battle. The wounded were at once landed and carried to the naval hospital : I and many others were hauled up out of the hold like cattle with ropes and pulleys. The forçats were separated from the free men, and placed in two large wards of forty beds each, being chained to the bed foot."

Marteilhe's generous friend the banker, hearing that he was amongst the wounded, went to the head surgeon of the hospital, with whom he was acquainted, and engaged him to take the patient under his especial care. This saved Marteilhe's life ; for three-fourths of the patients died, most of them not so dangerously wounded as he was. So well indeed was he cared for, that at the end of three months, he says, "I was as sleek and fat as a monk." When he was sent back to his galley, the head surgeon gave him a certificate of incapacity for rowing or any other hard work, and in a short time he was promoted to be the captain's secretary. He bought himself a neat coat, some

fine linen, and a scarlet cap, and had permission to let his hair grow. He had the best of food, a good bed, and no chain, only a ring round his ankle. He performed his duties in a most conscientious manner, sometimes spending whole nights in writing.

In the delicate matter of the remittances from Holland, Marteilhe had no difficulty in getting Ysouf's place supplied. Ten or twelve of the other Turks who knew of the secret service their deceased countryman had rendered, came one after another, begging to be made use of, and calling the Huguenots their brothers in God. Marteilhe selected one named Aly, who leaped for joy on being chosen. Aly performed his office during four years with the same fidelity as Ysouf had done ; and like him, although he was poor, would never accept so much as a crown for his services, saying the money would burn his hands ; and when once Marteilhe threatened to employ another if he did not take it, the poor fellow was in despair, beseeching him with clasped hands not to shut him out from the road to Heaven.

## CHAPTER VII.

## JEAN MARTEILHE : HONOURABLE ECCLESIASTICS : THE ENGLISH IN DUNKERQUE.

THE galleys were supplied with chaplains from the secular priests of the order of St. Lazarus, or the Mission. This society was founded by St. Vincent de Paul with the object of giving religious instruction to peasants and work-people, and its agents being diligent and useful, it was entrusted with the nomination of the village curés, and of the military, naval, and galley chaplains. In time, however, the Lazarists lost the disinterested zeal of their founder, and although they still affected the externals of humility and poverty, they amassed great wealth and acquired immense worldly influence. So powerful were they at this time, that when any of the royal officers displeased them, they had only to complain to Versailles, and the officer was at once removed. The chaplains appointed by them were amongst the most cruel persecutors of the Reformed Religion.

It happened that the chaplain in Marteilhe's galley died, and De Langeron, on account of the distance from Marseilles, could not wait for the nomination of the missionaries, but took a Dominican monk in his place. At first the new chaplain was as tyrannical as the former, but he gradually came round to the captain's mind, and showed the galériens, and especially Marteilhe, many kindnesses. He even borrowed Protestant books of him, which he read and punctually returned. This unusual behaviour excited the

ill-will of the Jesuits and of the chaplains in the other galleys. They addressed a memorial to the Bishop of Ypres, in which they accused the chaplain of being a heretic, of loving and favouring the Pretended Reformed, and of leaving them in quiet, instead of bringing them within the pale of the Roman Church. The bishop cited the chaplain to appear before him, and told him that he was accused of favouring the Reformed in his galley, and of not using means to convert them; "My lord," answered the worthy Dominican, "if your lordship requires me to exhort them and to urge them to conform to the truths of the Romish Church, that is what I do every day; but if you enjoin upon me to imitate the other chaplains who torment these poor wretches, I shall set out to-morrow for my convent." The bishop replied that he was satisfied with his conduct, and encouraged him to continue in it, and at the same time he reproved the other chaplains for the methods they made use of to convert the heretics.

It was an article of the Peace of Utrecht, 1712,\* that the English should occupy Dunkerque. The soldiers had no sooner taken possession of the port than they ran in crowds to the galleys to satisfy their curiosity with a sight of these famous vessels, which most of them had never seen before. Several of the officers, who were French Protestant refugees, hearing that there were amongst the galley-slaves twenty-two Protestants condemned on account of their religion, also hastened down to testify their sympathy. They embraced the half-naked manacled prisoners on their benches, groaned and wept with them, and gave free utterance to their indignation and pity at their chains and the miseries of their cruel slavery. They remained with them a great part of the day, seated very uncomfortably, and regardless of the vermin and the stench, glorying in making the officers of the galleys witnesses of the honour

\* The Treaty was not actually signed until April, 1713.

and sympathy with which they regarded their despised brethren. Their example attracted a large number of distinguished English officers, who also did the prisoners many acts of kindness; whilst the soldiers, after their manner, swore that if the galériens were not released by good-will, they themselves would free them by their swords. The chaplains were sorely scandalised at such conduct, and begged De Langeron to give orders that no one should be admitted on the galleys. This was tried; but the English soldiers, laying their hands on their swords, said that being masters of the town and harbour, they were masters also of the galleys, and that if not admitted willingly, they would make their way by force.

Lord Hill, the English commander, also expressed his sympathy with the galériens, and offered them his purse; but unhappily, supposing it to be his duty to help the French authorities out of their dilemma, he concerted with De Langeron for the secret removal of the Huguenot prisoners; and on the 1st of October, 1712, Marteilhe and his twenty-one companions were smuggled off to Calais.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## JEAN MARTEILHE : HAVRE.

On their arrival at Calais, the Huguenots were chained together, two and two, and driven along the road towards Havre-de-Grace. But most of them were old or sick, or worn down with hard usage, and they had not gone a quarter of a league when three or four fell to the ground, unable to go a step further. Finding it impossible to proceed on foot, the captain of the chain requisitioned waggons from the peasants, in which he carried them to Havre.

Havre was full of New Converts, some of whom were the richest merchants in the town, and notwithstanding their change in name they were still bound in heart to their old religion. They were in good odour with the governor, and when on hearing that a chain of confessors was on its way to the city, they begged him to treat them with indulgence, he had the prisoners comfortably lodged and fed, and removed the great shackle which bound them all together. On entering the apartment prepared for them, they found the governor and many of the New Converts ready to receive them. The latter embraced them with tears ; and when the custom-house officers, coming to search them, found a small box of books, and one of them exclaimed, " Here is Calvin's library ! to the flames, to the flames ! " the governor sharply rebuked him. Their friends were permitted to visit them from nine in the morning till eight in the evening, so that the prison became a chapel, where they read sermons and sang psalms,

the tears and sobs of the kind people, men and women, who came to condole with them, mingling with their hymns. "Seeing," says Marteilhe, "the chains with which we were loaded, and the resignation with which we bore them, they reproached themselves for their weakness, and lamented that they had not endured to death the ills which they had been made to suffer, or withstood the seductions which had been used to make them renounce the true religion."

The consequence was that from the day when Marteilhe and his companions arrived at Havre, the churches were emptied of the New Converts. When, however, the parish curé complained to the governor, the only answer he received was that men's consciences are not to be forced, and that an open heretic is worth more than a concealed hypocrite, and moreover that this occurrence had done good service, for that henceforth one would be able to distinguish the good Catholics of Havre from those who were not so. And when the curé came to see the prisoners, and found the room full of his new proselytes, they pointed to Marteilhe and his companions, saying, "Here, M. Curé, are honest people and good Christians indeed, who have had more firmness than we."

If the intention of the government in sending the galériens to Havre had been to ship them to America, it was soon changed; and, no doubt, on account of their influence over the New Converts, it was resolved instead to hurry them off to Marseilles.

To continue Marteilhe's personal narrative. "On the fifteenth day of our residence at Havre, about nine o'clock in the evening, just as we were beginning supper, and our guards were doing the same, I felt myself tapped on the shoulder. Turning round to see who it was, I recognized a young lady, the daughter of one of the first bankers in the town, to whom I had lent a volume of sermons a few



days before. She was wrapped in a shawl which she drew aside, and in a hurried manner, and with tears, said to me, 'Here, my dear brother, is your book which I return to you; God be with you in all your trials; they are going to carry you off to-night at twelve o'clock. Four waggons are engaged for the purpose, and the White Gate will remain open for your departure.' I thanked her for the trouble she had taken in coming herself at such an hour to give me this information, and asked her how she had been able to gain admission into our room. 'That,' she answered, 'does not affect you; it is more to the purpose to tell you, dear confessors, that you are to be taken to Paris, to the frightful prison of La Tournelle, and there to be joined to the great chain which leaves that city every year for *Marseilles*.' Having said this she vanished as mysteriously as she had entered, without any of our guards perceiving her. We quietly finished our supper, and then instead of spreading our mattresses as usual, we began to pack up our little luggage. Whilst we were thus employed, our captain according to his custom came in to chat with us whilst he smoked his pipe, and seeing us putting up our clothes instead of preparing our beds, he asked us what we were doing. 'We are getting ready to start at midnight, sir,' said I, 'and you had better do the same.' 'You are mad,' he answered; 'what has happened to you?' 'I tell you,' I replied, 'that precisely at midnight, four waggons will arrive to take us out by the White Gate which will be kept open on purpose, and you will have to take us to Paris, and deliver us at La Tournelle to join the great chain for *Marseilles*.' 'I tell you,' answered the captain, 'that you are mad, and that there is not a word of truth in all you have just said. I took the governor's orders as usual, at eight o'clock, and he told me there was nothing fresh.' 'Very well, sir,' said I, 'you will see.' At this moment the governor's servant came in to tell the captain his master

wished to speak with him immediately. It was not long before he came back, clasping his hands and making great exclamations." (It should be here observed that the poor man had been already mystified by a discovery Marteilhe had made at Calais of the intention to convey them to Havre, and now he cried out): "In God's name tell me if you are sorcerers or prophets. I believe, for my part, that you receive your knowledge from God, for you are too pious and too honest to ask the help of the devil." Marteilhe replied that they were neither the one nor the other, and that there was nothing but what was quite natural in that which astonished him. "I cannot understand it," answered the captain, "for I have learnt from the governor himself that no one else in the town knows anything of your departure, and whatever you may say you will never take from me the belief that God is with you." "I hope He is," said Marteilhe. How the young lady became acquainted with the secret is easily explained. She was betrothed to the governor's secretary, who, as soon as the order was received from the court, ran to tell her the sad news. This Marteilhe learnt in the prison at Rouen, whither her father came to bring him and his companions a collection which had been made for them in Havre.

"At midnight," continues Marteilhe, "the four waggons came to take us. We laughed in our sleeve at the mysterious secrecy which was observed. The tires were taken off the wheels, and the shoes from the horses' feet, so that we might not be heard passing through the street; and each waggon was covered up as if it contained bales of merchandise. In this manner, without lanterns or torches, we made our way out of the town."

## CHAPTER IX.

## JEAN MARTEILHE : THE DUNGEON AT ROUEN.

“ON arriving at Rouen,” continues Marteilhe, “we were conducted to the town hall to receive the magistrate’s order for our lodging, which as usual was in a prison. We were much surprised, however, at being refused admittance to the prison to which we were taken. In vain the master-at-arms insisted on the order. The jailer persistently refused, saying he had rather lose his office than admit us. We were taken on to another prison, where the same thing happened; finally they carried us to a tower set apart for the worst malefactors. The jailer here, who, like the others was very reluctant to receive us, threw us into a horrid dungeon, where with the help of five or six turnkeys with drawn swords, he made our feet fast to huge beams, so that we could not move. Here he left us in darkness and without food. For more than two hours we cried after him, for we were pinched with hunger and parched with thirst. At last some persons came to the wicket, and we heard them say: ‘These people speak good French,’ which made us think there was some mystery about their behaviour towards us; and we continued to cry out for food, promising to pay for it beforehand.

“After a while the jailer opened the door, and came in with his six turnkeys. He examined us one after another, asking if we were Frenchmen. We answered, ‘Yes.’ ‘But how is it then that you are not Christians,’ said he, ‘but

worship the devil, who makes you more wicked than himself?' We replied that he seemed disposed to joke with us, but that we should be better pleased if he would give us something to eat and drink; at the same time I put a louis-d'or into his hand, begging him to let us have for it what we stood in need of, and saying if it was not enough I would give him another. 'Truly,' he replied, 'you do not appear to be such as you have been described. Tell me honestly what you are. All the week during which you have been expected, you have been spoken of as sorcerers from the north, too wicked to be tamed in the galleys at Dunkerque, and so were being sent to Marseilles to bring you to reason. This is why I was so unwilling to receive you into the prison.' Upon this I related our history, and as I was telling him the cause of our being sent from Dunkerque to Marseilles, our master-at-arms arrived to give us our rations. The jailer took him aside and asked him if we were as docile as we seemed to be. 'Yes, certainly,' said the master; 'I would undertake to conduct them alone through the whole of France; their only crime is that they are Huguenots.' 'Is that all?' exclaimed the jailer; 'the best men in Rouen are of that religion. I don't like the religion,' he added, 'but I like those who belong to it; they are excellent people.' Then turning to us he said, 'You will stay here to-morrow; I shall take care to inform some of your people who will not fail to come and see you, and my doors shall always be open to them.' He then ordered his turnkeys to unfetter us from the beams. The next day he brought to us several persons of the Reformed Religion, who soon made the news of our arrival public, and the whole day our dungeon was never empty. I never saw such warmhearted people as these gentlemen of Rouen; they made us quite abashed with their excessive praise of our constancy. They exhorted us to perseverance in so pathetic a manner that we could not restrain our tears; and

they even offered, on our departure, to accompany us a league out of the town to help carry our chains."

The prisoners left Rouen in waggons. The good captain, who had to go back to Havre, when he saw the argousin examining their chains, told him he was taking needless trouble, for they would go of themselves wherever the king wished, and that if it were otherwise, not all his contrivances, nor those of all mankind, could hold them.

## CHAPTER X.

## JEAN MARTEILHE : PARIS—LA TOURNELLE.

THE procession arrived in Paris, November 17th, and the prisoners were set down at the Château de la Tournelle, formerly a royal residence, but then used as a dépôt for convicts condemned to the galleys. The cellar of this palace had been converted into one of the worst dungeons in France.

Marteilhe thus continues his narrative. "They made us enter a vast gloomy dungeon. Accustomed as I was to prisons and chains, I was seized with trembling at the sight. Imagine a spacious cellar, on the floor of which are arranged, three feet apart, massive oak timbers more than two and a half feet thick, to which are attached heavy iron chains, a foot and a half long, with an iron collar at the end. When the wretched galley slaves arrive in this dungeon they are made to lie half down, so that their heads may rest on the beam; then the collar is fixed round their necks, closed and riveted on an anvil with heavy blows of a hammer. As these chains are two feet apart, and the beams are forty feet long, about twenty men are chained in a row to each beam. The cellar is circular, and so large that in this way as many as 500 can be fastened down. Nothing can be more frightful than the posture of these wretches; they cannot lie at full length, the beam to which the head is fixed being too high, nor sit, nor stand upright, for the beam is too low; they are thus held in a painful

position, half lying, half sitting, part of the body on the brick floor, the other on the beam.

“We were taken to our place and chained down in the same manner as the rest. Inured as we were to suffering, the three days and nights which we passed in this cruel position so racked our bodies and all our limbs, that we could not have borne it longer, especially the old men amongst us, who cried out every moment that they were dying. I may be asked how all these poor wretches, brought from the four corners of France, and sometimes obliged to wait three or four or even six months before the great chain starts for Marseilles, endure such torment for so long a time. I answer that a large proportion succumb to their misery, and that those who through strength of constitution survive, suffer torture of which it is impossible to give any just idea. Even the natural relief of groans and cries is suppressed; every night six brutes of turnkeys fall without mercy on those who complain or even speak, and belabour them with blows.”

“The food,” he continues, “is pretty good. Nuns called Grey Sisters bring every day at noon, soup, meat and good bread in sufficient quantity. The Mother Superior was very kind to me; she always stayed a quarter of an hour with me, and gave me more to eat than I required, so that the other galériens used to rally me and call me her favourite. One day, after giving me my portion, she said, ‘What a pity it is that you are not Christians.’ ‘Who has told you so, my good mother?’ I asked; ‘by God’s grace we are Christians.’ ‘How,’ she answered, ‘Christians!; but you believe in Moses.’ ‘And do not you,’ I asked, ‘believe that Moses was a great prophet?’ ‘I!’ she replied; ‘I believe in that impostor! that false prophet who deceived as many Jews as Mahomet did Turks! No, no; thank God, no such heresy can be laid to my charge!’ I shrugged my shoulders and begged her to tell her confessor

what she had just said, and then she would learn (if indeed he was better instructed than she was) that what she had said about Moses was a great sin. Yet these Grey Sisters not only attend upon prisoners and the sick, but are also employed in instructing the young ! ”

It must here be said that all the prisoners were not cribbed down in the same cruel way. There was a favoured class who were chained only by the foot, and who were placed nearest to the grated windows which looked upon the street. It required a silver key to open the way to this indulgence. When Marteilhe and the other Huguenots had been three days and nights chained to the beams, a Protestant named Girardot, a wealthy merchant, having heard of their arrival at La Tournelle, went to the governor to ask permission to visit them. The governor, though he was his friend, could not grant this request. The good man could get no nearer than the courtyard of the château, from whence he was barely able to see them through the double grating of iron, and could only identify them by their red jackets. Taking notice that some of the prisoners who were near the windows were chained only by the leg, he asked the governor if he could not give his friends a place amongst these. “Those persons,” answered the governor, “whom you saw by the window, pay a certain price per month for the privilege.” “If, sir,” replied Girardot, “you will give these poor fellows the same liberty, I will pay for them, if they cannot pay for themselves.” The governor said he would see if there was any room near the grating. The next morning, on Marteilhe paying from the common purse fifty crowns for so long as the chain remained at La Tournelle, they were loosened from the terrible beams, and placed as near as possible to the grating. The exchange was an unspeakable relief; their new position was almost an enjoyment. Girardot came often to speak with them through the grating. This state of things con-



tinued for a month, when the chain was made up, December the 17th, 1712.

The Jesuits had the spiritual direction of La Tournelle ; and a week before the departure of the chain one of their novices came every day to prepare the forçats for receiving the Sacrament. He always took the same text, Come unto Me, &c. (Matthew xi. 28), and tried to prove from the Fathers, that the way to the Saviour was only through auricular confession. Then the priests brought the consecrated bread, which they distributed to the malefactors, without loosening them from their miserable position. These Jesuits did not interfere with the Huguenot prisoners ; they were left to Father Garcin, the Superior of the Missionaries of Marseilles, who happened to be in Paris at the time. He came to the dungeon and tempted them by promises, and by a representation of the hardships that awaited them. " You may," he said, " have your liberty in forty-eight hours if you will only change your religion. You do not know what you are exposing yourselves to. At this inclement season there is every probability that three-fourths of you will perish on the way, and when those who survive arrive at Marseilles, they will do as all the other Protestants in the galleys have done, make their abjuration under my hands." The prisoners replied that the conduct of others was no rule for them ; every man must take care for his own salvation.

## CHAPTER XI.

JEAN MARTEILHE: MARCH OF THE CHAIN  
TO MARSEILLES.

On the 17th of December, all the convicts were taken out of their dungeons and brought into the great courtyard of the château. They were joined together by the neck in couples, by a thick chain three feet long, in the middle of which was a ring; and being ranged in file, couple behind couple, a long thick chain was passed through all the rings, thus binding together the whole procession. There were about four hundred; the twenty-two Huguenots with their red jackets being at the end of the chain.

M. Girardot came into the courtyard to take leave of them; and as the chain passed through the streets many of the brethren, regardless of the cuffs and blows of the archers, pressed forward to embrace them, crying: "Courage, dear confessors of the truth; suffer with constancy for so good a cause. We will not cease to pray God to sustain you by His grace." Four gentlemen of Paris accompanied them to Charenton, where by the captain's permission they prepared them a supper at the inn. But instead of partaking of their supper, the confessors, with the rest of the convicts, were to be entertained in a very different manner, and such as they had never before dreamed of.

"We arrived at Charenton," writes Marteilhe, "about six o'clock in the evening: the moon shone and there was a frost. The difficulty we had in walking, and the excessive weight of our chains, had heated us after the great cold we

had endured in the court of La Tournelle, so that on arriving at Charenton we were as though we had been plunged in water. We were taken to the stable of our inn, where the chain was nailed up to the rack in such a way that we could not lie down, and hardly sit on the heaps of dung; for as the captain conducts the chain at his own expense, receiving twenty crowns a head from Paris to Marseilles, he spared even straw, and we had none the whole way." To this succeeded a scene the details of which the reader will be glad to be spared. The convicts were stripped to the skin by the soldiers, their clothes searched, and their money and every article of any value taken away, whilst they themselves were used in so barbarous a manner that eighteen died by the next morning. The Huguenots, through Girardot's intercession, and by the payment of one hundred crowns to the captain of the chain, were spared the blows, and were otherwise favoured by the archers. "The four gentlemen from Paris," continues Marteilhe, "who had prepared a supper for us, instead of having our company, beheld from their window in the inn the hideous spectacle. They cried out, and with clasped hands entreated the captain to spare us, but he did not heed them; and all they could do was to call to us and commend us to God, as is done to victims who are about to undergo the last penalty. We saw those good friends no more; for the chain was again nailed up to the rack in the stable, where the dung-heaps on which we half lay down helped to restore warmth to our bodies, and so to save our lives."

The next morning the chain started from Charenton, accompanied by some waggons in which the prisoners who could not walk were thrown like dead cattle, their naked legs hanging out, so that they soon became frozen. Those who complained or lamented were beaten. It may be asked why the captain did not take more care of the lives

of his prisoners, seeing he was to receive so much a head for all whom he delivered up at Marseilles, and no payment for those who died on the road. The reason is clear; the captain had to provide the waggons at his own expense, and the hire of these came to more than the twenty crowns a head. In this manner, at the rate of eight to ten miles a day, did the melancholy procession drag its way across the country as far as Lyons, where the convicts were embarked on the Rhône in large flat-bottomed boats, and so, partly by river, partly by land, arrived at Marseilles on the 17th of January, 1713. Many died on the way, and many in the hospital in Marseilles; but notwithstanding the hardships which they suffered, Marteilhe and his twenty-one fellow-confessors reached the end of their journey in a fair state of health.

## CHAPTER XII.

JEAN MARTEILHE : MARSEILLES—THE  
GALLEYS.

THE Protestants were taken on board a galley, where they were welcomed by their brethren with tears of mingled joy and sorrow. Father Garcin, who had visited them in Paris, had arrived before them, and coming on board their galley called them into his presence. He counted them, and finding the same number he had seen in Paris, exclaimed, "It is wonderful how you have all survived! Are you not weary of suffering?" Marteilhe answered for the others, "You are greatly mistaken, Sir, if you think sufferings weaken our faith; on the contrary, we experience what the Psalmist says, that the more ills we suffer the more we remember God." "Nonsense," replied Garcin. "Not so much nonsense," rejoined Marteilhe, "as that which you told us in Paris, that all our brethren at Marseilles had abjured under your hands. Not one of them has done so; and if I were in your place I should be ashamed all my life for having made a statement which proved me an impostor." "You are a reasoner," replied the Superior, and departed.

During the Congress which preceded the Treaty of Utrecht the galériens had been buoyed up with hope that the Protestant powers would do something for their relief; but Louis XIV. would not hear a word on their behalf, and peace was concluded without their being even named in the treaty. Nevertheless Queen Anne's ministers continued to intercede with the court of Versailles, and it was

understood that some concession would be made. The prisoners themselves knew nothing of these negotiations, but the missionaries, who had the earliest information of everything that took place, were well aware of them, and were determined if possible to render them abortive. The means they employed were to make the King believe that the heretics in the galleys were about to return to the Romish Church, and that therefore Anne's interference was unnecessary. For this purpose they produced two Catholic malefactors, whom they pretended to have been leading men among the Protestants, recently converted to the true Church, and whose conversion they proclaimed throughout the fleet, together with a letter from the King granting them freedom and his royal favour.

When the missionaries came on this errand to the Huguenot galley, they had the whole company unchained and brought to them in the stern-cabin. After haranguing them and reading the royal letter, Father Garcin dilated on the goodness and gentleness of the Romish Church, which, following the example of the Saviour of the world, draws men by persuasion only. "Do not allege," he exclaimed, "that we persecute you to make you return into the pale of the Church: far from us be that doctrine of persecution which you so often cast in our teeth. We declare to you that we detest it, and we grant that according to the precepts of the Gospel it is not right for any man to persecute another for his religion." With these words he dismissed them.

But the barefaced assertion to which they had just listened was too monstrous for Marteilhe to swallow; and while the rest were being chained to their benches, he proposed to three of his brethren that they should go back with him to the stern-cabin, and without passion or invective answer the missionaries. Father Garcin and his companions, seeing four of the men return, and supposing

they had been wrought upon by his arguments and had come to make their submission, were delighted, and asked them to be seated. Marteilhe, who was spokesman, at first affected the tone of one who really desires instruction, a trick, however, of which he seems to have been somewhat ashamed. He told the Fathers that the persecution he had suffered for the sake of his religion had greatly strengthened him in the profession of it, and that if M. Garcin could prove that what he had suffered was not really persecution, he would gain a great advantage over him. "Do you know," asked Garcin, "what persecution is?" "Alas, Sir," said Marteilhe, "my condition and that of my brethren has made us only too well acquainted with it." "Pshaw," said he; "there is your mistake; you take chastisement for persecution. For what were you sent to the gallies?" Marteilhe replied that he had attempted to leave the kingdom in order to worship God freely, and that, being arrested on the frontier, he had been condemned to the gallies. "Do you not see," exclaimed Father Garcin, "that it is as I have just told you? Persecution consists in being ill-treated to oblige you to renounce your religion. Now in your case religion has had nothing to do with it. The King forbids all his subjects to leave the kingdom without his permission; you attempt to do this, and you are chastised for disobeying the King's orders. All this belongs to the secular law, and religion has nothing to do with it." Then turning to another, he asked why he was in the gallies. "For having attended a religious meeting." "Another act of disobedience to the King's orders," said the Father. "The King has forbidden his subjects to meet for worship, except in the churches. You have disobeyed him, and you are punished." Another told him that, being ill, the curé had come to his bedside to receive his declaration whether he would live and die in the Reformed Religion or

the Roman Catholic ; that he had replied in the Reformed, and that having recovered from his sickness, he had been arrested and condemned to the galleys. "Again, another act of disobedience to the King," replied Garcin ; "His Majesty wishes that all his subjects should live and die in the Roman Catholic religion ; you have declared that you would not do so. Thus, gentlemen," he continued, "all of you have disobeyed the King's commands ; the Church has had no share in the matter ; she did not preside at your trial, and has taken no part in your condemnation ; all has happened independent of her, and without her knowledge." Pretending to be satisfied with this luminous piece of reasoning, Marteilhe proceeded to ask if, supposing his remaining doubts could be cleared up, he might expect to be released before making his abjuration. "Certainly not," was the reply ; "you will never leave the galleys until you have abjured in proper form." "And if," pursued Marteilhe, "I make my abjuration, may I hope for a speedy release ?" "In a fortnight," replied the Father, "on the faith of a priest." Upon this, Marteilhe resuming his natural tone, thus addressed Garcin :—"You have striven, Sir, by your sophistical arguments to prove that we are not persecuted on account of our religion ; and without either philosophy or rhetoric, by the two plain questions I have just now put, I have proved that it is our religion and nothing else which keeps my brethren and myself in the galleys ; for you declare that if we were to make a formal abjuration we shall at once be set free, but that, on the contrary, if we do not abjure, there will never be liberty for us." "I should have pursued my animadversions further," adds Marteilhe, "but the Father saw himself so completely caught in his own words that passion overcame him. He hastily broke off the conversation, called us wicked and obstinate fellows, and cried to the argousin, 'Take them away ; chain them to their benches ; and do not allow them the smallest indulgence.' "



## CHAPTER XIII.

## JEAN MARTEILHE: DELIVERANCE.

THE hoped-for deliverance was, however, not far off. The Marquis de Rochegude, a French refugee, who had been sent to Utrecht by the Swiss Cantons to plead before the Powers the cause of the galériens, having been unsuccessful at the Congress, obtained letters to Queen Anne from Charles XII. of Sweden and other Protestant Princes. Coming to London, he obtained an audience of the Queen, who received him graciously, and told him she would examine the letters and give him an answer. A fortnight passed without his hearing any more of the matter, at the end of which time, finding the Queen was going to walk in St. James's Park, he went thither. She perceived him, had him called to her, and said, "Monsieur de Rochegude, I beg you to let those poor people in the French galleys know that they will be released immediately." The Marquis sent the good news to the confessors by way of Geneva, and soon afterwards an order came from the French court to the Governor at Marseilles to send up a list of all the Protestant confessors in the galleys. This was followed by another order to release, not all, but 136 by name out of upwards of 300. Of the rest, forty-four were set at liberty the next year, seventy-one the year after and thirty in 1717; the remaining twenty not till ten years later.\*

\* Confessors continued for many years afterwards to be sent to the galleys.

When the missionaries heard of this order, they declared that the execution of it would be an eternal blot on the Romish Church, and they taxed their ingenuity and used all their influence to get it reversed, and, when they found themselves unable to do this, to saddle it with cruel and impracticable conditions. All the wiles of the priests, however, were in vain; the 136 confessors were at length set free, and permitted to leave the port in three coasting vessels, Marteilhe being one of thirty-six who were dispatched in the first, June 20th, 1713.

After a stormy passage they anchored at Villa Franca (now Villefranche), in the county of Nice (restored by France to the Duke of Savoy at the Treaty of Utrecht), where their captain, a humane man, permitted them to land on their parole, taking four of them with him to Nice. "Here," says Marteilhe, "we walked through a long street. It being Sunday, all the shops and houses were shut, so that we saw scarcely anyone. A little man came towards us, who saluted us very civilly, and begged us not to take it amiss if he asked whence we came. We replied, 'From Marseilles'; at which he showed some emotion, but still did not dare to ask if we came from the galleys, for it is a great affront to a man, except he is a confessor, to speak to him of having been in the galleys. 'But I beg you, gentlemen,' he continued, 'to tell me, did you leave Marseilles by the King's order?' 'Yes, Sir,' we replied; 'we come from the galleys.' 'Alas, Gracious God!' he exclaimed; 'are you then some of those who were set at liberty a few days ago?' 'The very same,' we answered. Transported with joy, he begged us to follow him. We did so without hesitation, accompanied by our captain who would not leave us, for he did not trust the Italians. The man led us to his house, which looked like a palace. Having entered and closed the door, he fell on our necks, kissed us with tears of joy, and calling his wife and

children, said, 'Come and embrace these dear brethren, who are come out of the great tribulation of the galleys of France.' His wife, two sons and two daughters, all embraced us, praising God for our deliverance; after which, M. Bonijoli (for that was his name) invited us to join with him in prayer. We all fell on our knees, the captain as well as the rest, and our host offered thanksgiving for our deliverance in the most pathetic language I have ever heard. We were all melted to tears, the captain included, who assured us afterwards that he thought he was in Paradise. After the prayer, breakfast was served, which was followed by pious conversation on the grace of God by which we had triumphed over our enemies."

M. Bonijoli informed the confessors that he was a native of Nîmes, and had fled the country at the Revocation; and that he and his family were the only Protestants in Nice. He had been advised of their release the very day on which it took place. "I am sure," he said, "it was Divine Providence which arranged our happy meeting, causing me to go out of my house, a thing I never do on Sundays." The good merchant followed up his kindness by hiring mules to carry the whole party to Turin.

At Turin they were warmly received by the French Protestants and the pastors of Piedmont, who lodged them and paid their expenses to Geneva. Before they set out, the King of Sardinia, Victor Amadeus, admitted six of their number to an audience. When he had heard their story, he turned to the Dutch and English Ambassadors, who were present, saying, "This is indeed barbarous." He granted them a passport, in which he directed all his subjects to succour them during the rest of their journey.

When the party arrived within sight of Geneva, Marteilhe compares the feelings with which they beheld that famous city of refuge to the joy of the Israelites at the

sight of the land of Canaan. It was Sunday, and finding that the gates of the Puritan metropolis would not be open until after Divine Service (about four o'clock in the afternoon), they were obliged to remain at a village a league distant, where they feasted their hungry eyes upon the prospect. The news of their journey had preceded them, and had aroused the enthusiasm of the whole city; and as at the appointed hour they began to move forward, they saw a vast concourse of people flocking out through the gate to meet them. The crowd was preceded by three carriages attended by halberdiers, from each of which there alighted a magistrate and a minister, who embraced the confessors with tears and congratulations. Then the people came round them, and many who were exiles or emigrants having relations in the galleys, the eager inquiries and happy recognitions produced a most moving spectacle. The whole city, however, claimed fraternity with the honourable confessors who had fought the good fight and kept the faith, and all the people, pressing forward, threw themselves on their necks and praised the name of the Lord.

Leaving the rest of their companions with their relatives at Geneva, Marteilhe and six others proceeded to Frankfort, halting four days at Berne, where they were entertained by the authorities with as much magnificence as if they had been princes, and as lovingly as if they had been of their own kin. The same welcome awaited them at Frankfort, where the magistrates, dropping the old jealousy between Lutheran and Calvinist, congratulated them on their deliverance, calling them the salt of the earth. "This word," says Marteilhe, "humiliated us under a sense of our own infirmities, and of the immense distance between us and the holy disciples of the Lord Jesus." France was at that time at war with the allies. A boat was chartered to take the confessors down the Rhine; they kept as near as

possible to the right bank, where the Emperor's army lay, the French being encamped on the other side, occupied with the siege of Landau. They arrived safely in Holland, and were received with open arms by the Dutch and French Churches, and by the people wherever they came.

It being resolved to send a deputation to Queen Anne to thank her for the deliverance of the 136 galériens, Marteilhe was chosen of the number, and with his companions had an audience of the Queen, who gave them a gracious reception.

As has been said, a considerable time passed over before the remainder, about two hundred in number, were set at liberty. The French ambassador, the Duc d'Aumont, was favourable to their release, but he was fettered by ecclesiastical influence, and the French Court found the pill it had to swallow exceedingly bitter.

On the return of the deputies to Holland, the government granted them a pension.



Part II

THE CAMISARD WAR





## CHAPTER I.

THE STATE OF THE CHURCH IN THE YEAR  
1700.

THE history of Jean Marteilhe has carried us some years into the century, even beyond the Camisard War. To that new and eventful chapter in our history we will now turn, prefacing it with a review of the state of the Huguenot Church in the year 1700. We saw in the former volume how persecution had failed to extinguish the Protestant Church in France. Medals had been struck representing heresy prostrate and the Roman Church triumphant, and proclaiming that Louis had brought back to the true faith two millions of heretics. In the eye of the law there were now no longer any Calvinists in France : their preachers had been driven away, their temples levelled with the ground, their synods suppressed, their schools and colleges shut up ; they were baptized and married (or supposed to be so) only by the parish priest ; their children were sent to the Catholic schools.

Notwithstanding all this, the Church was still full of life. At the period of Claude Brousson's martyrdom, 1698, she had recovered not a little of the ground which had been lost at the first terrible shock of the Revocation ; and if she had been wise enough to continue in the same course of patient endurance and diligent prosecution of her Desert ministry, her future might have shone forth with singular brightness. Even the government was compelled to acknowledge that the supposed triumph of coercive

measures was an illusion ; and insensibly the old relations between the Court and the Huguenots as an existent Church were resumed, the designation of New Converts or New Catholics being substituted for that of R. P. R. (*Religion Prétendue Réformée*).

The vitality of the persecuted Church at the end of the seventeenth century is attested by the Roman Catholics themselves. Bâville, the pitiless and astute Intendant of Languedoc, wrote in 1698 :—" There are districts in this province, consisting of twenty or thirty parishes, where the curé is the most unhappy and the most useless of mortals, and where, with all the pains which have been taken, it has not been possible to make a single Catholic." And in 1702, Julien, one of the royal generals in the same province, wrote to the Secretary of State, Chamillard :—" There are not forty New Catholics who are really converted. Those who were infants in the cradle, or mere children at the time of the general conversion [1685-6], are now more Huguenot than their fathers, although they have never heard an ordained minister. The truth is, their parents have brought them up in the Reformed doctrine whilst they themselves were going to mass." What was true of Languedoc was true also of several other provinces. We have seen in the former volume how, in the year 1700, in the diocese of Saintes alone (Saintonge and the borders), there remained more than 60,000 heretics; and we have heard what Malzac and Gardien Givry had to say of the revival in Paris, Lyons, and Picardy.\* It was the same in Normandy. From 1688 to 1690, three returned ministers, Cottin, Masson, and La Gacherie, laboured in that province, and one of them wrote to Basnage, the celebrated exiled pastor in Holland, that God had blessed their mission beyond their expectation, and that at Rouen in particular all the New Converts had

\* See ' *The Huguenots in the XVII. Century*, ' pp. 139, 270, 275.

returned and given abundant proof of repentance and zeal. Israel Lecourt, two or three years later, speaking of the same province, says:—"I found myself preaching to assemblies of more than 2000 persons, surrounded sometimes by forty or fifty armed men, who waited till we had finished in order to apprehend all those on whom they could lay their hands." After labouring two years in Upper, he went into Lower, Normandy, where he preached nearly three years. At first he found the people in the practice of going to mass, and afraid to attend his meetings; but by degrees they gained heart, and before he left, the number had increased to eight or nine hundred. Amongst them were many persons of distinction, who gave him their promise to go no more to mass.

Unhappily, the Huguenot patience, especially in the mountains, now began to give way. The restless spirit of Vivens, who, as we have seen, in 1689 made the fatal mistake of an appeal to arms,\* survived in many of his countrymen. At the same time, instead of that relaxation of severity which had been hoped for in 1698 under the mild administration of the Cardinal de Noailles, a new edict was issued in the year 1700, by which the former penalties for refusal to receive the Romish sacraments, attempts to escape the country, and the like, were re-enacted. The third ingredient required to complete the explosive composition was supplied by the claim to prophetic inspiration which now returned with redoubled force.

\* 'Huguenots,' pp. 250—252, 280.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE PROPHETS.

THE reader of the 'Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century' may remember that in 1688 a large number of persons in Dauphiné and Languedoc were seized with extraordinary sensations.\* They were violently agitated, and fell to the ground, where they lay insensible to external influences, and when the paroxysm was past they poured forth a stream of exhortation, rebuke, and prophecy. This phenomenon suddenly reappeared in the autumn of 1700. As in the former visitation, many fell down as if dead; and nearly all were affected with sobs, sighs, groans, and tears. Eyewitnesses say that they presented the appearance of persons moved by a power outside or above themselves. Like the aerial psalmody of 1685, and the inspiration of 1688, this state of unnatural excitement was the result of protracted and relentless persecution, mental and bodily suffering, the reproaches of conscience, and the deprivation of those religious exercises which the people so dearly loved. The name of Prophet, however, came in course of time to be applied to many who were not affected by the paroxysms, but preached Christ with understanding and sobriety, and were examples of a good conversation, godliness, and charity.

This second accession of the endemic is said to have commenced with an aged woman of the Vivarais, an itinerant

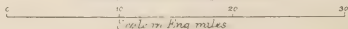
\* P. 255.





PART of the CEVENNES and of the PLAIN of LANGUEDOC

The Heights are in English feet



tailoress who worked in the hamlets on both sides of the Rhone. Going into the mountains she communicated her enthusiasm wherever she came; and by the end of the winter the contagion had spread from the summit of Mont Lozère to the shore of the Mediterranean. Although it had commenced with age, the inspiration rarely descended upon old people, and never upon the rich or learned; it visited youth and poverty, misfortune, simple hearts, shepherds, labourers, young women and children. "The youngest whom I have seen," says Durand Fage, "was a little girl of five, but I heard of a large number of children still younger."

One of the first to exercise the new gift was a young labourer of Vagnas, near Barjac, named Daniel Raoul, who left his plough to gather the people. One day he thus addressed his audience: "Formerly God sent amongst you His well-instructed ministers, who, at the peril of their lives, exhorted you to repentance. You would not hear them; nevertheless, touched with compassion, He has not utterly forsaken you, but now sends you new messengers. It is true these are ignorant persons who have no other knowledge than that which He bestows upon them. You see before you one of these, one who cannot even read; but I am one of the stones spoken of in the Scriptures who cry out when those which would otherwise have aroused you from your slumber have been removed: my commission is earnestly to exhort you to repentance." As he proceeded to enlarge upon the Divine mercy, all his auditors with one voice cried out: "Grant, O Lord, grace and pardon to us miserable sinners." When they had recovered their composure he showed them that without sincere and lasting repentance, groans and tears would be of no avail. A Catholic historian says that "to Raoul was imputed the profanation of the church at Vallerangue, where a troop of his disciples and emissaries in broad day broke in pieces

the tabernacle, and took away the sacred vessels." What we know, however, of the preacher from other sources forbids the supposition that he was privy to the outrage.

Another of the prophets was Etienne Gout. He was scarce twenty years of age; his impetuosity caused him to be compared to a young courser whom nothing can tame, bounding over the meadows. He drew after him the youth of the hamlets round the sources of the Anduze Gardon. Another was Jean Cavalier, a cousin of the famous Camisard chief of the same name. "After nine months of sobs and mental agitation," he says, "one Sunday morning, as I was praying in my father's house, I fell into an ecstasy, and God opened my mouth. For three days and nights I was continually under the influence of the spirit, and neither ate, drank, nor slept." The number of the prophets increased so rapidly that there was not room for them all to exercise their gifts at the prayer meetings, which were held by night or in secret. Several would often rise at once, when one would check the others in a voice of authority, "In God's name hold your peace," and they would all refrain till he had finished. The people ran to these meetings with the utmost eagerness. Sometimes, in the midst of his sermon, the preacher would send out some of his audience to raise a sonorous hymn, which was echoed from the woods and rocks, and served as a guide to such as were still seeking their way to the meeting. "As soon as we heard this divine psalmody," says Fage, "we flew to the spot; words cannot express the ardour which burned within us; we thought not of weariness, we became as light of foot as young deer."

The inspiration of the children was a great enigma, and caused much perplexity. "I went," says a narrator, "with a priest of Le Vigan to see a little girl of six or seven years who was said to have received the divine gift. She was seized in our presence. When she returned to herself, the



priest severely catechised her, threatening and promising by turns. She persisted in her assertion that the motion did not proceed from herself, and that she had no wish to speak; 'there was,' she said, 'some power within her stronger than her own will.' The priest, utterly puzzled, concluded that it was a trick of Satan to revive the heresy of Calvin."

In these phenomena Bâville saw only the spirit of sedition. He redoubled his rigour, made parents responsible for the ecstatic fits of their children, and threatened the inspired with death. The consequence was that the fear of punishment took away the joy of the spiritual visitation, so that those who had lately desired it in their children as a comforter, now prayed that it might be removed, and their families spared. A man named Dumas of Monoblet, in the Lower Cevennes, had a daughter of eleven years who was subject to the ecstatic trance. He put her in prison, but she escaped, and took shelter at a village at the mouth of the Vidourle, where she preached from family to family. At one of the nightly meetings at which Durand Fage was present, she addressed herself to him, saying, "Thou wilt receive a gift from God." "God's name be blest," he answered, and some days afterwards he too received the spirit. A peasant of St.-Paul-la-Coste had a son of twelve years who became inspired. Under fear of being made to suffer for his child, the father went to the curé and said: "My son prophesies; I give you notice of it; do not pretend to ruin me on his account." The curé advised him to starve the boy; and then, as this means failed, to beat him; but all to no purpose; the visits of the spirit only became the more frequent. Concluding the child to be possessed, the curé prescribed a charm, but the child manfully resisted, and so sharply rebuked both his father and the priest, that the former was broken down,

and a few days afterwards himself received the gift, and became a powerful preacher.

Sometimes the spirit descended on Catholic as well as Protestant children. At first the priests contended that in these cases it was certainly a divine spirit; but unhappily the Catholic children exclaimed against the mass, and called the Romish church Babylon.

To destroy the germ of the contagion, Bâville seized all the children within his reach, shut up the boys in the fortresses, and sent the girls to the nunneries. Three hundred were immured in the town of Uzès. Doubting by this time whether the phenomenon might not be the effect of physical infirmity, the Intendant sent the faculty of medicine of Montpellier to Uzès to examine the children. As soon as the doctors entered the prisons, the little prophets began to preach and exhort them to repentance. The physicians could not discover that there was either trickery or madness; nor could they venture to affirm that they spoke either by the Spirit of God or by the Spirit of the Evil One, or that the natural mind in them was able by its own power to attain such transports, or such a knowledge of heavenly things. They reported to the Intendant that the phenomenon was to be attributed to fanaticism. Bâville released the greater number, but retained the oldest and strongest of the boys, whom he sent, some to the army, others to the galleys. Two hundred were marched out in chains from the single village of Le Pompidou, all of them disciples of Etienne Gout. Soon afterwards Etienne himself fell into Bâville's hands. He was apprehended by the Florac militia, and taken to Montpellier, December, 1701, where he was shut up in prison.

As time went on some of the prophets laid claim to other supernatural gifts, exorcising demons, healing the sick, passing unharmed through the fire, and practising clairvoyance. The most noted of these performers was Claris,

a veritable thaumaturge. In some instances there is a strong suspicion of collusion or of legerdemain, but the greater number must be regarded as genuine. Unintelligent testimony, however, in times of unnatural excitement, is of little value, and it would be a waste of time to dwell on these strange stories.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE CLOUDS GATHER.

THE eighteenth century opened gloomy and threatening. The new edict of the year 1700 was enforced in the most rigorous manner. In the early months of 1701 many arrests, confiscations and executions took place, and many meetings were broken up at the point of the bayonet, and the offenders sent to the galleys. "These outrages," says Court, "were perpetrated chiefly at the instance of the ecclesiastics, who were sorely chagrined, and almost in despair to see their churches deserted, and all their labour to bring back the Protestants to Rome entirely futile." "The clergy," says the Roman Catholic historian, De Brueys, "at first contented themselves with thundering from the pulpit against the meetings which the Huguenots persisted in holding; but soon, finding their words unheeded, they had recourse to the magistrates to put a stop to these disorders."

The Romish clergy were not contented with invoking the secular power; they took upon themselves to apprehend and chastise those whom by persuasion or threats they were unable to influence.\* "We cannot," says a Roman Catholic councillor, "dissimulate the fact that many ecclesiastics abused their authority, and treated the Protestants with so little charity, and even with so much severity, as

\* Their supervision of the New Converts was offensive; they sent the soldiers to examine their saucepans to see if they kept the fast-days.

to furnish them with one of their pretexts for revolt." "That," says De Brueys, "which served at first as a pretext for revolt was afterwards the cause of the hatred of the fanatics towards the curés and the churches. Thence proceeded the massacre of so many priests, the burning and pillage of so many churches, and the profanation of so many altars."

The violence of the priests naturally provoked like violence on the part of the Huguenots. The prior of Valleraugue coming upon a young shepherd who was kneeling in prayer dragged him to his house by the hair of his head, and then went to the son of a notary named Bouton, to procure the stamped paper necessary for drawing up a procès-verbal against him. The young man, who was a Protestant, not only refused to let the curé have the paper, but called him a false prophet. The dispute between them grew warm; and Bouton, in a fit of passion, ran to the church, overturned the "tabernacle," threw the sacred vessels into a well, and then boasted of what he had done, making no attempt to conceal himself. He was arrested in his own house, together with a neighbour named Olimpe, who, however, had had nothing to do with the matter. Bâville had Bouton broken on the wheel, after first cutting off his hand, and caused Olimpe to be hanged.

Similar atrocities continued into the next year, 1702. In January a prophetess, and soon afterwards four men and four women, were hanged at Pont-de-Montvert. At the same time, in the plain, the Baron of St. Côme dispersed several night meetings, and put the people to the sword, or hanged them on the trees. The strain became daily more and more intense. In February, Durand Fage was attending a nightly meeting wearing a sword, when a prophetess addressed him with the words, "My brother, thy sword shall serve to destroy the enemies of the truth." At the same meeting Abraham Mazel, with

two of his companions, declared they had received a divine command to drive away the priests, and make war on the king. He had scarcely spoken when Etienne Gout, who, it may be remembered, had been shut up by Bâville at Montpellier, suddenly appeared in the midst of the company, crying: "The angel of the Lord has delivered me; He has brought me like Peter through the guards and the iron gates." How Gout escaped no one knew; it had even been supposed he was dead. He further announced that God was about to raise up forty thousand prophets, and that a powerful monarch would come and place himself at their head. He ordered a collection to be made for the purchase of arms, and he himself began to lay in a store of powder and ball. It is evident that a spark only was wanted to fire the inflammable mass. To learn whence this spark was to come we must turn to the history of the Abbé Du Châila.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE ABBÉ DU CHAÏLA.

CONSPICUOUS above the other ecclesiastics, both for his zeal and for the unscrupulous means which he made use of, was Du Chaïla.

Fifteen years before, *viz.*, in 1687, Bâville had appointed this man, then an arch-priest of Mende,\* to be Inspector of Missions in the Cevennes. He had been a missionary in Siam, whence he had brought home with him a young Mandarin named Hin, whom he caused to be educated in the Seminary of Toulouse. Ordained a priest, the Siamese was appointed to a parish in Languedoc. "Singular destiny," remarks Peyrat, "to come from further Asia to convert the Languedocians to the Roman Pontiff." Du Chaïla removed from Mende to St.-Germain-de-Calberte, where he kept his mimic court. He had eight young priests living with him, and his house was the resort of the Cevenol curés and missionaries. He kept also a small band of soldiers and other attendants. From St. Germain he made another remove to Pont-de-Montvert, where Bâville gave him a house, then the best in the village, the former residence of a Protestant burgess who was put to death in the dragonnade of 1685. Accompanied by his priests and missionaries, Du Chaïla made circuits amongst the surrounding parishes, preaching, inspecting, interrogating, and treating the unhappy Protestants like brute

\* There were four arch-priests in the diocese of Mende; the title has long been extinct.

cattle. He converted his cellars into dungeons, in which he confined those who resisted his will. He paid daily visits to his victims, inflicting upon them divers tortures, the most noted of which was that of the *ceps*, a wooden frame in which the feet and hands were drawn together, and the body curved in a painful attitude, so that the sufferer could not look up.

For awhile the arch-priest met with little open resistance to his will. About the end of 1701, however, he perceived a change in the behaviour of the people he had undertaken to shepherd. In January, 1702, on revisiting the more contumacious of his parishes, to his surprise, his exhortations were received with yells and hootings. He handed over the leading men among the offenders to the Intendant, and summoned more priests to his side, but all to no purpose. At Easter the attendance of New Converts at high mass was less by one-half than it had been the year before. Other signs of an impending irruption were not wanting. The Prior of Melouze, going to his church one Sunday morning, saw hanging on the cross in the cemetery a dead dog instead of the image of the Saviour.

One day Du Chaila received information that a prophet had been harboured in the house of a widow in a neighbouring hamlet. Taking soldiers, he hastened to the spot, but found no one within, except some little children. He interrogated them, at first with caresses, then with threats, when, as they still refused to betray the prophet, he became furious, seized the oldest, and whipped him so unmercifully that the child died. The friends of Du Chaila saw the danger into which he was running, and remonstrated with him. "From your treatment of the Huguenots," said his cousin, the Count de Morangiez, "you seem to have an eye to a bishopric; but I fear you will be baulked of your expectations; you will fall a victim to your severity."



Before pursuing further this notice of Du Chaïla, we will ask the reader to accompany us through the mountain region of the Cevennes, the scene of his tyranny, and to the place where he lived, and where he met his tragical death.

## CHAPTER V.

## PONT-DE-MONTVERT.

PONT-DE-MONTVERT is in the heart of the Higher Cevennes, in an isolated and romantic situation, approachable only by steep mountain roads. An extract from a private diary in the spring of 1891 will give some idea of this charming country, and of the situation of the little town.

“ One of the principal highways of the Cevennes is the road from Anduze to Mende, bisecting the whole region from south-east to north-west. From Anduze to Ste.-Croix-de-Val-Francesque is a direct and pretty level drive of about four hours. It leads through a fertile valley enclosed between green hills and crags, and gay with flowers by the wayside. You cross the Gardon by the new bridge of Salindres, having in view the picturesque old bridge a little further down, now a mere skeleton. The spot is memorable for the defeat of the royal troops by Roland, when the Camisards rolled down great stones from the hills, and when ‘ the battle hymn of the victors rose above the cries of the vanquished and all the tumult of the fight.’ You pass through St.-Jean-du-Gard, an ancient Camisard town, consisting of a long narrow street of high houses packed close together. From Ste.-Croix a by-road turns off north-east, steep and stony, to the little town of St. Germain-de-Calberte, the earlier residence of Du Chaila. The main road (which we follow) ascends without intermission for two and a half hours, making abundance of turns, and affording the finest of prospects. Shrubs of

heath and feathery sprays of small white blossoms clothed what, but for them and the broom, would be bare cliffs. Gradually, as we rose, the climate changed. The vine and the mulberry disappeared, and rye became abundant. The mountain streams, swollen with the night's rain, leaped down in cascades on their way to the river, which flowed hundreds of feet below. Again and again we thought we had reached the top, but our patient steeds plodded on until the valley far below was hidden in mist. We were in the clouds. At length we came upon the flattened summit of the mountain, and drove into the little town of Barre, 3300 feet above the sea-level. It stands in the midst of meadows, then flowery with narcissus, orchises, and cowslips. The town consists of a narrow winding street, with very plain houses, almost every other being a café, for it is a centre for many hamlets and farms, and thirteen fairs are held there in the year. The landlady of the homely inn brought out her whole larder, kid, goat's milk, and honey.

“The next morning we descended to Florac, the chief town of this district, and containing 3000 inhabitants. It is a picturesque place on the River Tarn, but we saw but little of it, having planned to go up to Pont-de-Montvert the same afternoon. The road we now threaded, at first on the banks of the Tarn, afterwards carried high above the river, was more wild than that which we had passed through the day before. It was carried under beetling crags, and the mountain torrents were more numerous. The beautiful heaths had disappeared, and the broom now flourished alone. Often the spurs of the mountain were golden with its blossom. It was curious to see how the vegetation changed every few miles, and how a barren tract was succeeded, at a greater elevation, by green meadows and fields of rye.

“Pont-de-Montvert is a green spot in the arms of barren

mountains, situate about 3000 feet above the sea-level. Mont Lozère, to the north of and behind it, rises 2500 feet higher, and forms the highest summit of the Cevennes. To the south, across the deep valley, rises another mountain mass named Bougés. The village is built at the meeting of three torrents coming down from Mont Lozère, the middle, which is the largest, being the Tarn; they are spanned by three bridges almost close together. The houses fill the two angles of the streams, and extend along the banks of the Tarn below. Our inn overhung the Tarn, which rushed, leaped and foamed over its bed of rock, and boulders. The sound of its waters never ceases; night and day, winter and summer, century by century for myriads of ages, the same glorious voice—in the stormy season rising to thunder, and again sinking to a murmur—has sung its Maker's praise."

## CHAPTER VI.

## MURDER OF DU CHAÏLA.

To return to Du Chaïla. Notwithstanding the exasperation of the people, the arch-priest was suffered to pursue his course of coercion and tyranny till the month of July (1702). About the middle of that month a party of mountaineers, men and women, the latter disguised as men, left their homes for the purpose of escaping to Geneva. They had for their guide a man named Massip, who had already conducted several companies to the land of freedom. They were on horseback, and took the less frequented route along the eastern slopes of Mont Lozère, towards the Vivarais. Du Chaïla was informed of their departure, and sent the militia to intercept them. They were arrested and carried back to Pont-de-Montvert, where they were examined by the arch-priest. He sent the women to Mende, and committed the men to his dungeon, securing them in the ceps. The relations of the captured Huguenots hastened to intercede for their release. The arch-priest was inexorable, and declared that the prisoners should suffer the extreme penalty of the law, the fugitives to be sent to the galleys, and their guide to the gibbet.

The next Sunday, July 23rd, a Desert meeting was held on Mont Bougès. A prophet named Pierre Séguier, a wool-carder by trade, and who was known as Spirit Séguier, preached a discourse in which he dilated on the cruel lot of the prisoners. Kindling as he spoke, he cried

out, "The Lord has commissioned me to deliver our brethren, and to destroy the arch-priest of Moloch." He was followed by another prophet, Salomon Couderc, who declared that he also had received from the Spirit a direct command to make war on the priest. Abraham Mazel put the finishing stroke. "Brethren," he cried, "I lately had a vision. I saw some large black oxen, sleek and fat, browsing on the plants of a garden; I heard a voice say, 'Abraham, drive out these oxen.' As I did not at once obey, the voice said again, 'Abraham, drive out these oxen.' Then I drove them out; and now the Spirit has revealed to me that the garden I saw is God's Church, the black oxen which are consuming it are the priests, and the voice which spoke to me is the Lord's, who bids me expel them from the Cevennes." In this way did these misguided men take the workings of their own passions for an inspiration from the Spirit of Peace and Love. The audience were transported with rage, and urged the prophets to lose no time about the work, for the arch-priest had declared that on his return from the fair at Barre the guide should be hanged.

The same evening, Séguier, Mazel, and Couderc went round to the hamlets on the mountains to enrol conspirators, and to appoint a rendezvous for the next day. The party met at sunset to the number of fifty, under three beeches of gigantic size, in the wood of Altefage,\* about twenty of them being armed with pistols and fowling-pieces, the rest with scythes and axes. After an harangue from Séguier, and a blessing in the name of the Lord of Hosts, they descended the mountain, raising a hymn of battle. Traversing the forest and the desert heath

\* "One of the trees was standing in 1837, reduced to a shattered trunk."—Murray. The word Altefage is Latin, and signifies the old beech trees; its retention may possibly indicate that these patriarchs of the forest existed before Latin became a dead language.

which separates Bougès from Pont-de-Montvert, and climbing the hill, they entered the town.

The arch-priest's house stood, and still stands, at the northern end of the bridge where the Rivumal (one of the two smaller torrents) falls into the Tarn. It is separated from the Tarn by a narrow garden or terrace, some steps lower than the street, but ten or a dozen feet above the torrent. The garden was bordered on the side of the river by a hedge of lilac, which no longer exists.

It was ten o'clock. Du Chaïla was in his house with his attendants, ten or fifteen in number, when suddenly a sound of men's voices in loud chorus struck his ear. It gradually came near, as Séguier and his comrades entered the south suburb in marching order. As they passed rapidly through the street they pointed up their guns, to overawe the inhabitants who came to their windows. Supposing the chanting to proceed from a nightly meeting, the arch-priest ordered his soldiers to disperse it. But by this time the advanced guard of the column had invested the house, and when the soldiers came to the door they saw armed men, and heard the cry, "The prisoners, the prisoners." Du Chaïla from a window shouted, "Be off, be off, you rascally Huguenots"; while at the same time the soldiers fired, and one of the conspirators fell dead. At sight of this the rest became furious, and seizing a beam which lay beside the wall, and poising it in their hands like a battering ram, they burst open the door, enlarging the breach with their hatchets. In a twinkling they rushed into the passage, forced the wicket, ran down to the cellars, and loosed the prisoners.

The sight of these poor creatures with limbs stiff and swollen, and unable to hold themselves up, turned their rage into madness. Making their way back to the foot of the house stairs, they demanded the arch-priest. The schoolmaster, whom they took for him, was struck by one

of them on the back with a halberd, and fell to the ground. His groans and the savage yells of the conspirators warned Du Chaïla that his own hour was come. He hastily gave absolution to his people, who from the top of the staircase made another attempt to repulse the assailants: one of the latter had his face grazed by a ball. "Enfants de Dieu," shouted Séguier, "we take too long over this business; let us burn in his house the priest of Baal and his satellites." At the word a pile was made of chairs, soldiers' mattresses, and forms from the Roman Catholic Church hard by, and fire set to it. The old dry wood rapidly caught the flames, which drove Du Chaïla and his people into the upper story, to a vaulted cabinet under the roof. Here, twisting the sheets into a rope, they attempted to escape by sliding down into the garden. Du Chaïla, who went first, fell and broke his thigh; with the help of a servant he crept to the hedge, where he concealed himself as well as he could. The rest descended after him, and most of them escaped, some by wading through the torrent under the fire of the insurgents.

Meanwhile, the flames having undermined the roof, it fell in, and the sudden blaze revealed the miserable arch-priest crouching in his thicket. "There he is, there he is; let us despatch that damned persecutor!" He implored them to spare his life. "If I am damned," he cried piteously, "do you wish to be damned too?"\* Séguier came up. "Ah, here thou art, persecutor of the Enfants de Dieu. No, no,—no grace; the Spirit wills that he should die." With this he dealt him the first blow. All the others struck him. "This for my father broken on the wheel; this for my brother sent to the galleys; for my mother dead of a broken heart, for my sister, my relations, my friends, imprisoned, exiled, beggared." "He received," says Louvreleuil, the curé of St. Germain de Calberte, who

\* The three Catholic annalists all testify to these words.



buried him, "fifty-two wounds, twenty-four of which were mortal." His steward, cook, and several of the soldiers were slain; but the released prisoners interceding for a servant and a soldier who had treated them kindly, these were spared.\* All that night the conspirators, on their knees round the dead bodies, sang psalms of triumph; the fierce melody mingling with the rushing sound of the flames and the wild music of the torrents. At dawn they withdrew, and, still chanting, ascended the Tarn higher up the mountain, towards the hamlet of Frugère.

"From the inn window," to recur to the diary, "we looked across the torrent upon the garden-front of the house; a young woman from the inn took us round to it, and we were joined by the handsome pastor and two or three of his neighbours. The house, which is of four stories, has been restored. We went into two vaults (it is said there was a third, which has been built up); they are very small. The occupant of the house had dug up some remains of ceps in his garden, but they had not been preserved. We returned across the bridge. The scene was peaceful, very different from that with which we had just before filled our imagination. The bridge was thronged with a flock of sheep, some white, some black, and some with horns. The gentle creatures pressed round us, and licked our hands."

On the departure of Séguier and his band, the ecclesiastics and others of Du Chaïla's attendants, some of whom had concealed themselves in a field of rye, came out of their retreats; they took up the arch-priest's body, which the next day they carried to St.-Germain-de-Calberte, where the arch-priest had "built a tomb in which to repose

\* According to the local tradition related to the author, the conspirators did not slay the priest in the garden, but dragged him out through the side gate on to the bridge, close by, and there despatched him.

in the midst of his converted people." He was laid out in his priestly robes, and the chief men of the country came to his burial. Louvreleuil preached the funeral sermon, taking for his text the words in Samuel: "Amasa lay wallowing in his blood in the midst of the highway" (2 Sam. xxv. 12). He eulogised the deceased; but the Catholic historians admit that the charges brought against the arch-priest by the Protestants were not altogether unfounded. Even De Brueys says, "His zeal was too much mixed with bitterness, so that his conduct drove the Huguenots to break off a yoke which he made too heavy." The Protestant portrait of him is "a man of great stature, and imposing and martial mien, who combined a fierce and gloomy piety with the cupidity, sensuality, and ferocity of a Spanish pro-consul."

The funeral obsequies were rudely interrupted by a cry of alarm, "The insurgents, the insurgents!" and the priests in terror hastily closed the tomb and fled.

Last June the writer visited St.-Germain-de-Calberte. It lies in the heart of the mountains, near the head of the picturesque valley of the Anduze Gardon, and although remote from other towns and villages, has some claim to the title of the capital of the Cevennes. The church in its present condition contains no trace of Du Chaila's tomb, which may have been destroyed at the Revolution, when the populace wreaked their vengeance on the building, and sliced off the faces of the finely carved wood figures with which the pulpit was adorned. The spot on the pavement, however, is pointed out where the arch-priest was buried. Louvreleuil made no entry of the interment at the time in the parish register of burials. His successor inserted it in the book in its place, in small characters between the lines, and added that the arch-priest was buried "at the entrance of the choir, opposite the chapels of Our Lady and St. Joseph." We were kindly conducted by the ex-mayor

into the Record Chamber of the town, where we were allowed to take down the registers, in which we found the entry as above stated.

Part of the Seminary building where Du Chaila resided before he removed to Pont-de-Montvert is still remaining ; it stands hard by the church, and has a garden attached to it.

## CHAPTER VII.

DEEDS OF THE CONSPIRATORS AND DEATH  
OF SÉGUIER.

THE conspirators had not been idle since the murder. On the approach of Séguier and his band, the curé of Frugère, hearing the psalmody, fled into the meadows, where he was killed by a ball from Séguier's hand. From Frugère the conspirators next fell upon St. Maurice, but warned of the approach of 120 militia-men they retired to the top of a mountain, from whence they could see the soldiers filing through the valley far below them. Continuing to march southwards, they came next to St. André de Lancise, where the curé sounded the tocsin, and went up into the belfry to reconnoitre. The inhabitants, however, who sympathised with the insurgents, admitted them into the town, and one of them ascending the tower struck the curé with the butt of his halberd. The priest fell to the ground and was immediately dispatched, and his body mutilated.

Wherever he went Séguier beat down the images and crosses, and all the other ensigns of Romanism. Hearing that the clergy were assembling at St.-Germain-de-Calberte to bury Du Chaila, he hastened thither, hoping to take them all together with one cast of the net ; but when he came within half a league of the town he heard that the funeral company were guarded by the city and rural militia, and turned his steps towards the château of La Devèze. It was night, the 29th of July. To the demand for arms made by the insurgents, the owner of the château

replied by sounding the tocsin, accompanied by a discharge of musketry. One of the insurgents was killed, and several were wounded : the rest forced the gate, and put all the inmates to the sword, not even sparing a mother of four-score years and a little girl, though they fell on their knees and begged for mercy. "This detestable deed," says Court, "was disapproved by all the Protestants, and the capture a few days afterwards of three of the murderers was looked upon even by zealous partisans as an act of retributive justice." Unhappily deeds of slaughter and wanton cruelty soon became too frequent to arouse public indignation, or at least to evoke the expression of it.

A little while before daybreak Séguier led his band again down the mountain to a small plateau, covered with heath, called Fontmorte. But by this time Bâville, with the authorities and the Catholic nobility, were in motion with a large force of horse and foot under the command of an old soldier of fortune, Captain Poul, "a very Ajax," says the chronicler. Séguier and his little troop awaited the attack, but they were unable to resist the charge of the soldiery. After killing several of the conspirators, Poul seized the prophet with his own hand, and carried him with four others in chains to Florac. On the way Poul said to him : "Miserable wretch, after the crimes thou hast committed, how dost thou expect to be treated?" "As I would have treated thee if I had taken thee," was the dauntless reply. Before his judges Séguier maintained a lofty demeanour.

"Your name?"

"Pierre Séguier."

"Why do they call you Spirit Séguier?"

"Because the Spirit of God is in me."

"Your dwelling?"

"In the desert, and soon in Heaven."

"Ask pardon of the King."

“ We have no King but the Lord.”

“ Do you not at least feel remorse for your crimes ? ”

“ My soul is a garden shady and well watered.”

He was condemned to have his hand cut off at the wrist, and to be burned alive at Pont-de-Montvert. The sentence was executed August 12th. At the stake the prophet said, “ My brethren, wait on the Lord and hope in Him, for desolate Carmel shall again clothe herself with verdure, and solitary Lebanon blossom as the rose.” He was about fifty years of age, tall and thin, and with long black hair which flowed down his shoulders, well suiting his character of a prophet of the desert.

The blast of the trumpet blown from the mountains in the murder of Du Chaïla was answered from the plain. The Baron of St. Cômes, who dwelt in the château of Boissière, near Calvisson, had rendered himself as obnoxious to the vine-dressers of the Vaunage as Du Chaïla had to the herdsmen of Mont Lozère. On August 13th, he went in his *chaise roulante* to Vauvert (lying to the south-east). Some young men of the prophets, who were at prayer in a house of this town, saw him pass. “ See, my brethren,” cried one of them named Catinat, “ there goes our enemy ; let us enquire of God if He would have us kill the tyrant.” Thus saying he fell into the state of ecstasy customary with the prophets, and ejaculated for answer : “ Certainly this apostate must be put to death.” They lay in wait for the baron on his return in the evening ; and when they saw the carriage they rushed up, and Catinat blew out his brains. The murderers escaped under cover of the woods and of night. Bâville, unable to track them, made the innocent suffer for the guilty, condemning a man named Bousanquet, who had had nothing to do with the deed, to be broken alive, and his body thrown out on the highway.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE CAMISARD CHIEFS.

WITH the exception of the attempt at insurrection made by Vivens and his rash comrades, the Protestants since the Revocation, and until the murder of Du Chaila, had borne their wrongs with exemplary patience. Their peaceable conduct, however, had failed to mitigate the fury of the government; and as we have just seen, the more excitable and restless amongst them concluded that they were unable any longer to bear the yoke. "When," says Douen, "the pastors who preached only passive resistance had been imprisoned, hanged and broken, and none could be found any longer to venture into the kingdom, the government had to do with preachers of a different kind,—inspired, ecstatic, prophetic, who called to arms, and whose maxim was, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' " The martyrs of the Revocation, by faith and patience, quenched the fire of revenge which burned in their hearts; but the new generation of the Church's defenders fed the unholy flame with fanaticism and self-will. The true Church of Christ has nothing to do with violence and bloodshed. Christian life and Christian graces cannot exist, or at least cannot grow and flourish, when the sword is unsheathed. The French Protestant historians look upon the insurrection as the means by which the Church was saved from extinction. We believe they are entirely mistaken. So far from being the salvation of the Church, the Camisard War really did more to cast her down than was done by the dragonnades,

or the galleys, or all Bâville's dungeons and wheels. In this opinion the reader, as we believe, will concur when he arrives at the end of the story. It must be borne in mind also that the insurrection was confined to one province of the kingdom, and to a portion only of that province; that it was condemned by the Church of Geneva, by the exiled pastors in Holland and elsewhere, and by thoughtful men in every country of Europe. At home too for various reasons, some of them selfish no doubt, but others sound and honourable, the Protestants of the cities, and many even who dwelt within the area of the insurrection, deprecated and deplored it. But although we cannot but regard the Camisard War as a grievous error, it is too important a feature in the history of the Church in France to be passed over in silence. Public opinion in Europe did not separate clearly between the fighting and peaceable Huguenots; and as has already been said, the insurrection exerted a powerful, though disastrous, influence on the future condition and fortunes of the Church. We propose, therefore, without pursuing in detail the numerous vicissitudes of the war, to present such a selection of its incidents as may serve to illustrate its character.

On the death of Séguier, the insurgents began to organise themselves, to enrol troops, collect arms and other materials of war, and choose leaders. The chiefs were chosen, ostensibly at least, not for their military skill or courage, but according to the measure of the Divine Spirit which they were supposed to have received.

The first in order of time was Laporte, one of the fifty conspirators who slew Du Châila. He was a native of the hamlet of Massoubeyran, situate a little below the mountain village of Mialet, not far from Anduze. He had been a soldier in the royal army, and is described as a man of fierce piety, who delighted in thundering out the Psalms. He said to the people: "What have we to do but to



deliver our country from slavery, and to exterminate the priests of Baal ? ” And he commenced his work by going through the villages and disarming the Catholics.

Laporte had a nephew named Roland, a young man with large expressive eyes and long hair. His temper was grave and imperious, his words few, and his demeanour unimpassioned. As if by natural right he stepped at once into the place of supreme command ; his officers regarded him with a mingled feeling of fear and respect, and everyone spoke of him as the *Seigneur*. The Catholics called him the King of the Cevennes.

A third leader was Jean Cavalier, a youth scarcely grown to man's estate. He was a native of Ribaute, to the south-east of Anduze. In his childhood he had been a shepherd, and was afterwards apprenticed to a baker at Anduze. Here he passed hours on the banks of the Gardon, watching the manœuvres of the garrison who were drawn out and exercised to intimidate the townspeople. Persecution drove him to Geneva, where he worked in a bakery, and where, according to his mother-in-law, he received from the Spirit a command to return into Languedoc. On taking leave, he said, “ Master, you will soon hear of me again.” He was then twenty-one, short and sinewy, of fair complexion, eyes blue and sparkling, and a large head, from which his beautiful hair floated over his broad shoulders. He returned to Languedoc in October, 1702, three months after the murder of Du Châila. He was the ablest of all the commanders, possessing the military art as if by intuition.

Ravel was a wool-carder of Malaigue, near Uzès. He is described as “ thick-set and swarthy, with a muzzle like a bull-dog.” He was an old soldier ; his face was gashed with sabre-cuts, and he lived (we quote from a Protestant writer) “ on nothing but brandy, tobacco, fighting and Psalm-singing.”

Another, who had also seen military service, was Abdias Morel, a native of the salt plain near Aigues Mortes, better known as Catinat, and who has already been before us as the assassin of the Baron of St. Cômes. He began life by taming wild horses on the Camargues, and thence passed into a regiment of dragoons. He was so fond of extolling the valour and merits of Marshal Catinat, one of Louis XIV.'s most celebrated generals, that his comrades gave him the name of that commander.\* He was tall, with a fierce countenance and an impetuous valour, but he was wanting in intelligence and strength of mind.

Abraham Mazel and Salomon Couderc, who, we may remember, acted a foremost part in the murder of Du Chaila, belonged to Huguenot families distinguished for their courage, their zeal, and their sufferings. They were mountaineers of the age of twenty-five; the latter was famous for his eloquence. After a while some misgiving as to the consistency of his course found its way into the mind of Salomon. "The Spirit," he said, "had revealed to him that the military command was incompatible with the exercise of religious functions; that hands stained with blood were not fit to hold the censer." Accordingly he laid aside his sword and epaulettes, and contented himself with being chief preacher to his troop, whom he followed, riding on a mule, and composing sermons in the woods.

There was another chief of the name of Couderc, surnamed Lafleur, who had been a prisoner of Du Chaila's, and had been squeezed in his ceps, from which he was freed by his mother cutting the two pegs or bolts of the

\* Marshal Catinat was a man of thoughtful and solitary habits, who was accustomed to look into the future. He used to say: "The French monarchy is too deeply corrupted to last long; it must be entirely regenerated by a revolution." This was eighty or ninety years before the great Revolution broke out (1789).

instrument. He came out of his prison breathing vengeance for the wrongs he had suffered.

Castanet was the theologian of the company, and wore a doctor's wig. In his childhood he had tended goats ; he afterwards became a wool-carder. At the Peace of Ryswick he quitted France, returning again in 1700, when he gave himself up to preaching. He was twenty-six years of age, of a dark complexion and keen eye, thick-set, lame, and, according to a Catholic historian, "resembling a little bear."

Joani, who, like several of the others, had been in the army, was forty years of age, and was distinguished for his rash bravery.

It need not be pointed out how widely these men differed in character and habit from the martyrs of the Revocation. Humanly speaking, they were well fitted for their perilous enterprise, being entirely possessed with the justice of their cause, endued with no little military skill, and mailed in the proof-armour of a fanatical courage. But the battles they fought were not the Lord's. Although they displayed the banner of Jesus, Jesus was not their Captain ; the weapons they wielded were not drawn from his armoury. The true Church can never need nor ever make use of such instruments.

At Roland's invitation a body of malcontents from the Vaunage went up to the mountains to assist in the strife. Of all the low country this district stands foremost in the history of the war. The Vaunage is a long, shallow valley, thick-set with villages, from one of which it derives its name (the Valley of Nage). Before the Revocation it counted thirty temples, and whether for this reason, or on account of its amenity and fertility as a garden of the vine, olive and mulberry, it was called the Little Canaan. At its eastern end it passes into a plain which extends to the city of Nîmes, and which was as populous and as Protestant

as the valley. Roland offered to these auxiliaries a share of the "bread, milk and herds, and when these failed, of the chestnuts in the forest; and promised that, if it were needful, God would send His good angels to go before them."

Roland, besides being general-in-chief, had for his particular command the Lower Cevennes. The Higher Cevennes (the country of Séguier, and the scene of Du Chaïla's tyranny) was under the joint leadership of Abraham Mazel and Salomon Couderc. Mont Aygoal and the Western Cevennes chose Castanet for their captain. Alais, Uzès, Nîmes, and the Vaunage, the most populous of the five divisions, passing by Catinat and Ravanel, elected for their leader the youthful Cavalier; whilst the mountaineers of Lozère and the eastern valleys placed themselves under the leadership of Joani. Ravanel and Catinat seem to have exercised a roving commission.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE CAMP.

ROLAND was the soul of the enterprise. The Cevennes form a vast, natural fortress, consisting of a labyrinth of valleys, running in and out amongst steep mountains, interspersed with forests. This stronghold he placed in as complete a state of defence as possible. The remote and well concealed caverns with which the mountains abound served as granaries, stables, arsenals and hospitals, and on the heights, and beside the torrents in the ravines, he erected mills. The insurgents were clothed in coarse stuff, and without a uniform, until the spoil of the beaten troops supplied them with regimentals. At first they were armed with miscellaneous weapons; but they soon learned to forge their own swords and bayonets, cast their own bullets from the leaden roofs and bells of the churches, which they destroyed, and manufactured their own powder.\* A store of arms and accoutrements too after every victory fell into their hands.

An important feature in the camp-life was public worship. "Since the principal motive," says Cavalier in his 'Personal Memoirs,' "which had induced us to take up arms was not only to escape going to mass and to protect ourselves from persecution, but also to obtain liberty to serve God in the way of his commandments, we made it our capital business to fulfil our religious duties in the

\* Much of their powder was purchased at Avignon, and their drugs at Montpellier.

woods and deserts. Here, far from the noise of the world, we could listen to God's word, sing his praises, and offer to Him aloud our fervent prayers." The worship was held at no fixed time or place; but in caves or retired valleys, and at such times as were found convenient. Notice of the meetings was secretly disseminated among the people who came together in crowds, especially on Sunday. "They arrived," says an historian, "by daybreak. One of the prophets mounted a rock which served him for a pulpit; a second followed, then a third; and from homily to homily, from prayer to prayer, from hymn to hymn, the insatiable multitude remained until evening insensibly closed upon them. Then the people took the paths back to their villages, and the Camisards returned to their camp."

But the great event at these times was the celebration of the Supper, for which the prophets made preparation with a kind of wild solemnity. Roland, or some other captain, conducted the service. After the sermon the chief came down from the pulpit and walked slowly towards the rock which served for an altar. Here he and his chief officers partook of the bread and wine, the soldiers meanwhile being engaged in prayer. Then these drew near, two and two, with downcast looks, bare heads, their guns slung in their shoulder-belts, whilst two of the prophets standing beside the chief handed to him, one the bread, the other the cup, which he dispensed to the communicants, uttering in a low voice a verse from the Gospels. Near the table a third prophet in a state of ecstacy fixed on each pair as they presented themselves his penetrating eye, which seemed to pierce the darkness of their souls, and discriminating by the supposed monitions of the Spirit, he repulsed the unworthy: "Go, go, my brother, go and pray." The rejected turned back, prostrated themselves apart, and gave vent to sighs and sobs. The chief then felicitated those of his warriors who had been found worthy

to partake of "the flesh and blood of the Lamb"; after which he called the rejected, and reproved them, but announced to them that God had heard their groans, and received them back again into grace; and they too were admitted to the supper. Afterwards the rest of the assembly, men and women, presented themselves, and were subjected to the same ordeal. The supper was celebrated in regular course four times a year. But at the least sign of mistrust or discouragement in the camp, the prophets, without waiting for the festival, immediately had recourse to this mystical ceremony, as to a potent elixir, for raising the spirits and restoring the confidence of the men. Prayer was offered in the camp three times a day, besides special supplications for guidance, and special hallelujahs for victory.

The Camisards, like the English Puritans, began by setting up a high standard of morality. As amongst Cromwell's Ironsides, oaths and blasphemies were unknown. "Neither quarrels," says Cavalier, "nor grudges, nor calumny, nor larceny had any place amongst us. All our possessions were in common; we were of one heart and one soul. Swearing, cursing, filthy conversation were wholly eschewed; and the overseers whom we had appointed to preserve order had the poor and the sick especially under their care." "Happy time," he exclaims, "if only it had always lasted." The resemblance between the Camisards and the Puritans is striking. Cromwell spent much of his time praying with his soldiers; with the Ironsides, as with the Camisards, the prayer-meeting and the council of war were identical; in both the ordering of battle was referred to the direction of the Spirit. Cromwell's army received its impulses, if not its commands, as much from its chaplains as from its officers.

In the Camisard camp everything was professed to be done by inspiration,—the election of the chiefs, the

campaigns and raids, the combats, the treatment of the prisoners. "All that we did," says Durand Fage, "was by order of the Spirit. The most simple amongst us, even children, were our oracles. Was anything important on hand? We all threw ourselves on our knees, and presently one here, and another there, was seized with the Spirit; and whenever the inspired agreed on a measure, we immediately set ourselves to execute it." "Death," he continues, "had no terror for us; we counted our lives for nothing, provided we put ourselves into the Lord's hands. When we went into battle the Spirit endued us with might by his good word: 'Fear nothing, my children, I will be your leader, I will help you'; so that we rushed into the fight as though we had been cased in mail, whilst our enemies had only arms of wool. Boys of twelve years struck right and left like veteran soldiers. Those who had neither sword nor gun did great execution with slings and poles; and the volleys of musketry which whistled in our ears, and riddled our hats and sleeves, disturbed us no more than a shower of hail."

Another prophet, Elie Marion, says, "When disasters befel us it was because we failed punctually to obey orders, or undertook enterprises without the Divine command." "Inspiration," he continues, "taught us not to weep for such of our brethren as fell in battle, or were sacrificed as martyrs; we had no tears except for our sins and for the desolation of Jerusalem."



## CHAPTER X.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR, FROM THE DEATH  
OF SÉGUIER TO FEBRUARY, 1703.

I. THE COMBAT ON CHAMP-DOMERGUES. — The first encounter between the mountaineers and the royal troops, after the death of Séguier, took place in September on a vast turf called Champ-Domergues, near Genolhac. The insurgents were led by Laporte and Cavalier; the soldiers by Captain Poul. The former began the attack with singing the sixty-eighth Psalm, tho battle song of the Anabaptists and the Scottish Covenanters :—

“ Que Dieu se montre seulement,  
Et l'on verra soudainement  
Abandonner la place :

Le camp des ennemis épars,  
Epouvantez de toutes parts,  
Fuir devant sa face.

Dieu les fera tous enfuir,  
Ainsi qu'on voit s'évanouir  
Un amas de fumée :

Comme la cire auprès du feu,  
Ainsi des méchans devant Dieu  
La force est consumée.”

*Version of Marot and Beza.*

The combat was obstinate; Poul remained master of the field, but the insurgents made good their retreat.

II. DEATH OF LAPORTE. — Another engagement, which took place the next month on an eminence above the

valley of Ste.-Croix, was fatal to Laporte. The powder of the mountaineers being wet, their guns hung fire. Laporte attempted to cover his men with the rocks, but as he was springing from one crag to another he was struck by a ball, and fell dead. Poul cut off his head and those of three others of the slain, and sent them in two baskets to the Count de Broglie, military governor of Languedoc. The count had them set up on the bridge of Anduze (Oct. 25th), and the next day removed to St. Hippolyte, whence they were carried to Montpellier, and exposed over the gate of the citadel.

III. A CATHOLIC INSURRECTION. — The weight of Louis XIV.'s iron rule was too much for the patience of others of his subjects besides the Huguenots. Amongst these was the Abbé Labourlie, an inhabitant of Rouergue, the province which skirted Languedoc on the north, and which contained a portion of the Cevennes. This man formed the design of raising his country from its servile condition, and re-establishing its ancient constitution. His plan was to unite the Huguenots and the discontented Catholics in a wide-spread insurrection. Past grievances between them were to be buried; the Catholics were to give up the most obnoxious of their priests to Protestant justice, and the Protestants were to defer the resumption of their public worship until the day of the common triumph. When Roland assumed the command of the Cevenols, he recognised the importance, in a military sense, of Labourlie's support; and the Rouerguan leader, with his Catholic followers, were received as brethren by the *Enfants de Dieu*, as the Camisards loved to call themselves. In this unnatural alliance we see the fruit of attempting to deliver the Church by an appeal to the sword. But Labourlie was a man of projects rather than of action, and seems never to have accomplished anything beyond intriguing with

nobles and people, negotiating with foreign powers, and issuing proclamations.

IV. CAVALIER SURPRISES THE CHATEAU OF SERVAS.—After the death of Laporte, numerous engagements took place between the royal troops and the mountaineers, followed by massacres and executions. The Camisards were generally victorious, and the frequent defeats of the royal soldiers struck dismay into the hearts of their commanders, and of the Catholic population.

To the north-east of the town of Alais, near the woods of Bouquet, stands a château on an eminence. It was occupied by a garrison, which gave Cavalier great trouble by watching his movements on that side of the country, and by dispersing and putting to the sword many Desert meetings. The young chief determined to destroy the castle, but he had no cannon to batter it with, nor scaling-ladders for an assault. Chance furnished him with the means of taking the place by a stratagem.

One day in December, 1702, he met on the road from Alais to Pont St. Esprit a detachment of royal troops on their way to Italy. He attacked, routed them, and put them to the sword. Clothing himself in the captain's uniform, and his company in those of the dead soldiers, he bound as prisoners six of the most savage-looking of his own men, one of whom was wounded and bleeding. Then, furnished with the marching orders which he had taken from the captain's pocket, he proceeded to the hamlet of Les Plans.

In a visit which the author recently paid to this neighbourhood, we drove to the hamlet. It is a small knot of houses as primæval as any we had seen in France, massive, low stone buildings with a minimum of window, rude vaulted entries, and narrow passages for streets. In one of these, through which there was no apparent reason for our being

driven, the carriage got set fast for a while, and help was required to extricate it. From the village you look up to the château, a mile and a half distant, situated on the crown of a low hill, and prettily embosomed in trees.

Presenting himself before the village consul, Cavalier said, "Sir, I have beaten the Camisards, and made six of them prisoners: for greater safety, they ought to be lodged in the château. Please let the commandant know, for I have an order from Messieurs de Broglie and de Bâville." At the sound of these great names the rustic consul bowed low, and hastened up to the château. Cavalier, who followed him at a distance, soon saw him coming down with the commandant and some of the garrison: he advanced, saluted the officer, said he was the nephew of the Count de Broglie, and presented his prisoners. The commandant asked to see his marching orders; he read them over in silence, and then attentively examining the prisoners, taking notice of their torn and stained clothes and their ferocious appearance, after musing a while, said, "It is well, Sir; I congratulate you on your prize. These bandits shall be taken to the dungeons, where they will be well guarded, I promise you. But it is too late for you to continue your march; do me the honour to pass the night in the château." Cavalier at first pretended to excuse himself, but after a while accepted the invitation, and entered, followed only by his officers. Whilst supper was preparing, the commandant led his guest to the platform, and bade him admire the height and solidity of the walls. "The Duke de Rohan," he said, "once attacked this castle, but at the end of twelve days was obliged to raise the siege. You see the Camisards cannot possibly make their escape." They sat down to table. The commandant was all attention to the nephew of the Count de Broglie; the officers related their campaigns and battles; the wine circulated freely. Meanwhile, under

pretext of obtaining provisions for themselves, the Camisard soldiers who had remained without, had glided one by one into the castle, with their guns in their shoulder-belts. When Cavalier saw that sufficient had come in, he made a sign, and suddenly the commandant and the garrison were seized and disarmed, and all put to the sword. Collecting the arms, ammunition, and provisions, the chief withdrew, after setting fire to the château. When they had marched half a league on the road towards Bouquet, an explosion shook the earth. It was the powder magazine, which Cavalier had been unable to discover, and which, taking fire, had blown the château into the air.

We also went up to the castle, but with a more pacific object. It must have been an imposing pile when in the Huguenot wars in the early part of the seventeenth century the royal garrison was able to bid defiance to the Duke de Rohan. The explosion destroyed the upper part of the building, which has since been restored in a less military style. We walked round the walls, a long circuit, and would gladly have seen the interior, but the lady of the house, to whom we addressed ourselves, was not affable; her manner, when she heard the word Huguenots, said plainly, "I don't want to hear anything of those Camisard dogs." The eminence on which the château stands is one of several in an undulating country, some eight or ten miles to the north-east of the manufacturing town of Alais. The land is productive; we passed many splendid fields of wheat and barley, which were set off (but not benefited) by the beautifully contrasting colours of the red poppy, the convolvulus, and Venus's looking-glass, all growing abundantly. The roadside also was garnished with flowers, the pure saintly petals of the white saxifrage, the handsome gladiolus, and the elegant blue flax.

V. DEFEAT OF THE ROYALISTS AT VAL-DE-BANE. — In January, 1703, the royal troops, commanded by the Count de Broglie himself, were signally defeated by Ravanel at Val-de-Bane, some ten miles south of Nîmes. Captain Poul was struck on the head with a stone thrown by a boy, and fell dead from his horse. Some of the fugitives flying into Nîmes, bare-headed, without arms, and as fast as their horses could carry them, a sudden alarm seized the Catholic inhabitants, and spread through the neighbouring towns. The clergy especially were violently agitated. The bishop, Fléchier, did his utmost to encourage and console them, first with Scripture promises, and then with hopes of the arrival of fresh troops. "See," he cried, drawing on his imagination, "they are coming from all sides, from Provence, Catalonia, Germany, Italy."

VI. SLAUGHTER OF THE GARRISON AT ST. FELIX, AND DESTRUCTION OF THE CHATEAU. — Some days afterwards, Roland made a descent on the château of St. Felix, situated a few miles to the west of Anduze, and belonging to a viscount. It was manned by a garrison of two hundred soldiers, who, like that of Servas, kept the Camisards in check, and harassed the Protestants of the neighbourhood. To cover his enterprise Roland caused the barns belonging to the château to be set on fire, and sent a messenger to give the alarm to the Viscount, who with part of the garrison hastened to the spot. Taking advantage of his absence, the Camisard chief marched rapidly to the château, and summoned the remainder of the garrison to surrender, promising to spare any who would open the gates to him, threatening with death all who resisted. Two of the soldiers were base enough to open the gates; the Camisards rushed in, and pursuing the rest from chamber to chamber, slew them all. Then, having collected the spoil, they set fire to the château. The Viscount returning from the

barns, saw his mansion in flames, and being attacked by the victorious mountaineers, most of his detachment were slain, he himself escaping only by the swiftness of his horse. Roland cut off the heads of some of the slain, and caused them to be set up on the bridge of Anduze in retaliation for the exposure there of those of Laporte and his comrades by the Count de Broglie. In consequence of these and numberless like outrages, the nobility deserted their châteaux, and the priests their parishes; and the burgesses, leaving the smaller towns, took refuge in the fortified cities; whilst the Catholic population of the plain, deprived of priests to console them, and soldiers to defend them, wandered round the smoking ruins of their churches.

The half-year's campaign had been favourable to the Camisards, who were fired with hope and enthusiasm. To the Catholics it was a marvel and a bewilderment how so small a number of men, mostly unaccustomed to arms, were able to overcome whole regiments of disciplined troops and trained militia led by experienced commanders. Two causes mainly contributed to the frequent defeat of the royal troops, the mountainous nature of the country, and the spirit of its defenders. Whilst the Enfants de Dieu were conversant with every mountain-path, ravine, and hiding place, the royal troops were often unacquainted with the retreats and fastnesses into which they were sent. Again, the spirit which burned in the hearts of the Cevenols, the spirit of religious enthusiasm, was far stronger than that which animated the soldiery. It was Cromwell and his Ironsides over again. "If," said the great English commander, "the gentlemen of the king's army are to be beaten, it must be by a spirit stronger than their own."

As the struggle went on, it became every day on both sides more sanguinary and more reckless. With whatever

nobler intentions the Camisards began the contest, the intoxication of war soon brought them down to the level of their oppressors; all the higher qualities, truth, justice, magnanimity, mercy, were in danger of being lost. Claude Brousson could not now have said, as he had done (but somewhat too absolutely) a generation before, of the Church he so dearly loved: "She is gentle, peaceable, and meek; she is a feeble creature; she has no claws or terrible feet to defend herself."



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

As has just been said, the struggle between the Camisards and the royal troops grew every day more fierce : outrages which at first caused shame and indignation, were becoming so common that they attracted but little attention.

There was, however, one voice which reached the ears of the excited Camisards, and for a moment arrested their headlong course. In 1702 the preacher Daniel Raoul had been apprehended in the woods of Tornac with three of his disciples, Rey, Bourelli, and Flottier. They were all conveyed to Nîmes, where, after some months of imprisonment, they were condemned, Raoul to be broken alive ; Flottier, who was only twenty years of age, to be hanged ; Rey to be sent to the galleys ; and Bourelli to be drafted into the army. As Raoul and the young man were being taken to execution, the former protested against the idolatry of Rome, and encouraged his companion, who had shown some signs of weakness, to patience and constancy. Raoul's sufferings were extreme ; nevertheless he opened his lips only to bless the Lord, and to pray for his persecutors ; no complaint, no word of impatience escaped from him. His young companion also met death with the fortitude of a martyr. The execution took place some time in 1703.

As they lay in the prison at Nîmes, waiting for their sentence, reports of the progress of the war had reached the two confessors, and the tidings of the outrages committed by his fellow-professors weighed heavily on Raoul's

spirit. He saw how grievously the Lord's name was being dishonoured, and how impossible it was that the object for which the insurgents were contending should ever be attained by such means. He had ample time to shape his troubled thoughts; and he found himself moved to make a Christian appeal to the Camisards, so that, if possible, they might be recalled to reason before it was too late. Although he was endowed with a vigorous understanding and the gift of eloquence, and had looked closely into divine truth, he could neither read nor write; but this want was supplied by his disciple Flottier, who wrote down the sentences as they flowed from his master's lips. This was in January, 1703. The letter seems to have been at once conveyed to the head-quarters of the Camisard army. It was a warning so solemn, and set forth in such forcible language, that it may almost be compared to the handwriting which Belshazzar saw on the wall.

After a few preliminary sentences, the writer says: "We are assured that there are many among you, incendiaries and murderers, worse than amongst the idolaters; that you suffer not only immodest girls disguised as boys who imitate the fanatics of Scotland, but also troops of madmen who boast of being inspired by the Holy Spirit, and who yet, night after night, with fire and sword, attack those whom they regard as their enemies, butchering them whilst asleep, and setting fire to their houses, so that in the morning nothing is to be seen but blackened ruins.

"We know well, my dear brethren, the violence you have suffered in being forced to go to mass and to send your children to the school of error. We know how the soldiers hem you in, lie in wait for you, and pounce upon you like wolves on lambs when you meet in secret to worship God; how the loss of your goods, the torment of your persons, the chain, the dungeon, the gibbet, the wheel have at length wearied out your patience, and filled

you with despair and rage. We are sensible how hard it is in protracted and excessive tribulation such as yours to resist the violent motions of nature, which, in spite of ourselves, rising in the depths of our hearts, impel us to return evil for evil. But remember that you are Christians, Christians of the Reformed Church, and that the apostolic ministers of the word of God incessantly admonished and taught you that the crimes of your enemies are no justification of yours, for it is written, ‘Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.’ These venerable instructors taught you that lying and deception are unlawful, that the only thing permitted in persecution is flight, and that those who persevere in their sufferings to the end shall be saved. You have been enjoined on the authority of St. Paul to cherish love even towards your enemies. This is the true mark of the Christian. Charity is patient and gentle; it takes no offence, but suffers and endures everything. In your case, it is not permitted to oppose force by force, or to revolt against the power established over you by God.

“You have wandered very far from the example of Jesus Christ. Cruel murderers, as you are, sanguinary men, women and girls, blinded by the demon of pride, and misled by the tongue of malice, you ought to tremble for the accomplishment of the prediction of the Son of God: ‘Those who take the sword shall perish by the sword.’ Perhaps you flatter yourselves that these excesses on your part will put an end to the ills which overwhelm you. Perhaps you imagine that those who burn churches and butcher priests in cold blood are destroying superstition and idolatry, that it is through these means God will work your deliverance and restore His pure worship. Blind people! have you forgotten that it is never permitted to do evil that good may come? You are not under the old law which commanded to exterminate idolators and destroy

their high places, but under the new law which wills not the death of a sinner, but that he should repent and live. It is by the arm of the Lord, not by yours, which is an arm of flesh, that you are to hope for the end of your captivity. Strive therefore to obtain this end not by the works of darkness which you are committing, but by the sanctity of a good life."

On one point we cannot go along with the writer. That indiscriminating loyalty to the sovereign which was so marked a feature of the French national character pervades the letter. To English readers of the present day the language made use of will appear unworthy of a Christian church; but it must be borne in mind that with few exceptions the church had nowhere then shaken off the yoke of the temporal rule. "Your fathers," says the writer, "always waited for the royal permission for the public exercise of their religion; they did not build temples, or convoke meetings, or set up a synod, or raise money, without first asking and obtaining the necessary sanction. As these things depend on political government and civil society, they always conformed to the edicts and declarations of the sovereign."

The authority on which this letter is ascribed to Daniel Raoul is that of manuscript documents preserved by a small body of Christians, chiefly inhabiting the Vaunage, whom we may call the Quakers of Congenies, and who claim Daniel Raoul as one of their spiritual ancestors. These documents show us Raoul and Flottier writing the letter in their prison. Some of the manuscripts are in an antique hand, probably of contemporary date. One is the fragment of a discourse which was quoted in a former chapter; \* another is a portion of a sermon preached by Raoul, which has for its text Claude Brousson's favourite simile of the Dove. The lyric of that eloquent preacher, as we saw in the former

\* See ante, p. 67.

volume, ran through the Cevennes, and long remained on everyone's lips.\* Evidently this familiar idea was present with Raoul; but he wields the metaphor, not only against the Church of Rome, but also against the belligerent party amongst the Protestants. "As the Dove," he says, "is a cleanly and pure bird, so our Church must be pure, true and free from all defilement; but this cannot be said of the Church of Rome, nor of the Church of Calvin, which incessantly defile themselves with all kinds of vice, impurity and murder. They have honey on their tongue, but gall in their heart, and their savage hands are always ready to shed innocent blood. My friends, let us imitate the example of the Divine Bridegroom, who says, 'Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart,' and 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'" In another manuscript before us in which Raoul's trial is described, we see the assured persuasion of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit so characteristic of the prophets. "The crime," runs the manuscript, "for which Raoul was condemned was that of having instructed young people in fanatical practices, and having impiously boasted that God had shed His Holy Spirit in his heart." In an expostulation addressed to a priest, the preacher charges him with selling the Divine Word for money, and warns his own friends, who were standing by, against such traffic, at the same time reminding them that Christ has enjoined his children to suffer violence without retaliation, and to rejoice when falsely reviled.

Two difficulties, however, present themselves in thus ascribing the warning epistle to Daniel Raoul. The letter is preserved *in extenso* by the Roman Catholic historian, Louvroleuil, who tells us that he received it from a Protestant lawyer, and that it had "its origin and was digested and published by a synod held in a foreign city." Another

\* See 'The Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century,' p. 284.

Roman Catholic historian, De Brueys, refers to the same subject, but without mentioning the letter. "The rebels," he says, "were warned that at Geneva the ministers of the city in their sermons forcibly protested against the massacres which were going on in the Cevennes; and it is certain that that wise Republic, whatever zeal it may have shown for the spread of its own religion, has never approved of the rebellions of the Protestants in this kingdom, but, like ourselves, has looked with horror on the excesses into which the fanatics have run." "This warning," he continues, "coming from a quarter which they held in respect, at first caused the massacres to cease, and was thought to be the reason for which these fanatics spared the lives of four or five curés whom they had in their power. But they were too mad wholly to recover themselves, and too thirsty for the blood of the priests long to deprive themselves of the savage pleasure which they found in shedding it; so that their cruelty, restrained for a time, became, like a torrent which has broken down its banks, more furious, and led them into worse excesses than before." The Protestant historian, Antoine Court, also refers to the letter, from which he quotes several paragraphs, and which he seems to mix up with the discourses of the Geneva preachers. "These warnings," he says, speaking of the letter, "or others like them, withheld the Camisards for a time from massacre, and were the true cause of their sparing the lives of four or five curés whom they had in their power";—a quotation in fact from De Brueys. Whether or not the Geneva sermons had really anything to do with arresting the violence of the insurgents (which seems to us doubtful), it is clear that Louvroleuil is mistaken in asserting that the letter emanated from a foreign synod. It could not have come from the synod of Geneva, for there never was a body calling itself a synod in that city. Nor could it have been sent forth by any synod or body of men

whatever, for whereas the writer of the letter commences with the plural pronoun, "*Our* dear brethren," he presently changes to the singular, "*My* dear brethren," a form of allocation which continues to the end.

The second objection may appear at first sight formidable. The date of Raoul's execution, which is stated in the Congenies' manuscript at 1703, is given by modern historians as September 9th, 1701. This date, however, when it comes to be sifted, is nowhere to be found in the contemporary writers. The modern historians rely on Antoine Court. Court quotes three authorities, the two Catholic chroniclers, Louvroleuil and De la Baume, and a manuscript in his own possession. The two chroniclers mingled personally in the affairs of the day, and could not well be mistaken in such a matter, but they nowhere state either the year or month of Raoul's execution. Louvroleuil says that Raoul's followers profaned the church at Valleraugue, March, 1701, but he says nothing as to the time of Raoul's imprisonment or execution. De la Baume says that Raoul held a seditious meeting in August, 1701, and that he was apprehended with his disciple Flottier and condemned, he to the wheel, and his disciple to the gallows; but he does not say when this took place. It is true that he goes on to relate several events which happened in 1701, but it is quite possible that he may have inserted the fact of Raoul and Flottier's execution by anticipation. Abstracting from Court's account what he found in Louvroleuil and De la Baume, the remainder must be referred to his third authority, namely, the manuscript. This is identical, or nearly so, with one of the manuscripts we have before us, preserved by the Congenies' Quakers, and in which the date of Raoul's execution is given as 1703. There is in the text of Court's history no mention of date, but the author has appended in the margin opposite to his account of the execution, as a side note,

the words "September 9, 1701." Whence Court derived this date it is impossible to say; we think it cannot be maintained against the evidence which has been adduced on the other side. No man was more likely than Raoul to have made an appeal to his fellow Protestants such as that which we have in the letter. His gift of language, as well as his insight into Christian truth, was extraordinary. "Those who heard him preach," says Antoine Court, "have told me that his sermons were far above his condition." What more probable than that the faithlessness of the Camisards in drawing the sword, the excesses into which they ran, and the dishonour thus brought on the name of Christ, should have risen up and shaped themselves before him in the silence of his prison. All the collateral testimonies, also, to Raoul's doctrines and character, with the exception of Louvreur's report respecting the sacrilege at Valleraugue (and this is only an *on dit*), converge to the same point.



## CHAPTER XII.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR, FROM FEBRUARY  
TO DECEMBER, 1703.

I. MARSHAL MONTREVEL. — Bâville concealed from the court, as long as he was able, the importance of the insurrection. In his despatches he described what had happened as a blaze of straw. But the defeat of De Broglie at Val-de-Bane and the want of more troops obliged him at length to confess that it was a conflagration. Chamillard and Madame de Maintenon broke the evil tidings to the king. Even then, however, Louis was kept in ignorance of the formidable nature of the rebellion which had burst forth in one of his finest provinces. "Why," said Madame de Maintenon, "should the king occupy himself with the circumstances of this war? it would not cure the evil, and would do him a great deal of harm." The Count de Broglie was recalled, and Marshal Montrevel sent down in his place.

The new commander, who arrived at Nîmes, February 15th, 1703, had 60,000 troops at his disposal. As soon as he took the command, he issued an order placing the priests, monks, churches and abbeys under the care of the New Converts, who should answer for them with their heads and their property. Executions followed in rapid succession; the scaffold, the gibbet, and the stake were kept always ready for use, and the prisons overflowed. We give a few incidents of the war during the course of this eventful year.

II. THE WOES OF GENOLHAC.—Some eighteen miles east of Pont-de-Montvert is the little town of Genolhac, lying in the heart of the mountains. Its situation is picturesque. From the heights above it a torrent comes down, rushing over a bed of rocks and pebbles, the deposits of myriads of storms, and dividing the town into two parts. It is an ancient place, with narrow, ill-paved, noisy streets and cheerless houses. The shops are like caves, with a vaulted entrance which serves both for door and window, where the artisan sits or stands at his work; one at his forge, another at his last. The town is encircled with chestnut groves, meadows and vines, and you look abroad on a panorama of mountains. Nothing could be more peaceful than this primitive collection of houses when the writer visited it in the spring of 1891.

Very different was the state of the town during the month of February, 1703. The inhabitants were part Catholic, part Protestant, and the former having the upper hand, a company of militia was quartered on the Protestants. Joani, who commanded the Cevenols of this region, seizing a favourable opportunity, marched into the town, fell upon the militia, burned the church and the convent of the Dominicans, and selecting the most capacious of the houses, hung it with drapery and laid it down with carpets, and so transformed it into a temple. Three thousand of the faithful are said to have assembled there, and Joani himself, being a prophet as well as a soldier, solemnly dedicated it to the God of Armies.

A few days afterwards he withdrew, but no sooner was he gone than the royal general, Julien, sent a fresh garrison into the place. When Joani heard of it he again made his appearance, and summoned the garrison to lay down their arms. The captain replied by a discharge of musketry, but he could not withstand the attack of the Camisards; he himself was killed with several of his

soldiers, and the rest retreating were pursued by the victorious mountaineers, and all cut to pieces, except a lieutenant and five men.

Hereupon the Catholics of the Canton to the number of five or six hundred assembled and overran the country, slaying the Protestants, and pillaging their houses. Being joined by a colonel with four hundred soldiers, they marched to Genolhac. Joani had the audacity to wait for them at the city gate, but the odds against him were too many, and after the first exchange of shots he beat a retreat, and retired up the mountains without being pursued. Notwithstanding the Reformed had remained quiet in their houses, the colonel ordered a general massacre, and a hundred were slain.

Four days later Joani returned for the third time, and inflicted a severe chastisement on the Catholics of the neighbourhood, sacrificing to his rage all who came in his way. Julien hastened to the rescue of the unfortunate canton, and entering Genolhac, put to the sword all the remaining Protestants he could find, and gave up the town to the fury and cupidity of his soldiers, who loaded themselves with booty.

III. THE SLAUGHTER AT FRAISSINET-DE-FOURQUES. — In the same month, February, Castanet marched with his battalion from Vébron to Fraissinet-de-Fourques, a small town of the higher Cevennes, to the south of Florac, and almost wholly Catholic. "Brother," said two of his soldiers to him, "let us chastise the militia of Fraissinet, who not long ago used our sisters so cruelly as they returned from a prayer-meeting." Castanet, presenting himself before the town, summoned it to surrender. The militia replied by a discharge, which killed two Camisards, but they were speedily put to flight, and Castanet in a fury ordered his men to slay all the inhabitants and burn

the town. The men, however, who were somewhat less bloodthirsty than their chief, contented themselves with putting to death the relations of the militia who had provoked them. When they were satisfied, the mountaineers left the town, and the militia returned to mingle their tears with the mangled remains of their relations whom they had not been able to defend.

Thus far we have been mainly occupied with the deeds of the insurgents; we come now to a notable outrage committed by order of the authorities.

IV. THE MASSACRE ON PALM SUNDAY AT NÎMES. — The month of March bristled with skirmishes and deeds of violence on both sides. Montrevel, seeing that the advantages he gained were perpetually snatched from him, became furious, and vented his mortification in an act of atrocious cruelty. Some two or three hundred women, children, and old men of Nîmes were assembled for religious service in a mill on the canal of La Gau, near the *Porte des Carmes*. Their psalm-singing betrayed them to the lieutenant of police, who gave information to Montrevel. The marshal, who was at dinner, and possibly heated with wine, rose in haste, took a battalion of soldiers, and invested the mill. The soldiers broke open the doors, and throwing themselves on the congregation, began to cut them to pieces. But the sword was too slow for the impatient marshal, who called for fire. The building was soon in flames, and a cry of agony rose up. Wounded and black with smoke, the unhappy people rushed out, but only to be driven by the bayonets of the soldiers back into the devouring furnace. All perished except one girl, who was saved by one of the marshal's footmen. The inhuman marshal, however, ordered that both she and her deliverer should be put to death on the spot. The girl was hanged; and the executioner had already laid his hand on the

footman, when some Sisters of Mercy passing by, and hearing what was going on, fell on their knees before the general and begged for the poor man's life. Montrevel granted their petition, but banished him from Languedoc. The Catholic chroniclers find it necessary to make some apology for this act. Bishop Flécher excuses it by saying, "The Protestants were so bold as to hold a meeting at the city gate, and to sing their psalms and make their preaching at the time when we were chanting vespers. The example was necessary to humble their pride."

V. THE STORY OF THE BARON DE SALGAS. — De Salgas was a Protestant nobleman of one of the oldest families in France. At the Revocation he became a New Convert, without, however, really abandoning his old religion. On the breaking out of the war, he tried, like many others, to preserve a neutral position. The impetuous Castanet, vexed at his time-serving conduct, sent (February, 1703) a party of eighty armed men to bring him to a Desert meeting. The baron's château was situated in the higher Cévennes, a little to the south of Florac; the meeting was at Vébron, a few miles distant. Unable, probably unwilling, to resist the summons, De Salgas went with the escort, and after the service was over, remained two hours with Castanet and his troops, for the purpose, as he afterwards alleged, of taking precautions against his château being burnt, as those of five or six of his neighbours had been during the preceding week. Knowing that his presence at the meeting would be reported to Bâville, he wrote himself to the Intendant, stating that he had gone there under constraint.

A while afterwards the baron attended a meeting of the nobility at Nîmes, summoned by Montrevel, when the marshal said to him, "Those people up there must be dear friends of yours, since they persuaded you to come to their

little synagogue, and sent you home again unharmed." The baron replied, "That was a piece of good fortune for me, my lord, and you must not misjudge my zeal for the king." He then dilated upon the services which his ancestors and himself had rendered to the monarchy, and upon his friendship with De Noailles, De Broglie, and Bâville. Montrevel embraced him, and promised to be to him a better friend than any of those he had mentioned. These flattering attentions, however, were only a mask; his ruin was already determined. Montrevel remanded him to his castle, which he forbade him to leave without permission. At the same time he sent an order to the authorities at Vébron to furnish the nobleman with a guard of ten soldiers.

As soon as Salgas returned home, to show his zeal for the king he induced two Camisards to lay down their arms, an achievement of which he hastened to inform the marshal. To his chagrin, however, and alarm, Montrevel replied by summoning him to Nîmes. The baron begged that his presence might be dispensed with, alleging sundry reasons; he was supported in his request by Julien, the commander of the royal troops in that district. The marshal appeared satisfied with his excuses; but one day, as he was preparing to go out hunting, the baron saw advancing towards the castle a body of seven or eight hundred men. He went to meet them, and found that their commander was an acquaintance of his own, De Prefosse, a major-general in Montrevel's army. He invited him to take some refreshment. A meal was prepared; they sat down to table. When the meal was over, De Prefosse, with much show of courtesy, put his hand on his host's shoulder, and placed him under arrest.

The baron was conducted to St. Hippolyte (May 12th), where the governor of the citadel took away his purse; and whither, two days afterwards, Montrevel and Bâville came

to examine him. "I had to appear," says the baron, "eighteen times before M. de Bâville, and was confronted by twenty-eight witnesses, the only plausible charge against me being that I had remained of my own will two hours with Castanet and his troop." The country had been scoured for evidence against the unfortunate nobleman, and when the depositions were considered sufficient, sentence was pronounced upon him at Alais (June 27th). He was condemned to be degraded from his rank, to have his possessions confiscated, his castle levelled with the ground, and himself to serve the king as a forçat on board the galleys for the rest of his life. On hearing this sentence, another nobleman exclaimed, "O Noblesse of France, your heart must be greatly changed, and have become utterly vile, if treatment such as this can seem preferable to death! O God! into what contempt and ignominy are we fallen!" De Salgas was put to the torture, but no other avowal could be wrung from him than that of having been present at the meeting of Vébron, and of having voluntarily remained two hours with Castanet and his men.

On the galley he was excused, on account of his age, from labouring at the oar. Two bishops, however, coming on board, and being curious to see how the poor old man could row, asked the captain to indulge them. The captain was compliant, and gave the necessary orders; but after the baron had made three strokes, the comite, seeing that he was unable to rise with the rest, indignantly called to them to stop, and the men laid down their oars. After the death of Louis XIV., on the pressing solicitation of the Duchess de la Force and the Princess of Wales, the baron was set at liberty (October, 1716). He had been thirteen years in the galleys. He went to join his wife at Geneva, where he died the next year.

Two of the baron's vassals, Jacques Pointier and Antoine Agulhon, were involved in his supposed guilt, and were

sentenced to death. The sentence was put in execution at Mende. Pointier was broken on the wheel. In prison he was attended by the Catholic priest and historian, Louvreleuil. When the priest approached, he cried out with horror, "Behind me, Sir; you are a Satan to me!" Louvreleuil replied that he came to strengthen him for the agony of death. Pointier answered, "I have no need of you; it is not in men that I put my trust." Then raising his eyes, "It is on Thee alone, Saviour of the world, that I rely; look on me with pity in the day of my tribulation." He continued in prayer about an hour, when the priest said, "My dear brother, since I can be of no use to you in the salvation of your soul, I offer my services for the assistance of your family." Pointier was affected, and answered, "You know our Lord has said, 'Whatsoever ye shall do to the least of my brethren, ye do it to me'; I believe you will perform your promise; so, please, write what I am about to dictate." The priest took the pen and wrote down Pointier's bequests of his possessions to his family and the poor, to which the prisoner affixed his signature as well as his bound hands would permit. "It was impossible," adds Louvreleuil, "to get him to confess the deeds for which he had been condemned, and equally so to convince him that he would be shut out from Paradise if he did not die in the Catholic Church; he persisted in his obstinacy to the end."

The other vassal, Antoine Agulhon, who was sentenced to be hanged, not possessing the faith of his companion, and being assured by the White Penitents that if he would recant he should receive an honourable, religious burial, made his abjuration. After the departure of the executioner, one of the Penitents mounted the ladder and cut the cord, and he and his brethren carried the corpse to the grave, singing the hymn for the dead; but as they were letting him down he opened his eyes and uttered a sigh.



A surgeon was sent for, who bled him. He came to himself, and was taken to the Convent of the Cordeliers, where by degrees he entirely recovered. When the wonder came to be known, the provost claimed his victim; but the monks refused to give him up, and whilst the provost was preparing to take him by force, a Cordelier secretly carried him off into the country. He succeeded in getting back in safety to his own village, and after the war obtained his pardon, married, and had many descendants.

VI. CATHOLIC MARAUDERS.—In the spring of this year the royal troops received large reinforcements, and gained some advantages over the Camisards. The most considerable of these was the combat at the Tour de Bellot. The conflict was long and sanguinary, very many being slain on both sides, and many Camisards perishing in the flames when La Planque, the royal commander, set fire to the Tower. About the same time the restless and indigent amongst the Roman Catholics began to form themselves into bands and to scour the country, pillaging the houses of the Protestants, and butchering their inmates. Leaders were not wanting. Chief of these was a nobleman of desperate character, whom remorse had driven to take up his abode in a solitary cell, and who was familiarly known as Brother Gabriel, or the Hermit. The Camisards had imprudently burned his hermitage, for which injury he vowed implacable revenge. Another was Floriment, a miller, whose hatred to the Protestants was equalled by his knowledge of the country and by his love of plunder. To these and some others Montrevel granted commissions in the king's name. Some of the marauders wore a small white cross, in imitation of the crusaders, from whence they were styled Cadets of the Cross.

VII. THE POPE'S BULL.—In May, Pope Clement XI. published a bull in which he offered absolution to all who

should assist in exterminating the Camisards "sprung from the execrable race of the Albigenses." From what has just been said, however, there would seem to have been but little room left for the operation of such a missive, and moreover six centuries had passed since the papacy had so successfully excited the nation against the Albigenses, and Clement XI. was not Innocent III. The Vatican thunder rolled over innocuous.

VIII. FOREIGN AID.—As military leaders, the Camisard chiefs were bound to make use of every favourable wind, no matter from what quarter it blew. Having eagerly welcomed a Catholic alliance, it would have been strange if they had not sought foreign Protestant aid. The fact is that from the commencement of the war intrigues with the Northern Powers had been continually going on. In June an envoy from London had a conference with Roland; and in the same month Admiral Almond sailed for the Mediterranean, and cast anchor off the coast in sight of the Cevennes; but receiving no answer to his signals, he sailed away. The same mishap occurred three months later, when an English man-of-war under Sir Cloudesly Shovel was seen in the offing, and shortly afterwards was joined by two others; but, as before, the insurgents made no answer to the signals, and the ships returned to England. The next month, October, the hope of a foreign invasion was revived by the Duke of Savoy joining the allies. But no effectual help from abroad ever came to the struggling Cevenols.

IX. THE AFFRAY AT LUSSAN. — JACQUES BONBONNOUX.—On the 25th of October, the inhabitants of Lussan, who were sowing their corn, saw approaching the advanced guard of Cavalier's band, and had barely time to take refuge in the fort. Lussan is a small town some twelve

miles east of Alais, and north of Uzès. Its inhabitants were chiefly Protestants, but they belonged to the moderate party, and had no sympathy with the Camisards. The assailants were presently at the gate, 90 cavalry and 319 infantry, the column being closed by four prophetesses on horseback, amongst whom was Tall Mary, a native of the town. Cavalier sent a note addressed to the forty chief citizens of Lussan:—"Gentlemen, you will not fail, under pain of fire and sword, to prepare dinner for us to-morrow; let no one go out of the town to-night. Yours, CAVALIER."

The inhabitants prepared for resistance, making up for the want of arms by scythes, axes, forks, and the like. The difficulty was how to send word to the Marquis de Vergetot, the general of the royal army at Uzès. A peasant undertook the perilous office, and succeeded in reaching Uzès by midnight without being intercepted. Three hours afterwards Vergetot set out for Lussan. When day broke, the curé of Lussan, who was keeping watch on the top of the bell-tower, could discover nothing but sixteen Camisards singing psalms in a meadow under the walls of a neighbouring château, an exercise which they kept up for two hours. When they ceased, four of them, a captain and three soldiers, came up to the walls and cried to the sentinels, "Brother Cavalier commands you to prepare provisions for all his troop, who will be here presently. Close the church; drive out the priests; if you fail to execute these orders, we will make a horrible carnage in the town." "We wish to speak with Cavalier," replied the sentinels, and at the same time they discharged their muskets. The Camisard captain fell dead from his horse, and his men were all wounded. A quarter of an hour afterwards, the approach of Vergetot was announced from the tower. Cavalier had also been made aware of it, and was prepared to receive the attack. A sharp skirmish ensued,

in which the mountaineers would have been victorious if their supply of powder had not failed.

Amongst Cavalier's infantry on this occasion was Jacques Bonbonnoux, a favourable type of the Camisard hero. His ruling passion was a horror of the mass; his one object in life was to do battle with Rome, and for this object he sacrificed everything else; but he always refused to join in slaughtering priests and burning churches, saying he detested such deeds. In his religious observances he was as scrupulous as any Roman Catholic could be.

Although unacquainted with his alphabet until he was thirty-six, Bonbonnoux possessed the literary talent so common with his countrymen, and has left a memoir of his own life, racy and picturesque. One day, when asked by a priest if he had been to mass, to screen himself he answered falsely that he had, "in saying which," he tells us, "I committed one sin to escape another." Nevertheless, to accomplish his marriage he attended mass, this being an indispensable part of the ceremony. Before the end of the first year, his wife, whom he tenderly loved, was taken from him, when the sin he had committed, in "bowing down before the wafer God of the Catholics," rose up against him, and he could neither work, eat, nor sleep. He could find no ease until he had determined to cast in his lot with the Camisard army. Leaving all that he possessed, shop, furniture, money, he quitted his home, accompanied by some other young fellows, at the beginning of this year, 1703. They found a temporary abode at a hamlet near Mialet, "where," he says, "we prayed to God, day and night, we sang psalms and read the Holy Scriptures, and a lad of seventeen preached to us every day. Our devotion was such that I was ravished, and was ready to cry out with the patriarch, 'This is the house of God, and I knew it not.' Joining himself to Cavalier's troop, it was not long before he was engaged in actual battle. It was near

Vézenobres. "We rushed," he says, "on the enemy, who took to flight without firing a shot. We pursued them; on the way one of my comrades picked up a gun, and handed it to me; I had never handled one before. A little further I saw the elder brother of the famous Ravanel fall at my left hand, the only one of our party who was killed. This tragical event, the first of the kind that I had seen, made so little impression upon me that I was second in the pursuit, and more than 200 paces ahead of the rest."

He describes the daily life of his company:—"Our religious exercises were continual. We had readers, psalm-leaders, and especially preachers, of whom Cavalier was the most renowned. The people came from all around to hear; we often had two sermons a day. We were always on the march; the brethren where we encamped brought us victuals, bread, wine, and meat. When they knew beforehand of our arrival, they prepared soup."

His description of the skirmish at Lussan differs somewhat from that of the historian quoted above. He says:—"We were greatly irritated against the people of that town, who, instead of supplying us with victuals, as our general demanded, had the insolence to fire on two of our men. As soon as we saw the soldiers, we advanced towards them, and, according to our custom, we sang a psalm. The troops on their part pressing forward to meet us, we were soon engaged hand to hand. The troops gave way; we pursued, and so close that I saw Catinat seize some of them by the hair. But being carried forward in our eagerness into a place where there were many walls, and being but few in number, the soldiers fired upon us from behind the walls, and compelled us to retreat and to lose some of the baggage we had taken from them."

Shortly after the affray at Lussan, Cavalier descended into his favourite battle ground of the Vaunage, and engaged the royal troops near Nages, November 13th. In

this skirmish a young prophetess, aged eighteen, Lucrèce la Vivaraise, putting herself at the head of a body of Camisards, and seizing the sabre of a slain dragoon, pursued the royal soldiers, crying, "Kill, kill; the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." A month afterwards, at a combat on the Vidourle, at the rocks of Aubais, the truculent Lucrèce again signalized herself. When she saw the wounded dragoons fall from their horses, she threw herself upon them, and despatched them with her sword.

X. THE DESOLATION OF THE CEVENNES. — But the great event of the year was the desolation of the Higher Cevennes. The subjugation of the mountaineers had proved to be a work far more arduous and tedious than the royal commanders had anticipated; and in September it was resolved to employ some more speedy method. Two courses were proposed: one, the destruction of the villages; the other, the utter extermination of the Protestant inhabitants. The marshal and the generals, accustomed to the swift arbitrament of the sword, inclined to the latter, and were supported by the bishops, who declared there was no other way of "settling these people." But Bâville, more politic, decided in favour of the former. Accordingly, on the 26th of September, Montrevel led a large army up the mountains, and the work of destruction commenced. Thirty-one parishes of the Cevennes proper and the Gevaudan, comprising 466 villages or hamlets, together with outlying farms, were marked for demolition, the inhabitants being directed to find shelter in neighbouring towns set apart to receive them. This infamous undertaking was effected only by gigantic labour and great hardship to the troops employed in it. Many of the houses stood by themselves and had several vaults; some were built on the tops of cliffs, or on difficult slopes, or in the midst of thick woods.

The soldiers were ill-supplied with rations, and very roughly lodged, so that many fell sick, and many deserted. But if the agents in this work of destruction endured so much, what must have been the sufferings, mental as well as physical, of the miserable inhabitants ruthlessly driven from their homes which were destroyed before their eyes? But the part played by the mountaineers in this drama was not wholly that of suffering. When the project of devastation became known, a Camisard band led by Cavalier poured down into the plain and burst upon the terrified towns, shouting, "Kill, kill, fire, blood, carnage! Lord help us to exterminate these idolaters!" "We had only," says one of them, in the fanatical language of the day, "to cry, 'Babylon to the flames,' when on a sudden church and village taking fire of themselves went up in smoke to heaven."

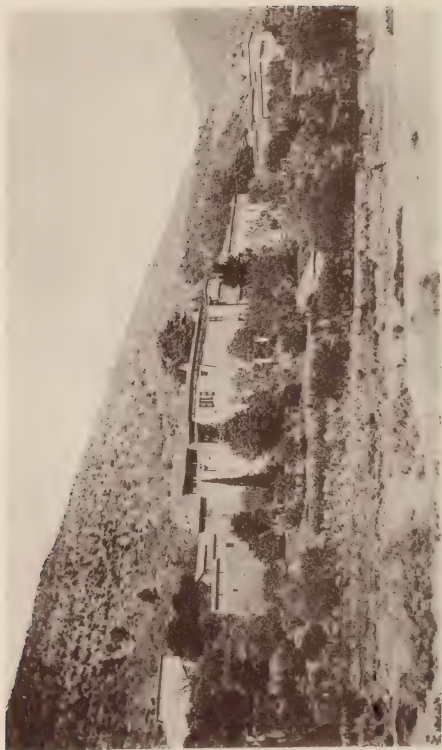
Finding the work proceed too slowly, Julien, the marshal's executive in the business, asked leave to employ fire. The king, who at first had expressly directed that the houses should not be burned, now gave the required permission, and presently the country was in flames. "Houses, farms, barns, cottages, sheds, fell like field-flowers before the scythe." The work of destruction was not finished till the middle of December, by which time twenty leagues of inhabited country had become a desert, blackened with innumerable heaps of ashes, and with only a few towns of refuge left standing, far apart from each other, and crowded with people and cattle. To add to the hardships of the outcasts, the winter which followed was unusually severe. When remonstrated with by the New Converts of the Gevaudan on the cruelty of the transaction, Montrevel replied that it was the royal will that the Upper Cevennes should be "uninhabited and uninhabitable, as an everlasting stigma of the revolt of the people."

When the work was ended, Julien, to whom it had

chiefly been committed, wrote to Chamillard, December 14th. His letter, if not quite so terse in style as Cæsar's Commentaries, may vie with them in its utter contempt of human rights or sufferings:—"At length, my lord, thanks to God, I have the honour and the pleasure to report that I have completed the long and laborious task which was assigned to me. You will find appended a statement of all that has been done from the 29th of September to this date. I do not know if I have succeeded to the king's satisfaction, but I am certain that I have done my best, and have neglected nothing likely to further the object. My expedition is finished, but I cannot yet foresee that all these disorders and troubles are near their end; on the contrary, I fear that the severe chastisement which I have just applied to an extensive country is more likely to make a noise in the world than to contribute to the suppression of the revolt and the utility of the royal service. My health is deranged, and I have need of repose; no one could suffer more than we have done."







Mialet.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## CAMP LIFE.

THE first year of the struggle was, as we have seen, favourable to the Camisards. As their hopes rose, and they became more accustomed to bloodshed, pillage, and the exercise of arbitrary power, they began to assume to themselves lordship over the land, both in civil and ecclesiastical matters. In accordance with these pretensions, Roland proceeded to levy tithes as well as taxes, and had the farmers shot who did not bring the dues into "the Lord's camp."

A party of Catholics of Alais, who were out hunting, were surrounded by a platoon of Camisards commanded by Roland. Most of the Catholics saved themselves by the speed of their horses, but a gentleman named Lasalle, together with La Garde, a major of the militia, was seized. The Camisard officer who arrested them, and whose name was Lasalette, recognised Lasalle as an old acquaintance, and promised him his life. When they were brought before Roland, the chief commanded them to go down on their knees and say their dying prayers, whilst two executioners, each armed with a cutlass, stood by ready to strike off their heads. Lasalette interposed for Lasalle, pleading that the prisoner had rendered him good offices on several occasions, that none of the brethren had ever complained of him, that he took no part in public affairs, and lastly, that he had surrendered himself on the promise of his life. Roland replied, "I believe the gentleman to

be harmless ; I have never heard anything against him ; but I regard it as an audacious thing for anyone to hunt on my domain : the gentleman could not be ignorant that all the country round belongs to me, since I have won it by the justice of my arms." He kept M. Lasalle two hours on his knees, demanding the names of all those who had accompanied him to the chase. When the prisoner came to that of Labadie, prebendary of Alais, Roland flew out and declared that he deserved no mercy, seeing he had been associated with an idolater. On Lasalette again interposing, however, he softened, and permitted the prisoner to withdraw. Lasalle thanked him, and prayed him to accept his pistol and hunting gear. Major La Garde failed to find the like mercy ; he was despatched with the bayonet, his limbs cut off, and his head set up on a tree at the entrance of the wood. The foregoing narrative is from the Roman Catholic historian Louvroleuil, who says that Cavalier was equally ambitious with Roland, and aspired to establish himself as sovereign in the Vaunage and lower Languedoc. His statements are borne out by the acts of the chiefs themselves.

In the letters he wrote to the Catholics, Roland affected the style of a grand seigneur. "To the Royal Lieutenant and Commander in Saint-André-de-Valborgne. We, Roland, Count and Seigneur, Generalissimo of the Protestants of France, command you within three days to send away all the priests and missionaries who are with you, under pain of being burned alive, both you and they." To the inhabitants of St.-Germain-de-Calberte, he wrote : "Prepare to receive 700 men, who are coming to set fire to Babylon [that is, the church], and to many of your houses. God by His Holy Spirit has commanded my brother Cavalier and me to visit you in a few days. The Count Roland."

This style of absolute authority was imitated by the





Massoubeyran ; Roland's Birthplace and Head-quarters.

other chiefs, and by their officers. A brigadier named Meric, who had taken for his surname Sans-Quartier-Courte-Vie, and who subscribed himself with the initials of the same, wrote, June 27th, 1703: "De la part de Dieu [the usual preamble of their mandates], M. Sabatier's shepherd, with his servant, is warned to quit his master's house, or he will be killed, S. Q. C. V. Whoever finds this note shall take it to the shepherd and the servant under pain of death." Two other brigadiers, issuing their commands to the farmers not to pay their tithes to the priests, write: "We warn you, gentlemen, de la part de Dieu; reckon yourselves therefore as warned. If you have paid any tithe you have only to pay it over again to us under pain of death. Assure yourselves that these orders will be executed on those who do not obey. Given in the Desert, May 27th, 1703, by us. Deymond, Dayres."

Roland and Cavalier each employed a secretary, who carried his seal of office. Roland's seal bore the motto, *Roland furieux*; Cavalier's was engraved with a peacock and three stars surmounted by a coronet. Nevertheless, in their intercourse with their men, the language of brotherly equality was always maintained. When the soldiers proposed to address Roland as Monseigneur, instead of Brother Roland, he forbade it under penalty.

The chiefs were often obliged to lodge where and how the exigencies of the war required; but Roland's headquarters were at his paternal home in the hamlet of Massoubeyran. In the spring of 1891 the writer paid a visit to the hamlet, and to the neighbouring village of Mialet; they are situated some ten or twelve miles N.N.W. of Anduze. The following is taken from the Diary:—"The road ascends the Gardon, a swift river of crystal green, at this time narrow, but with a broad white border, showing its larger volume in the rainy season. Its course in and out at the base of the hills and crags, now green and fertile,

now bare rocks, forms a succession of beautiful pictures : from time to time the tops of the higher mountains come out over the hills.

“ After passing through two or three villages, we stopped a little this side of Mialet, at the hamlet of Massoubeyran, the birthplace of Laporte, and of his more famous nephew Roland. The house stands in the winding street on the slope of the hill. It is a nest, most irregularly built, of vaults, archways, outside stairs, hall, and some half-dozen rooms, with granaries above. There has been a prodigal use of stone in its construction, and there are at least three ways of access to it. It was here that Roland revolved his plans, directed the operations of the war, and reposed his weary frame after the day’s expedition or the frequent battle, lost or won. Here he received messages by his scouts, entertained his chiefs, and gave judgment on his prisoners ; and here he found a safe asylum in extremity. In the kitchen-parlour is a cupboard with shelves ; you open the door and look up and down ; there is nothing to excite suspicion ; but the floor of the cupboard consists of a plank fitted exactly, which, when lifted up, discloses an opening about three feet deep and six long, quite too small, one would say, for a man to exist in. Our guide lighted a little lamp hung on a wire, which she gave us, and with this in one hand and a stick in the other, we descended by a couple of steps, and found that the opening did not end with the area of the cupboard, but extended some feet under the floor of the room, making a cachette amply wide enough, though shallow. When in use it was supplied with a mattress ; an air-hole was pierced in the outer wall, the position of which we could make out when we went down into the narrow passage outside. The hole is now stopped up because of rats. In the kitchen was the large old kneading-trough on four legs, in which bread was prepared for the numerous household. The sight of it





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Roland's Kitchen, showing the cupboard under which was the Cachette.

made us understand a story we had heard at Nîmes of the persecution in Dauphiné. A fugitive, pastor or other, being hard pressed, was laid in such a trough, the lid clapped on, and probably a table-cloth spread, just in time before the arrival of the soldiers. The men searched the house, and, having satisfied themselves that no one was concealed in it, sat down to a meal round the trough itself, and made good cheer of the host's viands, little dreaming that the man they were in quest of was within a few inches of their knives and forks. This burial alive of the poor fugitive must have been almost insupportable; but life is dear.

"Other relics of Roland are still preserved,—arms, kitchen utensils, his bed, a few books, and notably his Bible. As we were examining the books a swallow, with a feather in its bill, appeared at the open door, but, seeing strangers, flew away. Its nest was in a corner of the ceiling. But we must not forget our guide, a very interesting person. She is the only relic of the Roland-Laporte family, and is a lineal descendant of Roland's elder brother. Until lately the house had been kept in the family; but her brother and she, having incurred debts, sold it to the "Protestant Society" in Paris. Her brother died two months before, and she is now alone. She is gentle and pensive, almost melancholy, yet supported by the consolations of the Gospel.

"The road hence to Mialet is steep and narrow, between walls; the village itself, consisting of about 100 houses, is ancient and curious. We drove through it, and down the hill a short distance beyond. On the face of the cliff, which rises perpendicularly a little way above the river Gardon and forms the wall of the valley on that side, are three openings, the two lower and larger being thirty or forty feet above the foot of the rock; the third is higher up the cliff. These are the mouths of grottoes which were used as hospital, granary, and arsenal during the war. The

largest of them would contain 100 men. They are only accessible by climbing the face of the cliff. From the top of the rock above there is a fine look-out, up and down the picturesque valley and over the opposite heights. When the mountaineers were subdued and their fastnesses rifled by the soldiers, there were found in these caves ten oxen salted, wine, flour, drugs, and six wounded men, who were immediately shot."

Notwithstanding the fraternal equality which was supposed to reign in the camp, the chiefs lived apart, and maintained the style of superior officers. A Catholic, being made prisoner, was, by Cavalier's order, beaten with rods. The poor man, whilst he was in the hands of the chief, watched him at supper. The servants covered his table with fine linen, and bright pewter dishes and plates; the cook brought divers meats, which he placed before him in order. One officer only sat with him at the table. Cavalier's hair was neatly tied up; he had a vest of Dutch cloth with metal buttons, breeches of chamois garnished with silver lace, and a richly ornamented sword by his side. A prisoner released by Roland reported that that chief was a man of distinguished bearing, magnificently dressed in crimson velvet embroidered with gold.

Whilst the pretensions of the chiefs went on increasing, the prophets were not behind them in magnifying their office. Notwithstanding the flimsy texture of the supposed Divine inspiration which they claimed for their utterances, and the contradictions into which they fell, their word was law. A lady travelling in the mountains was overtaken by a troop of Camisards. The prophets, being consulted, one of them declared that the Spirit required her death; but another prophet, desirous for some reason to save her life, was seized with an ecstasy, and cried out that the Spirit would not have the prayers of the assembly burdened with the blood of a victim. A

band of Camisards carried off six serving men from the hamlet of Rives. The prophet declared that before going further the prisoners must be sacrificed at the doors of a temple which had been dishonoured by idolatry. Accordingly they were all despatched with dagger and musket. When the dark deed was accomplished the Camisards proceeded on their march, burning houses, and putting to death, with circumstances of horrible cruelty, all the Catholics who came in their way.

In the counsels given on these occasions the prophetesses often showed themselves more pitiless than the prophets. Two young gentlemen of the Gevaudan, New Converts, were on their way from Anduze to St. Etienne-de-Vilfrancesque, when they were surprised by Roland's troop near the bridge of Salendres. They had sent forward their valets to advise their relations that they were going to lodge at St.-Jean-du-Garde. One of the gentlemen was told that he might continue his journey, for his hour was not yet come. The other, the Sieur de Cabiron, was ordered to prepare for death. His handsome figure, however, his gentle manners, and the love which his mother was known to have for him, stayed the hands of the executioners, and might have saved his life, had not a mad prophetess, falling to the ground in convulsions, uttered a frightful cry, and, raising herself up, said: "It is the will of the Spirit that this victim should be sacrificed, to expiate the sins of the Catholic youth who are making war on the Enfants de Dieu." The wretched man was despatched. Another prophetess, who had *fanatisé* (as the Catholic writers called it), said it had been revealed to her that the village church of Beauvoisin must be burned. Immediately the Camisard troop set fire to it, shouting, "Let us burn, let us burn Babylon!" The same prophetess was consulted touching the fate of four unfortunate captives, who, in consequence of her pretended revelation, were put to death with shocking barbarity.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## HAVOC.

THE desolation of the Upper Cevennes seems to have had little effect in bringing the war to a termination ; it only stimulated both parties to increased activity. Early in 1704 Montrevel gave orders to put to death all who had succoured or harboured the insurgents. In a single expedition, De Planque, one of his brigadiers, caused 600 persons to be butchered, parents being slain in the presence of their children. A few days afterwards the brigadier marched up to St.-André-de-Valborgne, to punish some villagers whose houses had been burned in the great devastation, and who had sought refuge in that town contrary to orders. He had these unfortunate people taken out of their beds, and decimated with circumstances of singular cruelty.

The Hermit with his lawless bands, the Cadets of the Cross, and other companies, rivalled and even excelled the royal troops in the excesses they committed. The Catholic historians themselves are our authority for their misdeeds. "A band of the cadets," says La Baume, "laid waste all that belonged to the New Converts from Beaucaire to Nîmes. They slew men, women, and children, carried off flocks, implements, and furniture, and burnt the farm-buildings." Louvreleuil says :—"Some of these bandits, who called themselves White Camisards (in distinction from the real Camisards, whom they called Black), stopped all travellers on the highway, and, to discover which of



them were Protestants and which Catholics, obliged every one to repeat in Latin the Lord's Prayer, the Angelic Salutation, the Creed, and the General Confession. Those who could not do this were put to the sword." The Protestant historian, Antoine Court, gives further instances of the doings of these bands, the details of which are too revolting for print.

As was to be expected, these free lances, whose object was pillage and adventure rather than the defence of the crown and the mitre, did not always spare the Catholic inhabitants. The States of Languedoc attempted to interfere, protesting against the indiscriminate rapine perpetrated by the Hermit and his gang. But the bishops, with Fléchier at their head, defended their hero: "Brother Gabriel and his lieutenants," said they, "are fighting for the Church; the murders they commit are only reprisals." "True," replied the nobles; "but the cruelties of the rebels are no authority for those of the champions of the Church. These crusaders have not even the excuse of fanaticism; they pillage and kill without distinction friends and enemies; their warfare has become a mere brigandage." At length the burden became so intolerable that Montrevel issued an ordinance against the freebooters, and failing by this means to bring them to reason, sent a body of troops to compel them to lay down their arms. They returned a defiant answer to the message, and could not be persuaded to submit until some fighting had taken place; and even then, on the departure of the royal troops, they resumed their work of destruction.

Almost in despair from the confusion which reigned on every side, the Bishop of Nîmes thus pours out his lamentation:—"We have here no rest, no pleasure, no comfort even. When the Catholics are the stronger, the others are in terror for their lives; when the fanatics get the upper hand, the Catholics tremble. I have sometimes to

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE DEFEAT OF CAVALIER AT NAGES.

ALL this time, raids, skirmishes, and engagements had been going forward with varying fortunes. But although the royal commanders may have been more frequently victorious than at first, the Court was impatient of the continuance of an insurrection which it had supposed to be only an *émeute*, but which had now lasted more than a year and a half. It was determined therefore to recall Montrevel, and to send down in his place Marshal Villars, the ablest general in France. Villars was invested with full powers to terminate the war by such means as he might consider best. On receiving the news of his recall, Montrevel resolved to strike a decisive blow for the royal cause, and cripple the forces of the Camisards before his successor arrived.

For a month past the Camisards had received information of his departure, even to the very day, and that half the garrison of Nîmes was to accompany him, whilst the other half went to meet Villars. Cavalier thought he saw a favourable opportunity for securing a victory. It is probable also that he was smarting under the loss by a cruel death of one of his brigadiers, and of his favourite prophetess, Tall Mary, to whose counsels in no small degree he was wont to attribute his successes. Discovered by the soldiers concealed in a cellar, she was taken to Nîmes. When Cavalier heard of her apprehension, he laid his hands on a Catholic lady, sister to the Hermit's

lieutenant, and proposed to Bâville an exchange of the two prisoners. The proposal was rejected. Tall Mary was hanged, and at the same time the brigadier, Jonquet, was broken alive, March 6th.

After celebrating Easter at Nages, almost within sight of Nîmes, Cavalier went up into the mountains to Roland to ask for some of his troops. Never had the Camisard army been more numerous or better equipped. Cavalier took the field with nine hundred foot and three hundred horse, and beside his body-guard of fifty veterans, he was escorted by twelve paladins in scarlet uniform. He himself rode a superb charger, the spoil of a slain royalist general; and beside him, on a young white stallion of the Camargue, rode his little brother, hardly ten years old, armed with sword and pistols suited to his size. The boy, who served as his aide-de-camp, was accustomed to follow him in all his battles, and now in this day of high expectation he had turned up his sleeves and bound a red ribbon round his wrist as if he were going to a festival. The whole column chanted psalms in chorus to the martial music of fife and bugle.

Marching through Boucairan and Saint-Géniés, Cavalier encamped at Caveirac, a league from Nîmes, April 15th, 1704, the day on which Montrevel was to take his departure. He expected to find the marshal unprepared to receive him, but discovered instead that he himself had been lulled into security by false reports, and that the enemy was wide awake. The marshal, who had kept himself completely informed of Cavalier's movements, and had for some time past occupied himself with collecting troops, as soon as he heard that the Camisard chief was at Caveirac, passed by him unperceived, and encamped at Sommières. From this place he sent couriers to the neighbouring towns to summon his contingents, and gave orders to his troops to be ready at daybreak. He had under him 6000 men, French,

Swiss, and Irish. Finding in the morning that Cavalier had left Caveirac, and was marching towards Langlade, Montrevel followed him. The distant sound of musketry had reached the marshal's ear.

The battle had already begun. The Camisard column had halted in a bottom near the windmill, where, lying down amid olive-grounds and cornfields, they were taking a short repose, the foot soldier beside his musket, the horseman at his horse's feet, with the reins passed under his arm or knotted to his girdle. Suddenly the sentinels discharged their pieces, with the cry, "To arms, to arms!" A small detachment of the royal forces had come by chance upon their camp, and raised the cry, "Kill the Camisards, kill them!" In the skirmish which followed the soldiers were repulsed; Catinat pursuing them headlong with his cavalry, found himself drawn into an ambush between Boissières and Vergèze. He stopped short; but being challenged by Grandval, the royal commander, he charged the enemy, and then, unable to break their ranks, retired, fighting, until he had rejoined Cavalier. Grandval pursued him, and came up with the main body of the Camisard army on their knees, chanting a martial hymn; whilst on an eminence, like the British monks at the battle of Caerleon, Daniel Gui, one of the most noted of the prophets, surrounded by five or six prophetesses with hands and eyes raised to heaven, was calling upon the Lord of Hosts to fight for his children. The combat was being renewed when Cavalier learned that a body of fresh troops had been seen behind the hill, and at the same time a considerable force was defiling on his left. Montrevel with his main army had overtaken him; the net was cast around him on all sides; he had fallen into a vast ambuscade. Without giving the dragoons time to surround him, he made a rapid evolution in the teeth of fire and bayonet, and succeeded in extricating himself and gaining

a ravine. He used his brief respite to seek some way of issue from the cordon by which he was surrounded: misled by the information of a peasant, he directed his course towards Soulogue. He found the way blocked, but breaking through the ranks of the royal troops by an impetuous charge, he entered Nages. Here for a moment he thought himself safe, but soon discovered his mistake. The town was presently invested; the royal army occupied all the hills around. Taking off his splendid vest, and throwing away his scarf and plume, Cavalier turned his face westward. "Children," he cried, "if our courage fail us, we shall be taken and broken alive: we must make daylight through those fellows." With these words, he furiously attacked the royal troops, but could not break their serried ranks. The combatants became mingled together, and struck and wrestled man to man. Cavalier was recognised, and twice almost slain. At length, sending forward Catinat and Ravanel with the remnant of the horse, he made a desperate effort, and cut his way through a body of dragoons who held the bridge over the Rhosni. But his two lieutenants, intent only on their own safety, did nothing to cover the retreat of their captain and the rear-guard, who would all have been lost if it had not been for Cavalier's little brother. Seeing the column flying off at full speed, the boy drew up his horse across the bridge, and cried out, "Enfants de Dieu, where are you going? Keep along the bank! Charge the enemy! Cover my brother's retreat!" They obeyed, and Cavalier was saved.

Availing himself of the numerous ditches which intersect the plain, and here and there of a thicket, Cavalier disputed the ground foot by foot as far as another bridge, where the last carnage took place. Grandval pursued Catinat and his cavalry to the wood of Lean; Cavalier and the infantry took refuge in that of Cannes. Night put an end to the combat. A thousand corpses strewed the plain in twos

and threes, or in heaps where the combat had been more general. Bonbonnoux was in Cavalier's troop, and carried himself bravely all through the day. He describes in a graphic manner the sea of foes against which they had to make head: as soon as they had charged one regiment, they found another on their flank, until they were surrounded on all sides. In the flight, the handful of men who followed him were so blinded with terror that they took some juniper trees for soldiers, and it was not till Bonbonnoux had ridden to the spot that they were reassured. He rejoined Cavalier at Puechredon, whither fugitives came in all the next day. "What a sight!" he exclaims; "some had lost an arm, others had their faces slashed or had wounds in various parts of their body." Three prophetesses, one in white, the others in black, with crape veils, lay amongst the dead. The number of slain on each side was nearly equal; Montrevel made no prisoners. Seventy-two horses, four mules laden with provisions, and five drums taken from the royal troops in former combats, were the only trophies of his victory. When Marshal Villars, not long afterwards, rode over the field of battle and saw what Cavalier had accomplished in the face of overwhelming numbers, he exclaimed, "It is worthy of Cæsar." Montrevel's victory did not restore his reputation; when Louis heard of it, he said dryly, "He ought to have begun as he has finished."

## CHAPTER XVI.

FURTHER DISASTERS—THE CAVES OF EUZET—  
RUIN OF THE CAMISARD CAUSE.

THE defeat of the Camisards at Nages was quickly followed by other disasters. Near Brenoux, Roland and Joani were routed by the royal troops, who slew four or five hundred of their men in the field, and afterwards wreaked their vengeance on the inhabitants of the village for suffering the insurgents to quarter there without giving information of it. Two hundred persons were put to death, and all the houses burned. The same chastisement was inflicted on eight or nine other adjacent places which had offended in the same manner. "It cannot be conceived," says the Romish historian, "in what an excess of spoliation the troops indulged."

Not long afterwards another disaster occurred at Euzet, to which village Cavalier had retreated with the remains of his defeated forces. The Camisards were preparing to sup when the sentinels gave the alarm that the royal troops were upon them. They fled from the place as the pursuers entered, but many of them were overtaken and slain. The troops found the table prepared with a flayed ox, and abundance of sausages, hams, bread, and salad. Amongst the slain in this surprise were thirteen women, three of whom were in men's attire, no doubt prophetesses; a fourth was a handsome girl, supposed to be the bride-elect of Cavalier, on whose arms were gold bracelets engraved with her name. Many costly garments and

jewels were taken. The soldiers found the town deserted, except by an aged widow, whose business it had been to attend to the sick and wounded in the hospital caves. Seeing her go to and fro to the wood with her basket, the soldiers suspected some concealment, and took her to the general, Lalande, who enquired what she went to the forest for. Although she was unable to make any plausible excuse, she persistently denied that she had anything to do with the Camisards. Irritated at her obstinacy, Lalande ordered that she should be forthwith hanged in the market-place. At first she showed no emotion, but when she saw the gallows set up her heart failed her, and she begged the guards to take her back to the general. She confessed everything, and, on the promise of her life, conducted the soldiers to the caverns.

An extract from the private diary already mentioned will enable the reader to visit in fancy these remarkable caves, and to realise the several scenes of this tragedy. We had supposed the grottos to be near the village of Euzet; but we might have known that they could not have remained so long concealed, if they had not been in an almost inaccessible situation. "We set out from Uzès,\* May 25th, early in the day. The morning was perfect: the air here is so dry and pure that if you have had a broken night it is as restorative as sleep. The corn rustled in the breeze. Before us in the distance rose a grand cliff or steep mountain-side, in which, as the driver told us, we should find the caves. Beyond it a similar wall thrust forward its head. The country between was up and down, so that we often lost sight of our goal. Everywhere we saw the mulberry, the vine, the olive- and the wheat-field; it is a 'land of corn, wine, and oil,' but interspersed with stony and rocky tracts. The silver-grey of the olive trees

\* The s is pronounced, which helps to distinguish it from Euzet, where the t is silent.



gives a peculiar tint to the landscape, which is not improved by the orchards of stripped mulberries, white and bare as though the locust had devoured the country. We passed through several villages, hoary like the rocks and the olives, and semi-oriental. The limes were in blossom, some figs looked nearly ripe, and the cherries in the hedges were both ripe and sweet. Our driver was a man of mark, and of the greatest use to us. A Savoyard by birth, he was strong and agile, and with spirits as elastic as his frame. He knew every village and every château, ruined or inhabited, with the heights and points of view all round. After two and a half hours we came to the village of Seynes, a station on the railway from Alais to L'Ardoise on the Rhône, and lying at the foot of the lofty cliff on which we had so often looked as we came along. We put up at a homely auberge, where the good woman set before us the best she had, and said we were the first English travellers who had ever been to the house. Our driver sat down to table with us. 'Where are the caverns?' we asked. 'Up there,' he replied, waving his hand, 'near the top of the mountain; and I am going to be your guide.'

"The repast finished, we began the ascent. Our guide had brought with him candles, matches, and a lantern, and he caught up a couple of old newspapers, to make, as he said, a bonfire in the cavern. Being but feeble folk, we set out very leisurely, and made frequent halts. After crossing the talus, the path became steep, then stony, zigzag, narrow, and soon could hardly be traced at all. When we came to a long or difficult step, the guide took us by his strong arm and lifted us up the ledge; but there was no danger; a band of schoolboys would have run up the whole distance in twenty minutes. We took an hour and a half, often sitting down and eating a few wild cherries by the way. At length we arrived at an opening

resembling a Gothic archway, completely hidden until you reached it, and the more so as a thick tree was growing before it. Turning ourselves round on the ledge, we looked down on the valley deep below us, and on its further or south side rose a thickly wooded hill, which hid from view the village of Euzet, distant some three or four miles in a direct line, but to reach which, by the carriage-road, we travelled (in the afternoon) twice as far. Above us, the cliff on which we stood rose still higher, some 200 or 300 feet, the summit elevation being about 2000 feet above the sea. The cave was pitch dark. Our guide gave us two candles, and himself took the lantern, but we were too much fagged to accompany him in his circuit over the uneven floor and into the recesses of the vast irregular grotto. At one spot there is a small second opening into the outer air. When he arrived about the middle, he set light to his newspapers, which showed a portion of the stalactite roof. We then lost him for a while; we could not see his light, or get a reply to our call. At length we heard his tread, his deep voice echoing along the walls; he had been hard at work in breaking off from the roof some specimens of stalactite; the exertion had bathed him in perspiration, and he presented the fruit of his labour with a smile of triumph.

“To go back to the soldiers. They would come up from Euzet over the wooded hill, guided by the poor woman, and so down into our valley, which they would cross obliquely, and climb to the cavern by much the same track as we had done. At the entrance they found three sick Camisards lying under the rock; the Miquelets (Spanish soldiers) beat out the brains of the poor fellows with the butt end of their muskets. Entering the cave, the soldiers discovered a vast store of materials and provisions; thirty loads of wheat, a large quantity of flour, a heap of chest-nuts and another of beans, some sacks of pulse, twenty

casks of wine and fifteen kegs of brandy, with some huge sides of bacon suspended from the roof. Further on was the dispensary; drugs, ointments, lint, and surgical instruments; and last, at the end, was the arsenal; swords, guns, pistols, fifteen cwt. of gunpowder, sulphur, saltpetre, charcoal, mortars and mills, all of which the troops carried away. This cavern, with another near Florac, seem to have been the most extensive of Roland's magazines. How such loads and how the wounded Camisards could ever have been carried up is a marvel. In a situation like this, so near to the plain, and in sight of a well-frequented valley, they must necessarily have worked only by night.

"We got down easily, and again entering our little carriage, took the road up the valley westward, to come round to the village of Euzet. The magnificent wall of grey rock, up which we had climbed, was on our right most of the way. Birds of prey were hovering about the lofty rampart with which it was crowned; we could see the holes which served them for dwellings. Leaving the valley, we turned south; but, instead of carrying us to the village, our driver, in the hope, as it seemed, of getting a better dinner for all the party, drove to the Baths of Euzet, a place of summer resort about to be opened for the season. He afterwards took us to the village. It is a rude place; walls without windows, and where there are any they are covered with mosquito-cloths. It stands in the midst of olive-gardens; the hill which rises behind it is clothed with wood; it was up there that the old woman led the soldiers. The history tells us that when they got back and reported to Lalande what they had found, he gave orders to despatch all the inhabitants who had returned to the place, and to spoil and demolish the houses, so that 'the aged woman remained the sole living thing in the midst of a smoking heap of corpses and ruins, like a spectre upon a vast sepulchre.' In this expedition, and in that near

Brenoux which had been made five days before, Lalande, as he reported to the marshal and Bâville, put to death 800 rebels, besides 108 more slain in the woods and among the rocks near Pont-de-Montvert by the Miquelets."

The defeat at Nages, and the disasters which followed, were fatal to the cause of the Camisards. "The loss," says Cavalier in his memoirs, "was irreparable; arms, ammunition, money, magazines; but above all, a body of troops hardened to fire and fatigue, and with whom I could undertake anything. Our friends had grown cold, and their purses were empty; the prisons were full of Protestants, and the country was a desert. Added to this, the promised help from England did not come, and Marshal Villars had arrived in the province with fresh troops." In a funeral oration which he pronounced over the slain, Cavalier declared in the traditional language of the Huguenot Church, that it was "sin and disobedience which had provoked the Lord to deliver them into the hands of Satan."

Roland, more firm and equable than his brother chief, set himself to repair his losses and continue the unequal struggle. But the spirit of despondency had begun to take possession of the camp. The old faith in the prophets was shaken; the old enthusiasm was evaporating; insubordination and even desertion had set in. The Protestant manufacturers and shopkeepers, moreover, who had always condemned the war, became more and more impatient of the fines and requisitions to which they were subjected, and of the interruption of their trade. Lastly, the nobility, when appealed to for help by Roland, turned their backs completely on their insurgent brethren, and offered to assist the government to subdue them.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## MARSHAL VILLARS: NEGOTIATIONS.

VILLARS appeared on the stage at the critical moment. Cool and sagacious, humane as compared with his contemporaries, he at once adopted a policy the reverse of that of Bâville and Montrevel. "These people," he said, speaking of the Cevenols, "are more unfortunate than guilty." Julien, who came to meet him at Tournon, protested against such clemency. "My lord," he said, "if my counsel had been followed there would not by this time have been a single Camisard in Languedoc; albeit, instead of 400 villages, it would have been necessary to destroy every house in the Upper Cevennes, and to shoot every peasant found in the open country." The marshal made him no reply. He heard all that everyone had to say, but followed only his own counsels. There was a New Catholic named D'Aigalliers, who, to spare the further effusion of blood, had devised a scheme of enrolling the moderate Protestants, and employing them against the Cevenols. As soon as Villars arrived at Nîmes (April 25th), D'Aigalliers assembled the chief Protestants and laid his plan before them. They accepted it, and asked permission of the marshal to arm against the rebels; the request was signed by many noblemen, and by nearly all the merchants and chief Protestants of the city. Villars thanked them for their offer, and replied that if their help should be necessary he would employ them with the same confidence as the Old Catholics, but that he hoped to bring

back the rebels by gentleness. Accordingly, he made a tour through the chief towns of the province, offering a free pardon to all who should lay down their arms and retire within their houses, but declaring that those who persisted in their revolt must expect no mercy. Very many accepted the offer. Most of the chiefs, however, refused to surrender.

Roland occupied himself with raising fresh troops, and replacing his lost stores; and when, by order of the marshal, negotiations were opened with the insurgent chiefs, the emissaries applied, not to the general himself, but to his more impressible lieutenant, Cavalier. The agent whom Villars employed was La Combe, a gentleman whom the young chief had served when a boy. At the first proposition of accommodation, Cavalier cried out, "We will not lay down our arms till our religion has been restored to us"; but, as La Combe proceeded, his objection gradually gave way, and his vanity was flattered when General Lalande wrote to him in his own hand, asking for an interview, and telling him that if he refused he would be regarded as an enemy to peace, and would have to answer for all the blood that should afterwards be shed.

Cavalier agreed to the interview, and Catinat, in a showy uniform, carried the answer to the general at Alais. Lalande was at table when Catinat was announced. Seeing a stranger enter of ferocious mien, and gaudily dressed, he asked who he was. "Catinat," was the reply, in a bold tone; "brigadier of the Camisard cavalry." "What!" asked Lalande astonished, "are you that Catinat who slew so many men at Beaucaire?" "I am; it was I who did it, and I only did my duty." "You are an audacious fellow," replied Lalande, "to show yourself in my presence." "I have come," answered Catinat, "in good faith, on the promise made to my brother Cavalier, and believing you to be a man of honour. I have brought you

a letter from him." Lalande took the letter, and when he had read it said, "Return to Cavalier, and assure him that in two hours I will be at the Bridge of Avène with ten officers and thirty dragoons, and no more. Let him meet me with the same number of Camisards." "He will come with his whole troop," replied Catinat. "No matter," answered Lalande, "I shall bring only thirty dragoons; I will trust him since he trusts me."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFERENCE BETWEEN LALANDE AND  
CAVALIER.

It was Monday, the 12th of May. Lalande took with him La Combe, and, in order to touch the heart of the Camisard chief, he took also a brother of Cavalier's, aged seventeen, who had been captured a few days before, and cast into the prison at Alais. The bridge on which the conference took place spans the stream of the Avène, half a league south of Alais. Leaving part of his troops at Massanes, Cavalier, with 300 infantry and sixty dragoons (for so the Camisards now called their cavalry), arrived at the same time as Lalande. "Sir," said Cavalier, "send back your dragoons, for if they should give the least provocation I will not answer for my Camisards." "Sir," replied Lalande, "my dragoons shall not stir; only do you keep your Camisards under control." Then presenting to him his brother, he said, "The king restores your brother to you." The brothers embraced with tears; Cavalier thanked the general, and the two leaders, leaving their respective companies, withdrew alone to the bridge.

Lalande asked the chief what were his demands. "Three things," replied Cavalier; "freedom of conscience, the deliverance of our brethren from the various prisons and galleys, and, if the first demand is refused, liberty to quit France." Taking no notice of the first two conditions, Lalande interrupted him at the third by asking, "How many persons do you propose to take out of the kingdom?"



"Ten thousand of both sexes and of all ages." "Ten thousand! impossible! Two might be granted, but not ten." "I demand passports for ten thousand Protestants, with three months to dispose of our property; and in case this is not granted, that our edicts be restored." "I shall report what you say to the marshal; I should be extremely sorry if we should not come to an agreement; but now," he added, in a gracious tone, "what can I do for you? Will you accept this purse?" "I do not want money," replied Cavalier; "but I want our edicts restored to us, or a safe conduct to go abroad."

During the conference Cavalier assumed the character of perfect equality, replacing his hat when the general did so. Lalande asked to see his troops. They ranged themselves in order of battle, and he threw them a handful of louis, saying it was to drink the king's health. "We don't want money," they cried out, "but liberty of conscience." "That," replied the general, "is beyond my power to grant; but you will do well to submit to the king's will." "We are ready to obey his orders," was the reply, "provided he grants our just demands; otherwise we will die with arms in our hands." "As to the louis d'ors," says Bonbonnoux, "I never saw them except in the air; I would on no account have stooped down to pick one up, for I looked upon it as a kind of forbidden thing, and not to be touched. Seventy of them were collected, and handed to Cavalier, who gave them to M. La Combe for the poor of Vézénobres.

It was agreed that there should be a suspension of hostilities until an answer should be received from Versailles. The conference lasted two hours. As soon as it was over, Lalande hastened to Nîmes, riding through the night, to make his report to the marshal, who dispatched one of his aides-de-camp to Versailles with the news. Cavalier was completely thrown off his guard by this interview, and on

rejoining his troop cried out, in the exuberance of his joy, "Children, those who have relations in prison or on the galleys, give me their names. I promise they shall soon be free."

On the same day on which Lalande and Cavalier held their interview, Roland defeated the royal troops at Font morte, near St.-Jean-du-Gard, the spot where the first combat had taken place. The victory ended in a massacre, two or three only of the royal officers escaping by concealing themselves amongst the clumps of broom. The victors especially singled out for vengeance an advocate of St. Jean, who had procured the death of many of their party, and on whom, together with his son and nephew, they practised horrible barbarities before giving them the *coup-de-grace*. As soon as he heard of this *contretemps*, Cavalier wrote to the marshal to exonerate himself from all participation in or knowledge of the affair. Villars, intent on his main object, was wise enough to pass by the offence; and, the better to make sure of his game, he invited Cavalier to Nimes to a personal interview.

## CHAPTER XIX.

INTERVIEW OF CAVALIER WITH MARSHAL  
VILLARS.

CAVALIER was only too ready to accept the marshal's invitation. Villars sent Lalande to meet him. The place chosen for the interview was a garden belonging to the Order of the Recollets, enclosed within high walls and shaded with tall trees, and at that time outside the city. The monastery has long since disappeared, and the garden-plot, which lies behind the present theatre, has lately been built over. On the 15th of May, Cavalier lodged at Langlade; the next morning, on his way to the city he was met by Lalande, with hostages for his safe conduct. Camisard horsemen were stationed on all the heights; eighteen of his body-guard, commanded by Catinat, escorted the young chief.

Villars, whilst he waited for Cavalier, walked in the garden conversing with Bâville and Sandricourt, governor of Nîmes, in whose veins flowed the purest feudal blood in the kingdom. "My lord," said Sandricourt to the marshal, "the conference you are going to hold with this fellow will be remarkable in history; posterity will wonder how a man belonging to the dregs of the people, known only by his crimes and his revolt, should come here to make a treaty with his sovereign, and that the matter should be negotiated in a conference between the wretch and Marshal Villars." Villars, who had risen by his father's talents and his own genius, replied, "Your remark, Sir, would be just if one

regarded only the exterior, but the question here is of bringing back to their duty men who can only be reached by flattery and means hitherto untried; it is as glorious for a general to heal a civil war as to overcome the enemies of the State."

As the marshal spoke, Cavalier was announced. A vast multitude had assembled to see the warrior of the desert. "There could not," said a priest, "have been a greater concourse if it had been the king." The youthful hero wore a jacket of the finest fur, laced with gold, a scarlet vest, a large muslin cravat, and a broad hat with white feathers, his long comely hair floating down his shoulders. On his right, riding a fiery steed, was Catinat, whose lofty stature and fierce countenance were set off by a splendid uniform. On his left rode his faithful prophet, Daniel Gui, in modest attire; and behind him his little brother who had saved his life at Nages. His escort made way for him through the crowd, and closed up his rear. Remarking that the marshal's guards were drawn up in a line on one side of the gate, Cavalier placed his own men on the other, with Catinat at their head. He then dismounted and entered the garden, followed by his brother and by Daniel Gui, D'Aigalliers, La Combe, and six Camisards, whom he stationed opposite to Villars' body-guard, affecting in everything a perfect equality with the marshal. His short stature and youthful figure astonished the marshal and his companions, who from time to time fixed their eyes on him with amazement. "He is," wrote Villars to the Minister of War, "a peasant of the lowest origin, not yet twenty-two, and apparently not more than eighteen, short, and with nothing imposing about him."

Advancing a few steps, and saluting, Villars said, "The king, desirous of sparing the blood even of his rebellious subjects, has commissioned me to bring them back to their duty by gentleness; and I wish to know from the mouth

of one of the chief malcontents by what measures this may be effected." "My lord," replied Cavalier, "I can only repeat the demands I have already made." At these words Bâville interrupted, "The king is very good to treat with a rebel." "If that is all you have to say to me," retorted Cavalier, "I have come here for nothing, and I shall withdraw." "Besides, Sir," he continued, looking steadily at Bâville, "if we have taken arms, it is you who have compelled us; your tyranny, your cruelty." Villars interposed. Turning to Cavalier, he said, "It is with me, Sir, you have to do." Bâville, however, was too wrathful to hold his peace, and again vented his contempt and ill-humour, to which Cavalier was replying with warmth, when Villars interfered again, saying in a tone of authority, "Monsieur Cavalier, I repeat, it is with me you have to do. What are your demands?" "Those," replied Cavalier, "which I made to Lalande on the bridge of Avène." "You insist, then," rejoined the marshal, "on liberty of conscience. The king will grant it. You may meet where you please to worship in your own way, but he will never permit you to rebuild your temples." Villars then went on for some time, discoursing in a strain at once authoritative and conciliatory; and in conclusion asked, "Are you willing to serve the king? It will be more honourable than to quit France." "I will serve him with all my heart," replied Cavalier, "provided he will grant us our just demands. His majesty will never have servants more faithful." "Good," responded the marshal; "write your demands, and send them to me." "Your excellency shall have them to-morrow," replied Cavalier, "and I promise not to resume hostilities till an answer comes from the court." It was agreed that in the meantime Cavalier and his troops should occupy the town of Calvisson, and (so the Protestants understood) should have full liberty of religious service there. It does not appear, however, that this permission

was ever actually granted to them. The marshal dismissed the youthful chief with the words, "Adieu, Seigneur Cavalier."

The interview had lasted two hours. Catinat, weary of waiting, had gone off to the *Coupe-d'Or* to refresh himself, and was displaying his horsemanship on his half-wild stallion to the admiring crowd. Cavalier, while waiting for his return, conversed with D'Aigalliers, La Combe, and other gentlemen, to whom he offered snuff from a costly snuff-box, at the same time displaying his gold watch and emerald ring which had been taken from royal officers slain in battle. Then, after partaking of refreshment at *La Poste*, hat in hand, and with a firm and graceful step, he walked across the esplanade to visit Daniel Gui's mother. The prophet's father, a gardener, was at the time a prisoner on the isle of St. Marguerite, and his brother in the fort of Nîmes. Many ladies came to the house to see and hear Cavalier, and to touch his clothes. As he and his body-guard went out of the city they sang a hymn of peace, Psalm cxxxiii. At St. Césaire more than five hundred citizens of Nîmes were waiting to offer him refreshments. He lodged at St. Dionisy, where after supper he offered a long prayer for the king, Villars, Lalande, Bâville, and all his enemies. The interview with the marshal had almost turned his head, and he was heard to say to himself, "My son, thou shalt see the king."

Agreeably with his promise, Cavalier sent the marshal his demands in writing. The next day, May 17th, he went to seek Roland; the anticipation of a conference with his chief dispelled the illusions of the previous day. He could not hide from himself that, in the course he was taking, he must either break with Villars or betray Roland. He expected to find the latter at St. Félix, but the chief had departed, and Cavalier wrote to him stating the purport of

the treaty he had made. Roland replied by the same messenger that he did not believe the court would grant the terms proposed, or would fulfil them if granted, but that he would give orders for a suspension of arms. Without regarding Roland's reply, or waiting to consult with him, Cavalier continued his course to Calvisson.

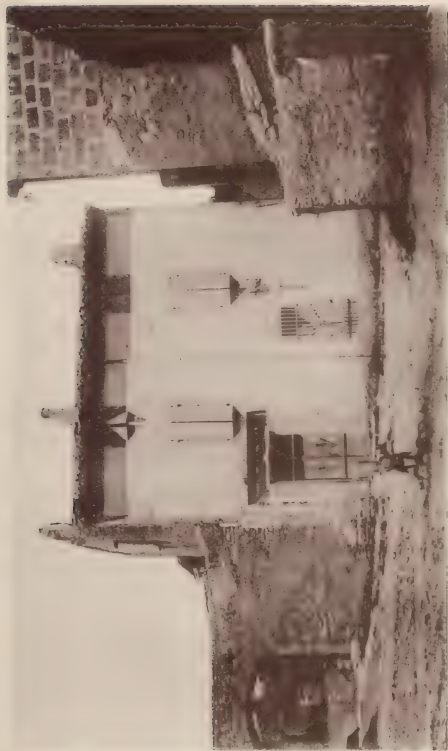
## CHAPTER XX.

## THE JUBILEE AT CALVISSON.

CALVISSON was the chief town of the Vaunage, Cavalier's favourite canton. The royal garrison had quitted the place to make room for the Enfants de Dieu, for whom the magistrates and the commissary of the army had prepared lodgings, with abundance of provisions. Cavalier had with him 700 men. He was lodged in the best house of the town, situated at its upper end. The entrance-hall is thirty or forty feet long, and the rooms on the ground floor are vaulted; on the first story are six large chambers, and above is a suite of attics. Thirty of Cavalier's body-guards were in attendance on him, and when he went out, two marched by his side with musket and drawn sword. Videttes and sentinels were planted for three-quarters of a league on all the roads leading to the town, and pickets of soldiers were placed along the street which led to his lodging. Before the rations were given out, Cavalier required the bread to be tasted in his presence. "All these precautions," says the Roman Catholic historian, "implied little faith in the flattering assurances of Villars."

Whilst the Protestants occupied the town they held high religious revelry without hindrance, and they were joined by tens of thousands from the country around. Even the procession of the Host at the Fête Dieu was forbidden by the authorities for fear of causing a disturbance. It was the first day of freedom which the Huguenots had enjoyed since the Revocation, and it was to be the last until the





Cavalier's House at Calvisson.



time when the iron rod of oppression was to fall from the feeble hands of the government. Cavalier assembled his troops and the people on the ruins of the demolished temple, where he himself preached to them. The news of the marvellous change spread fast and far, and the excited people persuaded themselves and assured one another that the exiles were to be recalled, the prisoners set free, and liberty of worship restored.

The next day the whole Vaunage came together, and there being no square in the town large enough to contain the multitudes, the prophets led them outside the walls. On the third day the concourse was doubled, the faithful coming from Nîmes, and even from Montpellier. Many passed the night in prayer by moonlight and torchlight. "They resembled," says a contemporary, "a famished multitude from a beleaguered city, suddenly set down to a table laden with provisions, which they swallow with undistinguishing avidity." A Catholic historian estimates the number of Protestants who came together whilst Cavalier was in Calvisson at forty thousand.

The reign of the Camisard hero and the Enfants de Dieu lasted only ten days, much too long, however, for the Romish clergy, who were petrified with astonishment. "The war," they said, "with all its horrors, was preferable to a truce which brought with it such enormities." The priests inundated the marshal with letters to which they had not the courage to put their names. "One would think," he said, "that the prayers of the Camisards had not only made the ears of the clergy tingle, but had flayed them to boot. If I only knew who they are who have written these letters, I would give them a sound drubbing, for it is an inexcusable piece of folly that those who have caused the disorders should complain of the means used to put an end to them." The Intendant, Bâville, who could not endure to see rebels worthy only of the

gibbet triumphing over king and law, was as furious as the priests. "This is scandalous," he said to the marshal; "these people must be put down by main force." "And to do that," answered Villars coolly, "would be to set the country on fire again." Bâville held his peace; he was not prepared to measure his strength with the marshal.

There was something, however, much more to be dreaded than the ill-will without, *viz.*, discord within. Camp life and court favour had blunted the moral sense of Cavalier and his men. One day the chief sent Catinat with a letter to the marshal. Catinat was attended by a dozen horsemen, and on his way back rode through Cailar, his native town. In the square the squadron encountered the procession of the Fête-Dieu. The curé and his band were terrified at sight of these fierce mountaineers; but the Camisards hastened to re-assure them by respectfully uncovering. When they returned and reported what they had done, Cavalier chided them for not doing more: "You ought to have dismounted." This unexpected rebuff produced a sharp altercation between the chief and his lieutenant. The fact is that both had virtually abandoned the very object for which they had taken arms. No severer trial of faith had befallen the Huguenots than the exaction of homage to the Host (currently spoken of as "worshipping the Beast"), and no observance had been more rigidly enforced.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE ILLUSION DISSOLVED : RUPTURE  
BETWEEN CAVALIER AND ROLAND.

VILLARS sent word to Versailles that Cavalier had submitted. When the royal answer came down, the marshal took it himself to Calvisson. On the way, meeting more than a thousand of the inhabitants of Nîmes returning from the religious festivities, he gently reproved them. In accordance with the articles agreed upon at the Bridge of Avène, the king sent Cavalier a commission as colonel, with the pay of two hundred livres, and a captaincy for his young brother. Cavalier gave the marshal a list of the officers and men of the regiment he was to raise, of which Ravanel was to be lieutenant-colonel. The demands or conditions proposed by Cavalier, with the royal answers, were as under :—

1. Freedom of worship. Granted; provided the temples are not rebuilt.

2. The release of the prisoners and forçats within six weeks. Granted.

3. The recall of the exiles. Granted; on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance.

4. The restoration of the mi-parti chamber of Languedoc. Answer: The king will consider it.

5. The exemption of the province from the capitation tax for ten years. Refused.

6. Four cities to be placed in the hands of the Camisards as a security for the performance of the treaty. Refused.

7. Exemption from taxes for seven years for the Cevenols whose houses had been destroyed during the war. Granted.

8. Permission to Cavalier to form a regiment of dragoons of two thousand men to serve in Portugal. Granted.

Villars added, "If the Camisards all lay down their arms, the king will allow them to live quietly in the exercise of their religion."

"Done at Nimes, May 17, 1704."

Finding that some of the most important conditions were refused, Cavalier begged the marshal to relieve him from the engagement. "My lord," said he, "neither my brother Roland nor the Enfants de Dieu, nor even my own troop, would approve of such a treaty, which can neither be solid nor durable since you refuse us the cities we demand as a pledge." "The king's word," replied Villars, sternly, "is surer than twenty cities; you ought to know that after such a revolt you are happy if his great clemency condescends to grant any of your demands." Cavalier was silent; he felt that he had given up his independence, and was at the marshal's mercy. He had no alternative left but to put his hand to the treaty, which he did, signing his name under those of Villars and Bâville. He said afterwards, in reference to the transaction, "No one in my troop was able to help me with the treaty; I was a child, and I had none to advise me."

At length Cavalier and Roland met. It was near Anduze, on the 24th of May. Cavalier left nothing unsaid to bring Roland to consent to the treaty, but in vain. Finding all his arguments and entreaties fruitless, he assumed a tone of authority, and even of menace. Roland replied disdainfully, "Thou art mad; thou hast forgotten that I am thy chief; thou hast betrayed thy brethren, and thou ought to die for shame. Thou art a vile agent of the marshal; go and tell him I will never sheath my sword till the Edict of Nantes is re-enacted." The dispute

grew so hot that the two chiefs drew their pistols. The prophets threw themselves between them, and obliged Roland to consent that Salomon Couderc should accompany Cavalier to Nîmes in order, if possible, to procure a more solid basis of peace. With him Roland sent a letter to the marshal.

Cavalier and Salomon, with twenty-five horse, rode to Nîmes on the 27th. They halted on the cliffs outside the city, above the Tour Magne, where the people brought them refreshments, many pressing near to embrace Cavalier's knees and kiss his hands. As on the former occasion, Villars and Bâville received the chiefs in the garden of the Recollets. The interview, which was stormy, lasted more than three hours. Salomon was chief speaker; Cavalier, after a brief statement of his fruitless mission to Roland, keeping silence. Naturally Villars made no concession; all he would do was to make Roland the same offer that he had made to Cavalier, *viz.*, to enter the king's service with a colonel's commission. Whilst the conference was proceeding, the throng of people increased so much that when it was over Cavalier's guards were obliged to make way for him with drawn swords. The next morning, before taking leave, Salomon presented to the marshal Roland's letter, which he had not had the courage to deliver the day before. It was to the same purport as his answer to Cavalier.

Cavalier returned to Calvisson, where he found a great change had taken place during his absence. Ravanel, whom he had left in command, having received instructions from Roland, had placed his troop under arms. "Brothers," said he, "we are betrayed; instead of the free exercise of religion, they would send us all to sea to perish there; but we will not quit our country; we will die for the Lord." When Cavalier appeared, the Camisards received him with the cry, "Traitor, coward, thou hast sold us! Is this all

we have gained by all the blood that has been shed, and all the miseries that have been endured?" Cavalier drew his sword, but was fain to make his escape and take refuge with a party of the royal dragoons. The Enfants de Dieu marched out of the town with drums beating. Cavalier followed them, and was confronted by Catinat, who called him a traitor. Cavalier lifted his cane; Catinat drew a pistol; they spurred towards each other, but the prophets Daniel Gui and Moïse threw themselves between them. Cavalier rode after his brigade, and used all his eloquence to recover them, but Ravanel carried them off. In the altercation both chiefs seized their pistols, but Moïse again prevented the effusion of blood. Accompanied only by his brother, by the faithful Daniel and about forty horsemen, Cavalier went his way uncertain and depressed.

The treaty having thus miscarried, Villars took prompt measures to hold the country in subjection; he published an ordinance forbidding the religious meetings under pain of death, and commanding the troops to kill all who should disobey. Cavalier made another attempt to gain Roland, who was at Durfort, in the Lower Cevennes. But he found him still in the same mind. "Not unless they restore to us the Edict of Nantes," was his reply. After some altercation, however, Roland, who since the defeat at Nages seems to have been haunted with a presentiment of future ill-fortune, agreed to defer the decision to the prophets. Daniel, Cavalier's prophet, declared it was necessary to obey the king; whilst Roland's seer, Moïse, gave his voice for the continuance of the war. A long dispute ensued, which ended in Cavalier and Roland drawing lots to discover which prophet was right; the lot came out for Daniel. Accordingly Roland consented to renew the negotiations, and an exchange of hostages was made between himself and the marshal. But Ravanel, "the



swarthy bulldog," who was never weary of fighting, did all he could to prevent an understanding, and in the end Roland, staggered by the letters and menaces of Ravanel and his other officers, withdrew his proposals, and once more prepared for war.

Before, however, taking up the gauntlet which Roland had thus again thrown down, Villars tried one more means to overcome the chief's resolution. Montrevel had taken prisoner a young lady who loved Roland with a romantic and mystical passion. Villars released her and sent her to the chief, promising her four hundred pistoles if she should succeed in bringing him to terms. She refused the bribe, but undertook the mission. When she returned, it was to report that he was inexorable; that he declared the Spirit forbid him to abandon his enterprise, and added, "I am not going to throw myself into the lion's jaws."

Cavalier left Nîmes, June 21st, and from Macon wrote to Chamillard that he had something of importance to communicate to the king. The minister despatched a cabinet courier to bring him to Versailles. The king being curious to see the renowned Desert chief, he was placed on the great staircase. As he passed, Louis cast his eyes on him and shrugged his shoulders, but said not a word.\* Supposing himself to be unsafe in Paris, he escaped to Savoy, and thence retired, first to Holland, and afterwards to London, where he took service under Queen Anne. In 1707, when the English, Dutch, and Portuguese under the Earl of Galway met the French and Spanish armies at Almanza under the Duke of Berwick, Cavalier commanded a regiment of Huguenot refugees. Encountering

\* In his 'Memoirs,' Cavalier says he had a formal interview with the king, and relates what passed; but his imagination would seem sometimes to have taken the place of his memory, and the statement is contradicted by more reliable evidence.

a body of French Catholics, both sides were so inflamed with religious hatred that, without firing a single shot, they charged each other with the bayonet, and the greater part were slain. Cavalier was afterwards appointed Governor of Jersey, which post he held till his death in 1740.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## DEATH OF ROLAND.

THE war recommenced with its usual accompaniments of pillage and slaughter. It was evident, however, that the cause of the insurgents had become hopeless, and that the end could not be much longer deferred. The royal troops followed Roland and Joani into the heart of the Cevennes, and came up with them near Pont-de-Montvert, just two years after the murder of Du Chaila at that place. The Camisards were defeated, but Roland would not yield; and Villars, enraged at his obstinacy, sent him word: "I will burn thirty parishes; everything found in them shall be destroyed." Roland replied, through Ravanel or Catinat, that for every Protestant village destroyed he would burn four Catholic, and for every Camisard killed he would slay ten Romanists, without regard to age or sex. But Roland's battles, whether lost or won, had all been fought. An agent in whom he confided, tempted by the reward of 100 louis d'or, betrayed him. On August 13th, accompanied by eight officers, the chief lodged in the half-ruined château of Castelnau, between Anduze and Uzès. A party of dragoons, on the information of the agent, followed him there the same night. Roland and his companions were asleep, except one officer, who kept watch. In the stillness of the night the watchman's ear caught the distant gallop of horses; he ran down and gave the alarm from chamber to chamber. All started up, and three of the party, singling out the fleetest of the horses,

were in time to escape by the entrance gate. Roland and the five others were not so fortunate ; it was with difficulty they were able to gain the postern. Half-dressed and throwing themselves on their horses, without saddle or bridle, they rushed down through the garden. The dragoons dashed after them. Unable to guide their animals, the Camisards dismounted, and were making the best of their way in the darkness down the hollow path, when the pursuers came up with them, crying, "Surrender ; arms down !" Roland planted himself with his back against the huge trunk of an old olive tree, determined to sell his life as dear as possible. He fired three shots from his blunderbuss, each of which brought down an assailant ; he then seized his pistols, of which he had a girdleful. The orders had been to take him alive, but a dragoon, enraged at seeing his comrades fall, lost his temper, fired, and shot him dead. His five companions, who were fighting by his side, when they saw what had happened, threw themselves weeping on the lifeless body of their chief, and allowed themselves to be taken like lambs. Marvellous devotion ! A man who could inspire such affection was worthy of a better fate.

(Extract from Diary). "May 27th, 1893. Drove out from Uzès to visit the château of Castelnau, where Roland met his death. It stands at no great distance from Euzet, where we had been two days before, but is nearer the plain. We followed the high road from Uzès to Alais, as far as the village of Moussac, on the river Gardon. The villages through which we passed were white and neatly kept. One of them, Garrigues, is very ancient, and is made up of winding lanes, so narrow that the carriage could scarcely thread its way through. The soil is very fertile, and this helps one to understand how the country could rise again so rapidly after battles and raids and the destruction of crops and stores. The pomegranate was in blossom,

bright crimson, and the Judas (*Judæa's*) trees were hung with purple pods. From Moussac a rugged by-road leads up to the château, which stands on a gentle hill surrounded by thick woods. It is an imposing structure. Half-ruined in the civil wars of the seventeenth century, it was rebuilt not many years ago. Externally, all looks modern; but within, the eye rests on mediæval types in the kitchen and refectory. In the courtyard is an old well, a hundred feet deep. The mansion belongs to a marquis, who spends two months there every autumn. Although the walls are of great thickness, the windows are defended by iron shutters; they are also hung with wire gauze, to keep out the mosquitoes. From the tower you gaze on a complete panorama, having the Cevennes to the north, the plain of Nîmes on the south (the Mediterranean is hidden by low hills), and Mont Ventoux on the eastern horizon. The spot was pointed out where Roland was killed, just at the bottom of the garden. An oak, however, stands there now, instead of the olive; besides which the narrative seems to imply that the chiefs had gone further before they were overtaken."

The morning after Roland was slain, the squadron rode into Uzès in triumph, the dragoon who had killed him carrying his corpse at his saddle-bow. It was paraded from street to street, with the proclamation, "This is the body of Roland, the famous Camisard chief."

The town of Uzès must have presented an exciting scene that summer morning. It is in itself a noteworthy place. Built on high ground, at the threshold of the Cevennes, it occupies a charming situation. Bright acacia trees and low stony hills, sprinkled with tufts and shrubs like the garrigues of Nîmes, and rich in their native flora, occupy the foreground. Beyond, the country is open, and the prospect to the north and west is bounded by the mountains. The town has a population of 6000; it would

take some time to carry Roland's body through the narrow streets. Hidden among these is the ancient prison, where, it may be remembered, the three hundred prophet children were shut up by Bâville, and were visited by the faculty of medicine from Montpellier. It is still the House of Detention. "We were therefore," to quote the Diary, "unable to enter; but the governor, whose countenance wore a look of singular benevolence, seeing we were strangers, opened the gate of the narrow courtyard in which the lofty, square, massive tower stands, and whose portal had been a Bridge of Sighs for so many centuries. It is ascended by a corkscrew staircase, now in a somewhat dilapidated condition."\*

From Uzès Marshal Villars had Roland's body taken to Nîmes, placed on a bier, and carried into the palace, the five other chiefs following in chains. Bâville at once commenced the trial both of the dead and the living. The latter were condemned to be broken alive; the former, tied to a cart drawn by oxen, was dragged through the streets of the city under the eyes of a vast multitude, amongst whom were Fléchier and four other bishops. The corpse being brought to the place of execution, the faggots were kindled, and it was thrown upon the flames; whilst Roland's five lieutenants in a circle round it were put to death by the slow and horrible torture of the wheel. When the fire had burnt itself out, the ashes of the chief were gathered up and scattered to the winds. The spot where the tragedy was acted was an open space on the north side of the city, now known as the Place de la Bouquerie.

With Roland's death the insurrection came virtually to an end. Deprived of his commanding genius, and ignorant

\* Adjoining the prison is the château palace of the Duke of Uzès, built round a quadrangle. The rooms are handsomely furnished. The dining-room is a vaulted hall of the eleventh century.

of each other's movements, the remaining chiefs could only struggle on without concert and without hope. The death of Roland was followed by the defeat of Catinat in the Vaunage, and by the discovery or betrayal of all the magazines of the insurgents in the mountain caverns. On the 14th of September the royal troops came up with Cavalier's former regiment of horse, the same which had refused to follow him at Calvisson, and which was now under the command of Ravanel; and, after a long and sanguinary engagement, totally defeated it. The affair took place on the banks of the Gardon, just below the junction of the two streams.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

SURRENDER OF THE CHIEFS—DEPARTURE  
OF VILLARS.

MARSHAL VILLARS now proclaimed a fresh amnesty, and the chiefs Castanet, Catinat, and Joani, with some others, hopeless of further resistance, surrendered September, 1704. The conditions granted them were lenient, and they were suffered to leave the country. Bishop Fléchier describes them, in his usual supercilious manner, as they passed through Nîmes on the way to Geneva: "They are coarse fellows, ill-formed, and ferocious. It has cost much toil, money, and patience to reduce them, for they are destitute of propriety, reason, and religion, and do not know how to show humility or repentance, even when they are suing for pardon." The Marquis d'Arzeliers, English resident at Geneva, is not much more complimentary: "I have seen them all except Cavalier; they are unlettered and inexperienced, for the most part deficient in presence, so that I have found it hard to imagine how they have been able to resist and maintain themselves so long." Villars wrote to the Court, September 20th:—"Thanks to God, we are perfectly quiet. The complete defeat of Ravanel has shaken all the other petty chiefs. They dare no longer hope to escape the royal troops and condign punishment. The number of the insurgents who have thrown themselves on his majesty's clemency, yielding up their arms, and giving security for their future conduct, exceeds 500. Sixty Camisards of Fraissinet have begged on their knees



the old Catholics of that parish to recall the curé. He has returned to his church, and they have assured him that they would all sacrifice their lives to defend and preserve him."

Ravanel still defied the royal troops, and Abraham Mazel lay concealed in a cave in the Gevaudan. At the same time, the discontented Catholics under Labourlie and other leaders continued their intrigues for foreign intervention; but the vigilance of the marshal and Bâville frustrated all their plans. A reward of 550 louis d'or was set on Ravanel's head, and the villages which should harbour him were threatened with massacre and utter ruin. Villars made a progress through the desolated cantons, taking up the arms, parcelling out the inhabitants, and exempting them from taxes until they should be able to rebuild their cottages and resume the culture of the ground. Having thus successfully accomplished his mission, the marshal returned to Versailles. He made a triumphant departure from Languedoc, and was received by Louis with flattering thanks for his services, January, 1705.

Shortly after the departure of Villars, Abraham Mazel was discovered by the miquelets, and conducted to Montpellier. Bâville received him in the citadel. When examined he avowed everything. "It is true that it is I who by command of the Spirit raised the Cevennes." "Thou hast done marvels," said Bâville, with a sneer; "thou hast now only to prepare thyself for the severest punishment." "I am resigned to the will of God," replied the prophet. His confession saved him from torture, and he had friends who interceded for him. The curé of St. Martin de Corconac, whose life he had saved, and Lalande, who commanded the royal army after Villars' departure, petitioned for his pardon. In consequence the penalty of death was commuted to perpetual imprisonment in the Tour de Constance.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## ADVENTURES OF BONBONNOUX.

THE remains of the Camisard army were now reduced to great straits. The theatre of the war was occupied by garrisons and detachments who scoured mountain, heath and wood, night and day. The personal narrative of our friend Bonbonnoux, who was one of the forlorn hope, will put us in possession of what he and his comrades underwent, more completely than any general résumé. The scene of their wanderings was the Lower Cevennes, mostly within the tract bounded by Sauve, Vézenobres, the Gardon and Quissac. "Our numbers," he writes, "diminished every day by the desertion of those who, profiting by the amnesty, laid down their arms. About 200 of us who remained together agreed (about this time) to keep the next Sunday as a fast day. For this purpose we assembled on Saturday evening at the wood of St. Bénézet. We passed the night quietly, but at daybreak our sentinels caught sight of the dragoons round the village. We made for the Gardon, intending to cross it below Ners, but when we were near the mill we discovered horsemen above us. Following the river to the juniper trees under Maruejols we forded it. Happily for me an honest Cevenol carried me over on his shoulders, so that, my clothes being dry, I was able to put myself at the head of the troop and reconnoitre. As we approached the mill of La Resse, I discovered soldiers, some sitting, some lying, and I gave a signal to our men. We retraced our steps, and recrossed

the Gardon at a ford under Cassagnole. On the way I exhorted our people to keep up their courage. When we came opposite Cardet we heard the dragoons firing after us, which caused our men to scatter. In vain I shouted to them, 'Will you fly?' no one listened to me. I seized the bridle of the horse on which Moise was riding behind one of the men, but the preacher forgot his character, and drew his sword upon me.

"The Gardon was again in our front; we forded it for the third time, but my good bearer was not there to carry me on his shoulders. Having gained the opposite bank, I was in great doubt whether to flee or to hide. As I stood much perplexed, my eye fell on some dry brambles at the entrance to a vineyard. I lifted them with my gun, hid myself under them, and for better concealment spread them over me as you might do with wool, without regarding the thorns. My insensibility to pain was such that when a splinter pierced my shoulder so that I could with difficulty draw it out, I felt no smart though I still carry the scar. Hardly had I hidden myself, than the dragoons came up. One halted just in front of me, only two paces off, and peered all round: I saw him plainly, but the Lord would not suffer him to discover me. A quarter of an hour after he had passed on, hearing no sound and having finished my prayer, which I had to begin more than once, and finding myself wonderfully calm after such violent agitation, I emptied my powder into my pocket, primed my gun, fastened a spring knife, which I had, to the button-hole of my waistcoat, and retraced my steps, determined to defend myself to my last breath against all who should attack me. When I had gone three or four hundred paces I found one of our preachers stretched on the ground; he had been stripped by the enemy, and his shirt was still warm. A little further I heard a voice from a tree above me, 'Bonbonnoux, wait for me.' It was one of our men

who, to save himself from the dragoons, had imitated the birds, and perched in the tree. I was delighted to see that he was safe, but I had not patience enough to wait for him: I could only tell him the place of rendezvous. This was L'Argentière near Pierredon, a league and a half distant, and whither I went without stopping. I found there several of our people already come together, to whom I said, 'Let us give thanks to God': it was the first time I had done so in public. Although utterly weary I would not take any refreshment, as I desired to finish my fast, which I was mortified at being unable to accompany with the devotion I had wished. Many of our fugitives had the misfortune to come upon a garrison at Bagard, who completed the work the dragoons had begun, and cut them to pieces.

"Some days afterwards we assembled to the number of sixty or eighty, half a league from Sauve. We agreed to keep a fast the next day, which was Sunday, and for that purpose repaired to a wood of evergreen oaks near the Mas des Ortous. In the morning, at sunrise, the alarm was given that the troops were at Ortous. I was absent at the moment, being on the top of a hill with one of the sentinels and three or four others. Our people were presently in motion. We ran down after them and followed their track till we came in sight of Castignargues above Cannes, where we lost it. As I was searching with my eyes in all directions to discover the path they had taken, I spied a troop of miquelets on a hill near St. Theodorit, which convinced me that we were betrayed. I communicated my fears to my companions, and advised that we should go back and ascend a mountain near Bragassargues, which I knew commanded the country all round. We did so, everyone choosing some elevated spot as a look-out. I had not been long on the watch when I observed signs of movement in some objects, which I was sure were not natives of the

district, but which were so indistinct that I could not make out what they were. They did not leave us long in this uncertainty; it was a regiment who had been set on our track, and who began to beat the wood just as men do when they hunt the wolf. When night came on, we quitted our beloved mountain and went to seek an asylum near Gaillan, a Catholic country. Here we spent several days, having nothing to eat but some grapes which we gathered between night and day in the neighbouring vineyards. As soon as we thought the danger was over we returned to the neighbourhood of Bragassargues, where we met five or six of our horsemen, Ravanel, Marchant, &c., and Claris and two or three others of our infantry. We were in all about twelve men. After the usual compliments, we consulted what was to be done at this conjuncture, the most deplorable which can be imagined. The enemy was on all sides of us. There was not a valley or plain or wood or mountain which was not covered with soldiers. They darted forth continually this way and that, and gave us no breathing-time. Our army had dwindled down into small bands or platoons, some of whom from time to time laid down their arms.

“ We agreed to go up into the Higher Cevennes to see in what situation our brethren were who still held out; but we could not agree in what way this was to be done. The horsemen would have had the foot march with them, but these refused for fear the sound of the horses should betray them. Some advised moreover that if we found the Cevenols few and irresolute, we too should lay down our arms; whilst others, on the contrary, declared they would never surrender, whether the Cevenols were few or many, resolute or irresolute. Finding matters were in this state, I drew Ravanel aside, and after remarking that Marchant and some others seemed disposed to yield, I protested that it should never be said of me that I had surrendered like a

coward to my enemies. He protested the same thing ; we embraced, not without tears of mingled joy and grief, of joy, that we found one another in the same mind, of grief, that we were reduced to so deplorable a condition.

“ After this conversation, I took leave of Ravel and the rest, to go to my brother-in-law for a change of linen. He invited me to sup with him, but overcome with weariness and sorrow I could not eat, although, if I remember rightly, I had tasted nothing the whole day. Leaving him, I went to nurse my troubles on the brink of a ditch, between a vineyard and a meadow ; and there I passed the night. At daybreak I heard the barking of dogs, and did not doubt that the enemy was in the field ; but considering my retreat safe I was unwilling to make a change. A moment afterwards, hearing a sound as of many persons speaking together, I raised my head a little. It was a regiment which was passing, four hundred paces from me : I saw the soldiers separate into two parties. Almost at the same moment I discovered at a similar distance, but on another side, a second detachment, and soon afterwards heard several reports, and the challenge in a loud voice : ‘ Who goes there ? ’ This made me think it was time to leave my form and seek another a little further from this dangerous tumult. The ditch, on the edge of which I was lying, favoured my design ; it was neither too wide nor too narrow ; it was deep and yet one could walk in it dryshod. After having commended myself more than once to the Divine protection, I got down into the ditch, which I followed for a quarter of a league. Besides the soldiers whom I had seen, I heard the dragoons in pursuit of our people whom I had left the evening before. They had made great havoc at Bragassargues, and had discovered the corn which I had hidden with one of my relations, which was a great loss for us.

“ Escaped from this danger, two or three hours after

noonday, finding myself pinched with hunger, I went to the country house of M. Durand of Sauve, half a league from Quissac. Here I took some refreshment, and here I met the ex-judge, who, after warmly embracing me, proposed that I should profit by the amnesty and lay down my arms, promising to obtain for me a company in the dragoons, or, if I preferred it, a sum of money with an escort to conduct me into a foreign country. Such offers at that time were very frequent; not a day passed but some were found to accept them. The promises which were made were not, however, always kept. I thanked the judge, but said that even if I were disposed to lay down my arms I would never accept either a company or a sum of money, however large: I had taken up arms for a good cause, and I would never surrender them for the reward of iniquity.

“The woods and the caves were our dwelling-place, but we had to use the greatest precautions. It was only at night that we could enter the caverns, and when we left them we stopped up the openings, and if we had made a fire we threw away the blackened stones and put others in their place. One day, utterly weary, we had fallen asleep under an evergreen oak. What was our surprise on awakening to see the country covered with snow. The place where we were was too exposed; but to reach a safe retreat it was necessary to pass near a garrison. Nevertheless we set off. When we came to the highway between Sauve and Quissac, I advised that we should take off our shoes and put them on the wrong way, which we did, tying them round with our garters. Two hours afterwards we discovered below us a detachment of soldiers who were in pursuit of us, and who, no doubt, deceived by our artifice, had concluded that the game had escaped. If, however, we had eluded pursuit, we were not delivered from cold and hunger. So great terror had taken hold of those who

were able to help us that they dared no longer open their doors to us, and did nothing more than hurriedly push out a morsel of bread through the cat-hole. Thus we ate our bread by measure, and quenched our thirst with the rain-water which had gathered in the hollows of the rocks. In this wretched condition I resolved to go to Quillan, to the house of a man whom I knew. On the way I lay down amongst some bushes beside a stream. In the morning I heard a noise, and looking round discovered the detachment of Bragassargues who were returning to their quarters. Two of the soldiers, parting from the rest, directed their steps towards me. I was in perplexity whether to take to flight or lie still where I was. Happily I determined on the latter. Some partridges, which no doubt the soldiers had disturbed, had settled near me without my noticing them, and the men, who evidently thought that no other game could be concealed there, went away. I came to the house of my friend, but found his wife so terrified that I was obliged to practice a deception upon her before she would allow me to rest there a day. I lay hidden in my friend's sheepfold. I passed the next night supperless, in an empty house belonging to a Catholic, with a plank for my bed. When morning appeared I took shelter in a wood, where I remained all day without drink or victuals. That evening I rejoined my companions in the wood of Curens. If my presence consoled them, it was not so with the result of my journey. All we could do was to have patience. Unhappily, however, there was amongst us a deserter from the royal troops. This man had sworn a hundred times that he would rather eat stones than surrender. Now, however, he changed his mind, and not only betrayed the place of our retreat to the governor of St. Hippolyte, but himself acted as guide to the soldiers. We had not missed him, and supposing he had gone behind some rock to sleep, we called him by name, when behold,



the soldiers came down right upon us. We took to flight, and at the very nick of time, for when the detachment arrived at the spot we were gone. A little more and we should have fallen into the hands of another detachment which had taken another route to circumvent us, but this danger also we escaped."

## CHAPTER XXV.

## A NEW CONSPIRACY.

THE pardoned chiefs could not rest quiet in their exile. The state of inaction and neglect in which they found themselves was intolerable; they panted for the saddle and the carbine, the word of command they had been used to give, and the victorious pursuit. Accordingly, regardless of their parole and of the hopelessness of the enterprise, they opened a correspondence with Ravanel, and returned to France to hatch a fresh plot.

Catinat was the first to return, December, 1704. Castanet followed in March, 1705, but before he could accomplish anything an intercepted letter which he wrote to his wife led to his apprehension. He was captured in a wood with two other Camisards, one of whom was killed and his head cut off. Castanet was compelled to enter Montpellier, carrying the bleeding head in his hand. He was tortured, confessed the plot, and was condemned to be broken alive, and his companion to be hanged. The execution took place March 26th, on the Peyrou, in the presence of ten or twelve thousand spectators. When the priests, Tremondi and Plomet, exhorted him on the scaffold to be converted, "Begone, locusts of the bottomless pit," he replied; "what do ye come here for, cursed tempters?" "To console you in your sufferings," answered Plomet; "to mitigate your pains, and to return you good for evil, according to the Gospel precept." "Executioner," cried Castanet, "finish thy work." "In the miserable state to

which your sins have reduced you," continued the priest, "you ought rather to entreat the minister of royal justice to defer the last blow, that you may have more time to atone for all the blood you have shed." "I will die in my religion," was the reply, "because I was born in it."

Nothing daunted by the death of Castanet and the imprisonment of Mazel, the chiefs who had returned to France proceeded to organise a new insurrection. The conspiracy was framed on an extensive scale. Labourlie and many other Catholics were involved in it, and its ramifications extended from Toulouse to Lyons. The battle-cry was to be, "Long live the king : down with the Jesuits : liberty of conscience."

As soon as Bâville heard of the return of the chiefs, he demanded the appointment of a military governor of the province. The Court sent down the Duke of Berwick, a natural son of James II., who arrived at Montpellier the day that Castanet was arrested. The duke disposed of his troops, and made his preparations with the skill of a veteran commander ; and the conspirators understood that they had no time to lose. They met for the last time in the beginning of April, at a solitary house near Lunel, belonging to one of their number, named Boeton. This man, whose kindly nature the dungeons of Puylaurens, into which he had been cast with an infant child, had turned to gall, had, during the war, acted as the medium between Roland and the Roman Catholic insurgent Labourlie. The plan of the campaign was now matured. The blow was to be struck at the latest on the 15th, and was to fall simultaneously on cities, towns, and villages. Fire was to be employed. The garrisons were to be disarmed, and the authorities, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, to be seized. In the disposal of these functionaries, whom they regarded as their deadliest enemies, it is to their credit that Bâville alone was doomed to death ; the rest were to

be placed as hostages on board the allied fleet. But the conspirators had reckoned without their host: Bâville had his spies everywhere, and the plans and movements of the chiefs could not long remain concealed. Before they separated the conspirators sang together Psalm cii.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTURE AND EXECUTION OF RAVANEL,  
CATINAT, AND BOETON.

AFTER the conference, Boeton returned in safety to his own province of Rouergue, and Ravanel proceeded to Nîmes. But three of the others who went forward to Montpellier fell presently into the hands of the police. As soon as it was known that they were in the city, the gates were shut, and a rigorous search was made from house to house. They were captured at night, after a violent resistance. The search lasted three days, during which time the city was in a state of violent agitation. One of the three conspirators, known as the Genevese, turned king's evidence, and undertook, if he should be carried to Nîmes, to point out the house where Ravanel was concealed. Accordingly he was sent thither under an escort, April 18th.

At sunset, the governor, Sandricourt, caused the city gates to be shut, the garrison and the militia to be placed under arms, and the suspected quarter to be invested. When it was dark, he sent Major Lestrade, Barnier, and some other officers through the streets, with the prisoner as their guide. The house to which the Genevese led them stood in so open a situation that they thought he was playing them false. Nevertheless they entered, and passing through an inner court and a vestibule, stopped at the door of a parlour. After listening a few moments, they heard a hoarse voice say, "Before three weeks the

king will no longer be master of Dauphiné or Languedoc. They are searching for me everywhere; I am here, and I fear nothing." Bursting open the door, they rushed into the room, where they found three men, one seated at a table, leaning his head on his hands; one near the fireplace; the third on a bed, with a book on his knees, reading by a lamp. Lestrade, who entered first, went straight to the man who was reading, and dealt him a violent blow. The man put his hand to his sword, but the pursuers threw themselves upon him. Commanding his feelings, he said, in the hoarse voice they had already heard, "You are mistaken, gentlemen; we are not those whom you seek." "We are not mistaken," replied Barnier; you are the men we want"; and drawing nearer, the better to observe the face (a face with which we are already familiar), he cried out, "It is Ravanel!" At first Ravanel denied it, but on Barnier repeating, "I know thee; thou art Ravanel indeed," he replied, "Well, I am he; but is it needful to make so much noise about it?" Then, to give vent to his resentment for the blow the major had given him, he let fly a volley of abuse, to which his cowardly captor responded by striking him fiercely on the face with the flat of his sword. The man who was sitting by the fireplace was Jonquet, a Camisard about thirty years of age; he made no attempt to escape. The third was Villas, a still younger man, of a good family, and of polished speech and manners. The three prisoners were chained together and taken to the fort, Sandricourt sending a courier to Montpellier to acquaint the duke and Bâville with the capture. Several others of the conspirators were at the same time arrested. Catinat, however, who was also concealed in the city, escaped for the moment. He was lodging with Alègre, treasurer of the conspiracy. The soldiers came to the house to arrest this man, and whilst they were occupied with securing him, Catinat had time to jump out of bed,

conceal himself in the embrasure of a door which was hidden by curtains, and so to gain the street unperceived.

All that night, and all the next day, which was Sunday, the soldiers were actively engaged in searching the houses and arresting suspected persons. The city, which had lain down in peace the night before, woke up on Sunday morning to find itself in a state of siege. The Protestants were seized with a panic, and, dreading another St. Bartholomew, hastened in crowds to the churches, imploring the priests to admit them to confession and communion, which not long before, at the Easter festival, they had avoided with horror. Throughout the week the arrests continued, not only in the city itself, but in the Vaunage and the Cevennes. When Berwick and Bâville arrived in Nîmes, they assembled the presidial court, and Ravanel, Jonquet, and Villas were brought up for judgment. They were guarded by ten dragoons with fixed bayonets pointed towards their breasts and backs. Sentinels occupied all the outlets, and soldiers were stationed in the palace court.

But Catinat was not yet taken. After leaving Alègre's house, he had attempted to find shelter with another of the conspirators, who was, however, too terrified to admit him. Concealing himself through the day, he returned in the evening and knocked at Alègre's door, but the wife drove him from her threshold. He then tried the doors of several other conspirators; all were closed against him. The unhappy chief wandered about all through the night; in the morning, two of the city gates being open, he saw a chance of escape. To elude the vigilance of the police and sentinels, he got himself shaved, powdered and pomaded, and his swarthy cheeks whitened, and drawing his broad hat down over his eyes, he directed his steps towards the gate of St. Antoine, on the west side of the city, not far from the amphitheatre. Arrived at the guard-house, before which the captain and lieutenant were walking,

and holding before his face a letter which seemed to absorb his attention, he passed through unchallenged. But he had omitted to salute the captain, who said to the lieutenant, "That man does not please me." "Indeed he has a bad look," was the reply; "have him arrested; you risk nothing; you can release him again." A sergeant and two soldiers were despatched after Catinat, and brought him back to the guard-house. "Sir," asked the captain, "who are you, and what are you doing in Nîmes?" "I am from the neighbourhood," replied Catinat, "and I came to buy a mule." The captain would have let him go, when one of a knot of persons, which by this time had collected at the guard-house, stepping back, cried, "That man is like Catinat." Some children caught the word, and called out, "Catinat is taken, Catinat is taken." He was searched, and a letter found on him addressed to "M. Morel, called Catinat."

The gates were shut, and he was conducted to the palace. The news spread like wildfire; the Catholics gathered in crowds to the squares, and climbing on the city wall, cried out to the people in the suburbs, "Catinat is taken; he cannot again escape." The crowd who followed him yelled and hooted. "Gentlemen," said Catinat, losing patience, "don't fret yourselves; I have enough to pay with" (*J'apporte de quoi payer*). Bâville, who was occupied with the trial of Ravanel, was overjoyed to hear of Catinat's arrest. He left the bench, and ran to assure himself with his own eyes that it was indeed the renowned desert chieftain. He immediately sent him to Berwick, who asked him, "Why hast thou returned into Languedoc?" Catinat requested a private interview. The duke, taking Sandricourt, and ascertaining that the stalwart Camisard was securely bound, went apart with him. "What hast thou to say?" "My lord, I wish to propose my exchange with Marshal Tallard" (a French general who



had been a prisoner of war in England since the battle of Blenheim). "Hast thou nothing better to say to me?" replied the duke sharply; "I tell thee that in four or five hours thy bones will be broken." The same evening, after a violent altercation in the presidial court (not, alas! arising from motives of humanity), the judges agreed upon the sentence. Some had proposed that the culprit should be torn asunder by four horses; the majority fixed upon the stake as a slower and more tormenting punishment.

At the same time judgment was pronounced on the other three conspirators. Ravanel, probably because he had railed against the Romish Church, was to have his tongue cut out, and then be burned; Jonquet to be broken, and then thrown alive on the pile with Catinat and Ravanel; Villas to be first broken, and then hanged. They were all, moreover, condemned, before execution, to suffer the ordinary and extraordinary torture. Villas made a full confession. From Ravanel the tormentors could not wring a word, or even a sigh; he seemed to be made of iron. Catinat with his brawny muscles for a while braved the rack, but before it was over his constancy gave way, and he denounced two of his comrades. This act, however, availed him nothing.

The place of execution was the same as that which had witnessed the death of the five chiefs round the body of Roland. Horrible to relate, Bâville had the sufferers taken down in the midst of their torture, and their half-crushed bodies carried back to their dungeons for the night. The next morning, April 22nd, at ten o'clock, they were brought again to the place of execution, and the butchery was finished. A double rank of troops surrounded the scaffold, and the drums beat to drown the last words of the sufferers. Ravanel and Catinat were bound back to back to the same stake, a chain being passed round their necks and wrists. As soon as Ravanel saw the flame arise, he began, in a voice strong

yet palpitating, to sing a hymn. The night having been stormy, the wood was wet: some Catholic women, whom the war had made widows, fetched dry faggots to help the fire. From the scaffold the executioner, when he had broken the limbs of Jonquet, threw down the mangled remains into the furnace. "All four," to quote the words of a priest, "went to their death with a ferocious constancy."

The Place de La Bouquerie, which within eight months witnessed these two horrible executions, is now a peaceful and smiling garden. When the writer was there in the spring of 1891, the laburnum, the horse-chestnut, the paulonia, and Judea's tree were all in blossom, raising their graceful heads where once the scaffold stood.

Boeton, in whose house the plan of the conspiracy had been matured, could not long elude the search that was being made for him. He was betrayed by a relation, and being carried to Montpellier, was condemned to be broken on the wheel. On his way to the place of execution, his voice was heard above the drums, exhorting the Protestants, who were in tears, to continue steadfast in the faith of Jesus Christ. When he came in sight of the gallows, he cried, "Courage, my soul, I see the place of my triumph: set free from thy galling bonds, thou shalt enter heaven." He took his place on the scaffold as on a car of victory, and under the iron bar which was setting his soul free he gave forth a hymn of praise for everlasting deliverance. After he had endured the agony for five hours, the Abbé de Massilan represented to Bâville that such a death, far from appalling the Protestants, would only confirm them in their religion; and the Intendant ordered that the sufferer should be despatched. A soldier, who was on the scaffold, declaring that so obstinate a Huguenot ought to be left to die on the wheel, Boeton answered: "My friend, you think I suffer. I suffer indeed, but He for whom I suffer gives me strength to bear my

agony with joy." La Baume, the Catholic historian, says of these executions, "All the wretches suffered with a firmness which would be admirable if the cause for which they suffered had not been so detestable."

Labourlie, the Catholic insurgent, finding that all his schemes had failed, was obliged at last to flee the country and take refuge in England. Here he was consulted by Queen Anne's government, and entrusted with the command of a foreign regiment; but falling under suspicion of secretly corresponding with France, he was arrested in St. James's Park, March 19th, 1711. When examined by Secretary St. John, he denied the charge, and asked for a private interview. Not only was his request refused, but Harley, who was present, taxed him in severe terms with treachery and ingratitude. Seizing a penknife, Labourlie stabbed the minister several times in the breast; on which the bystanders ran him through with their swords. He was dragged to prison, where he lingered more than a week, dying on the 28th. The wounds Harley had received were but slight.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TOUR DE CONSTANCE—ESCAPE OF  
ABRAHAM MAZEL.

THE Tour de Constance, so famous in the latter half of the persecution, and already mentioned in our former volume,\* forms part of the citadel of Aigues-Mortes. This unique fortress stands on the shore of the Mediterranean, to the east of Montpellier, and is surrounded on three sides by what a few years ago was a salt-marsh, but a large tract of which has been recently reclaimed and planted with the vine. The town is an irregular quadrangle, surrounded by strong ramparts, with fifteen towers at the corners and at intervals in the walls, and another of larger proportions at one of the north angles, the Tour de Constance. Unlike the rest, this tower is circular, with an elevation of a hundred feet, and is visible from all the country round. As it does not diminish towards the top, it has a squat appearance. It is solid and massive to a degree, and put together and clamped with iron in so masterly a manner that the celebrated architect, Violet Le Duc, said, "Give me a shovel to dig out this tower, and a carriage on which to set it, and I will transport it whithersoever you please without displacing a stone."

The interior, above ground, is entirely occupied by two circular halls, one above the other, each of which is 50 feet high and 65 feet in diameter; there are also two subterranean chambers of the same diameter, 22 and 29 feet high (or deep) respectively, the lower intended as a reser-

\* 'The Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century,' p. 177.



Tour de Constance, Aigues-Mortes.



voir for rain-water (the only water for miles round fit to drink), the upper as a store-house of provisions for the garrison. When the fortress was erected, in the 12th century, the little town was a port: it is now three miles from the sea. The fortress was the work of a Genoese architect, and is perhaps the strongest that was ever built. There are two gates and three portcullises, one within the other, and the only access to the interior is by a narrow staircase and passage in the thickness of the wall, tortuous, and so constructed as to enable the defenders, without being seen, to dispute the ground step by step with an attacking party. It was at Aigues-Mortes that Louis IX. embarked on his two crusades, in 1248 and 1270, the latter of which ended so fatally.

In course of time the tower was used as a state-prison, and later, under Louis XIV., as one of the many cages in which the Protestant confessors were shut up. At first men only were confined there; then for a time both men and women; afterwards only women. The two halls, which are acutely vaulted, were almost dark, being lighted only by small lanterns above and by *meurtrières* below. These, of which there are four in each hall, are apertures near the floor, sloping downwards, and carried through the wall, which is 20 feet thick. Their name is derived from their purpose, which was to pour down destruction on an invading force. The fire-place and window, which the visitor now sees, are modern innovations.

Abraham Mazel, it may be remembered, was saved from the gallows by the intercession of powerful friends, and his sentence commuted to perpetual imprisonment in the Tour de Constance. Here he found many other Camisards who had been incarcerated there during the war, and who were looked upon, to quote a Catholic historian, "as men buried alive." Finding their sepulchre a place of horror, these unfortunates determined to escape. Strong as it was,

the tower was not proof against the love of liberty and the ingenuity of despair. We quote Mazel's own description of the adventure, as illustrative of the ruling belief that all which the Camisards did was done by Divine inspiration.

"Some days after I had been placed in this fatal spot, the Spirit told me that I should escape. A few days afterwards God told me in my heart to break through the wall [at the meurtrière]. It was thick; we were in the upper story; I had no tools; there were thirty-three other prisoners with me in the same chamber. It would be necessary to take them all into my confidence. Ropes were needed to let ourselves down; there were high walls to be scaled, sentinels to elude, wide marshes full of water to cross, and withal we knew not where to get bread or where to hide ourselves when we were free. But with God's assistance, after seven or eight months of labour, I overcame all these obstacles."

Whilst some worked, the others, to divert the gaoler's attention, stood at the mouth of the meurtrière, singing Psalms. At length they succeeded in loosening a great stone at the lower end of the embrasure, and in removing the iron bars by which its mouth was defended. They then fixed a bar across the upper opening of the meurtrière, and to it they attached a rope of twisted sheets and coverlets, and in this way noiselessly let themselves down one after another. But when the seventeenth had descended, the friendly bar became displaced and fell with the rope to the ground, and with it the hopes of all the rest, seventeen in number. To hedge themselves against punishment, these shouted an alarm to the sentinel who was on duty in the lantern at the top of the tower, but before the commandant could be roused, the fugitives were far away. The spot where the stone (which has been restored) was detached is still to be seen from below. The escape took place July 27th, 1705.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE END OF THE INSURRECTION—FATE OF  
THE REMAINING CHIEFS.

THERE were still several chiefs who had not surrendered, and who were hunted like wild beasts. Of these Claris and Bonbonnoux had been in Montpellier during the three days' search for the conspirators, and had escaped almost by a miracle. The little band was reduced to the last extremity. "Our condition," said Claris one day to his comrades, "grows worse every day; I propose that we take service in some cavalry regiment, so that when we are marched near the frontier, we may escape to Switzerland." "I was amazed," writes Bonbonnoux, "at such a proposition coming from the mouth of my friend, and replied, 'I am ready to sell my jacket for victuals: God will provide.' God did so, in fact," he continues, "for the same evening He led us to two men, one the cousin-germain of Claris, the other his uncle, who gave us so hospitable a welcome that I was in doubt whether it was not a dream. 'Wash your hands. Sit down to table,' said the cousin. Wash our hands! take a seat at the table! We who more often had no water to drink or bread to eat, it seemed incredible! 'Hearken,' said the uncle to his nephew, 'dost thou intend to surrender or not? If the former, I do not oppose it. If the latter, the conditions are settled; no one can harm thee without the Divine permission. Thou knowest the Cerclière (a grove of young chestnut trees); here are my

mule-cloths; take them for a covering, and go thither with thy comrades; you may remain there a fortnight without danger.' Words so strange and so consoling made a deep impression on me, and I lost no time in going to that blessed Cerclière to return thanks to God for his rich favours: I could not weary of lifting my eyes and my hands towards heaven in token of my gratitude. The next day our joy was still greater. Some pious girls who did us the honour to visit us brought news that not far off there were some of our brethren who had not surrendered their arms, but had kept their faith. We sent for them, and were delighted to make their acquaintance. After awhile we thought it best to separate. I and some others went up to the Cevennes, where I desired to receive instruction in the geography of the country. Here we held several small meetings, of forty, fifty or sixty persons, without molestation; La Veille being our preacher. Returning from our circuit, we rejoined our brethren near Cognac, where we held a meeting in a ruined house, and La Veille administered the Supper."

But this respite was of the briefest duration; alarms and surprises presently resumed their old course. In the escape he made for his life on one of these occasions, Bonbonnoux was wounded in the face and in the head. He describes in his usual lively manner his flight, and the pursuit by one detachment of soldiers after another "who that day," he says, "sprang up like mushrooms." As the chase went on the troops were joined by peasants and artisans. "I could run no longer. A race of more than three hours with the blood flowing from my head had completely exhausted me. Providence led me to the foot of a tree which had just been lopped, and whose branches lay fresh on the ground. Favoured by the pent of the hill, which concealed me from the enemy, I lifted the branches and hid myself under them. The pursuers passed close by

without perceiving me. They had their eyes upon my two poor brethren, who had outstripped me, and whom they caught. Then they looked about for the third whom they had been chasing, wondering much where he could have hid himself. They left no place unsearched, to right, to left, under the trees and in their branches, passing and repassing the same place a hundred times. I heard them close beside me: once the words reached my ear, 'He must have done as the birds do; he must be up in the trees.' Once they were going to walk over my branches; but God, who willed my preservation, permitted them to turn away, some crying out, 'We have already been there.' Weary of the unprofitable search, at length they went away. I remained without moving under my branches till nightfall, when I went to seek some plaister for my wounds. I directed my course to a good brother, who, when he saw me and heard my story, could not restrain his tears. Having nothing else at hand, he dressed my wounds with wine, and I ensconced myself in a hiding-place which I made in a hayloft. But the soldiers, knowing that I had been wounded, searched for me in the farms. Being aware of this I was doubly on my guard; nevertheless, in spite of all my precautions, I was surprised by a detachment. Happily the master of the house had buried a little cask in the earth, in which he put me and shut me up. The soldiers examined every corner and cranny; their feet were not more than two inches from my head, but I was too completely hidden for them to discover me. At last they went away, but not so soon as I wished, for I was sorely cramped in my cask, which was very small."

Bonbonnoux' narrative is confirmed by the despatches preserved in the War Department of the French Government, and which have been brought to light by recent research. January 7th, 1704, Brigadier Planqué wrote to

Chamillard: "I leave no means untried, whether by ambuscade or incessant battues, to get hold of Claris and his companion Bonbonnoux, the only remaining rebels in this canton." A year later the same officer wrote from Anduze, "I heard yesterday that the only miscreants still remaining in the country, Ravanel, Claris, the dragoon, the Englishman,\* Deleuze, and Bonbonnoux were together. I have despatched four sergeants and two corporals disguised as peasants, with a guide who has undertaken not to return without them dead or alive. I have besides twenty-two ambuscades which are relieved every four-and-twenty hours. If these measures fail, I shall be at the end of my Latin." Planqué had soon run through his Latin. Three months afterwards he wrote: "The rocks and precipices to which Claris has been accustomed to retreat have been thoroughly searched, but nothing found there." And again: "Claris and Ravanel are so well concealed, that we can get no inkling of them." Under date May 20th: "Yesterday a detachment came upon Claris, who had with him three other men: they were in an almost inaccessible place. The soldiers fired many times, and think Claris was wounded. All the troops of the neighbourhood have been assembled to track him. It will be a bad business for the canton if he is not taken." Three weeks later the officer was obliged to report that the game still eluded his search. A despatch from the Duke of Berwick, under date October 16th, refers to the escape of Bonbonnoux related on the last page, when he lay invisible under the fresh branches of a tree. "Three armed Camisards having been seen in the neighbourhood of Monoblet, our several posts hastened to the spot, and, with the help of the peasants, ran them down, capturing

\* So named because he had been in England. He afterwards betrayed his comrades. See *ante*, p. 188.

two of them. The third, named Bonbonnoux, was wounded, but escaped."

In reviewing his desert life of peril and hardship, which lasted twelve years, Bonbonnoux thus sums up:—"My dwelling-place has been the forest, the mountain, the valley, the caves of the rocks, and more often still, the woods. Less fortunate than Jacob, it was not always that I had a stone for my pillow. I have never had to fear that my clothes should be stolen unperceived, for night or day they have never left my back. So little accustomed was I to undress and lie on a soft bed that when I was at Montpellier I could not sleep because they put me on a mattress, and in order to taste the sweetness of slumber I had to leave it and lie on the stone floor. In all my perils I may say, to the praise of the Divine mercy, which, in all humility, I acknowledge has kept alive what was good in me, that I have never murmured against the decrees of Providence, and that when any feeling of impatience has arisen in my mind I have lost no time in resisting it."

Bonbonnoux was more fortunate than his comrades; he escaped both the gallows and the wheel, and lived to assist Antoine Court in rebuilding the fallen Church.

In 1706 the prophet Moïse, and Couderc, surnamed La Fleurette, the same who had been released from the ceps by his mother,\* were taken and broken alive at Montpellier. Three years later the irrepressible Abraham Mazel, with Cavalier's prophet Daniel Gui, and another, made a forlorn attempt to raise the Vivarais and the Cevennes. They were encouraged by Cavalier from abroad, and they published a manifesto in which they invited the Catholics to join them. Bâville himself accompanied the troops who were sent to subdue them. For awhile they defied all attempts at capture, but in July they were

\* See *ante*, p. 94.

surrounded and dispersed, severe vengeance falling upon such as were taken. Amongst these was Daniel Gui.

In 1707 Abraham Mazel and Claris again took up arms, and this time the allied fleet acted in concert with the insurgents. Twenty-six vessels, carrying 3000 soldiers, appeared off the coast of Languedoc, July 24th, and anchored so near shore that they were seen from Montpellier with the naked eye. The troops were landed, took possession of Cette, and marched to Agde. But as soon as the commander heard that a French army was approaching he re-embarked and sailed away.

One of the last of the race of prophet-warriors was Salomon Sabattier, famed for his eloquence. He was arrested, April, 1710, on the old bridge of Alais. The ladies of the town, curious to hear him, begged Lalande, governor of the fort, to give them the opportunity. The general sent for him, and he was brought into their presence in chains. "Let us hear, prophet, how thou canst preach." The prophet felt the gibe, but was unwilling to lose the opportunity, the last he would have, of declaring the truth. He took for his text, "The Lord's arm is not shortened that he cannot deliver his people, nor his ear become heavy that he cannot hear their groans; but it is your sins that have separated between you and your God." As he proceeded to apply these words to the unfaithful or temporising church, the ladies, some of whom were New Converts, were melted to tears. "Hold thy tongue, prophet!" cried Lalande, in vexation; and he ordered the intrepid orator back to his dungeon, from whence he was carried to Montpellier, and there, April 29th, was broken alive. Bâville reported the execution in these words:—"Salomon has been this day condemned to death, and executed after undergoing the torture, but without confessing anything. He died with extraordinary brutality and ferocity, as

nearly all these fellows do. It is a great boon to be delivered from such a villain."

Three months afterwards came Abraham Mazel's turn. He had called a prayer meeting, July 12th, at Millerines, the home of Isabeau Redostièrre,\* in a building where chestnuts were being dried. The garrison of Saumane fell upon the company, five of whom were slain; and amongst them Mazel. Those who were taken were by Bâville's orders imprisoned or hanged. Lastly, on the 17th of October, 1710, Claris was apprehended near Uzès, and a week afterwards was broken on the wheel.

Joani also was taken. In 1704 he had accepted a lieutenancy in a regiment then in Spain; but the melancholy of exile seized him, and he secretly returned to France. He was arrested, and was to have been broken alive, but he contrived to touch the callous heart of the intendant, who gave him a pension of 100 crowns, and a small post in the salt excise. The old wild nature, however, could not be tamed; he once more sought his forest haunts, where he wandered for awhile, proscribed and hunted. The pursuers came upon him near Pont-de-Montvert. As they were crossing the bridge he shook off his guards, perhaps, like Rob Roy in Scott's novel, slipping down from behind a soldier, and leaped into the Tarn which was roaring below: he was shot by the archers and perished in the river.

We must not omit to notice the incursion made by a party of the prophets into this country in 1706, Elie Marion, Jean Cavalier, De Sauve, Durand Fage, and others. Their presumptuous pretensions and extravagant conduct caused much scandal in London, where, however, they attracted numerous followers, some of them men of rank and wealth. They were denounced by the Refugee

\* See 'The Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century,' pp. 258, 259.

Churches, by the Bishop of London, and by Edmund Calamy; they supplied many a paragraph for the newspapers, and were held up to ridicule on the stage. Elie Marion and his two secretaries were found guilty of blasphemy, and sentenced to pay a fine of twenty marks each and to stand in the pillory at Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange. In the sequel, Elie was forced to leave the country. His followers existed for many years.

The agitation caused by the war did not entirely subside until the year 1711. The tranquillity into which the country then at last sank was secured by the Peace of Utrecht, 1713, and still more by the advent of a new race of preachers of a different character from those who had so long directed the affairs of the Church.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE WAR.

MOST of the French Protestant historians regard the Camisard War as the salvation of the Church. A closer and more impartial enquiry might have led them to the opposite conclusion. The war, as we believe, was a grand error in principle, and so far from saving the Church, brought her to the brink of ruin. By unsheathing the sword the deliverance of the Church was taken out of God's hands and committed to the hands of men. When Christ stood before the Roman governor, He said: "My Kingdom is not of this world; if my Kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight"; and when Peter drew his sword to defend his Master, Jesus rebuked him, saying: "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

It may be pleaded on behalf of the insurgents that they were devout men, who delighted in singing the praises of God, and who believed that they were acting only under his guidance, that it was by his arm they won their victories, and that his hand was their safe hiding-place. But whatever may be the professions or pretensions of men, we cannot soar above the Gospel rule: "Ye shall know them by their fruits: do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." The fruit of the tree of war, which the Camisards planted, has been abundantly before us in the foregoing chapters. Was it good

or was it evil? A few like Bonbonnoux might refuse to put their hand to the massacre of priests and the burning of churches, but slaughter and destruction were the daily work in which they all gloried; and as long as they held the sword, they were responsible for the work of the sword. As the war went on, moreover, conscience became every day less tender, until, as we have seen, there was little to choose between Catholic and Protestant.

In thus taking their cause out of God's hand, the insurgents necessarily committed themselves to a worldly policy, which produced inconsistencies and confusion.

As we have seen in the conduct of Catinat and his men when they uncovered in presence of the Fête-Dieu at Cailar, and of Cavalier in rebuking them for not doing more, the war had made the combatants lose sight of the very object for which they had taken up arms.

It produced an alliance with the discontented Catholics, which was in itself unholy, and which could not possibly have lasted.

It induced the Camisards, in violation of their allegiance, to invite the Protestant powers to invade France, an act, as Brousson said in Vivens' case, equivalent to sowing the seed of international war.

It estranged the sympathy of sober and pious men, whether amongst themselves, or of their refugee brethren, or in the Protestant churches of Europe.

Furthermore, the effect of the sanguinary struggle was to debase and brutalize the character of an industrious and generous people, and to bequeath to their posterity a tradition which, under the name of religion, served chiefly to nourish hatred and familiarity with bloodshed, revenge and cruelty.

It awoke ambition in their chiefs, who aspired to sovereign power and who usurped the feudal tyranny of

the nobles, and levied the oppressive dues of the finance ministers.

It enlisted in its service the epidemic of "prophecy," which, whilst it endued the combatants with an indomitable courage, also whetted their religious bigotry and fomented some of their worst passions. The yoke under which they were thus brought must have been intolerable to the reasonable and tender-spirited party amongst them, as burdensome, in fact, as that of the Roman Catholic priesthood, to escape from which they sacrificed so much.

Lastly, the state of things after the war was far worse than before it: the churches had become disorganized; the public worship of the desert had fallen into disuse; men's thoughts were diverted from God, and their hearts had become familiar with evil and rendered unfit for his service. We shall presently see how laborious a task it was to restore the prostrate Church to coherence and order.

Reviewing the epidemic of "inspiration" and the Camisard struggle, an enlightened French author says: "The exalted imagination produced those strange phenomena of inspiration which have never been thoroughly explained, and which constitute one of the most difficult cases in spiritual pathology. The religious sentiment, wrought to an unnatural pitch, abandoned itself to excesses hitherto unknown, and prepared the way for the Camisard War. The teaching of the Gospel was forgotten; one might suppose that the far-off times of the Israelitish theocracy had returned. The leaders, taken up like Elijah to the mountain, ended by seeing the earthquake, the tempest, and the wasting fire; they did not listen to the sweet, still voice of the Gospel. They are men of the Old Covenant; they believe themselves sent forth to destroy the idols of the new Roman paganism, and to hasten the downfall of the great

harlot drunk with the blood of the saints. They are at once priests and heroes. Between battle and battle they administer the Supper, and they shrink not from shedding blood in support of the Lord's controversy. What has become of the mystic dove which seeks her asylum in the hole of the rocks, faithful image of those pious and tender souls who range themselves round Claude Brousson in the desert? She must leave the earth, and seek refuge in heaven with the gentle soul of the martyr. In her place a bird of ill-omen is seen hovering over with raven wings and sharp claws, filling mountain and plain with its hoarse cries."

## CHAPTER XXX.

## DEATH OF LOUIS XIV.

THE last years of the Grand Monarque were darkened by both domestic and foreign calamities; defeat after defeat abroad, famine and trouble at home. Many historians have remarked that his power and prestige began to decline with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and that he never prospered afterwards.

The winter of 1708-9 was famous for its extreme severity. Vines, olives, mulberries, and even seeds in the ground, all perished. The old wheat was avariciously hoarded, or was bought up by the king, who resold it at famine prices. Troops of beggars like spectres haunted the towns and villages; and rich men held out the hand for bread, or begged in vain to be received into the hospitals. The courtiers at Versailles, even Madame de Maintenon herself, ate only oaten bread, the wheaten being reserved for the king. The famished people of Paris, forgetting their accustomed attitude of oriental servility, passed to the opposite extreme. They insulted the aged monarch, cast mud on his statues, and uttered in his palace the ominous names of Brutus and Ravallac. The king, who forty years before had ruthlessly invaded Holland, was now forced to solicit peace at the hands of the Grand Pensionary. "He was repulsed," says Peyrat, "with the pride of a Spartan humbling a king of Persia." His envoy then turned to Prince Eugene and Marlborough, offering a large bribe to the English general, which was

refused, and he returned to Versailles in shame. Not long afterwards the French army suffered a severe defeat at Malplaquet, when, to replenish his exchequer, Louis stripped Versailles of its silver and gold to coin into money, and even sent to the mint his throne of massive silver, the symbol of his regal glory. The aged monarch now tasted the cup of bitterness which he had compelled so many myriads of his people to drain. But neither misfortune nor the approach of death could soften his heart towards his Huguenot subjects, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, could emancipate him from the evil influence of his confessor, Le Tellier, "the most dangerous counsellor a prince could possibly have." Six months before the king's death this man had extorted from him a Declaration, by which those who persisted in the profession of the Reformed Religion, whether they had ever made abjuration or not, were to be reputed as relapsed heretics. By these words the monstrous fiction which had been invented at the Revocation, and the falsity of which had been made patent by every day's experience, *viz.*, that there were no longer any Protestants in France, was reproduced. "The annals of the world," remarks a French writer, "offer no other example of a code founded entirely on a lie."

The king died September 1st, 1715. A few days before his death he called for the cardinals de Rohan and de Bissy, to whom he said that he was sorry to leave the affairs of the Church in the condition in which they were, but they, the cardinals, knew that he had done nothing except what they had wished; that it was therefore for them to answer before God for what he had done; his own conscience was clear; he was as an ignorant man who had committed himself entirely to their guidance. They told him he had done well, and that he might be at ease as to the result. When he asked his confessor to give him absolution for his sins, Le Tellier enquired if he suffered much. "No," replied the

king, "that's what troubles me; I should like to suffer more for the expiation of my sins." His last words were: "O, my God, come to my aid, hasten to succour me." Two days before he died Madame de Maintenon forsook him. He was grieved when he found she was no longer near him, and sent for her. She returned, but left him again before death came to his release. She retired to her favourite St. Cyr, where she lived four years in the utmost seclusion, dying in 1719.





Part III

THE CHURCH RESTORED



## CHAPTER I.

## THE REGENCY.

LOUIS XIV. was succeeded by his great-grandson, Louis XV., a child of only five years of age. During the minority the reins of power devolved on the Duke of Orleans, nephew of the late king, known in history as the Godless Regent. With the change of government, the hope of a milder rule rose before the Protestants, but it was soon found to be visionary. The regent it is true was inclined to toleration. His mother, Henrietta, sister to our Charles I., though professedly a Catholic, was a Protestant at heart; she wept in secret over the miseries of the Huguenots, and on her son's accession to power she besought him to have pity on the galériens. Her entreaties and his own inclination prevailed so far that sixty-eight of the sufferers were released, emigration was made free, and the intendants of Dauphiné, Guienne, and Languedoc were cautioned to rule their provinces with less severity. But the regent hated business, and the same inertness which would have prevented him from persecuting, prevented him also from resisting the persecuting spirit of the age.

St. Simon relates a conversation between the regent and himself in 1716. "Louis XIV.," said the regent, "treated the Huguenots with cruelty; the State suffered by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; the country was ruined, and mortal hatred engendered; why not recall the exiles to their fatherland?" St. Simon was amazed, but recovering himself hastened to reply. Reviewing the disorders and

civil wars during the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIII., of all which he alleged the Huguenots had been the instigators, he said: "Louis XIV. had crushed the hydra; why then should the regent voluntarily propose to do the very thing which the late king had had the courage indignantly to refuse, and that at a time when he was drained of resources, almost of troops, and when his numerous enemies demanded the recall of the Huguenots as a condition without which they would set no bounds to their pretensions." The regent abruptly broke off the conversation, and never afterwards spoke of toleration or the recall of the Protestants. It was manifest that the persecuted Church had still nothing to hope from the government; her help must come from within and from above. The instruments in fact by which her life was to be renewed had been for some years in preparation, and were now ready to be brought on the stage.





## CHAPTER II.

## ANTOINE COURT—CORTEIZ.

ANTOINE COURT was born of Huguenot parents on the 17th of May, 1696. Like Gregory Nazianzen he was consecrated to the Lord before his birth. His native town was Villeneuve-de-Berg in the Vivarais (now Ardèche). The writer visited the spot in the spring of 1891.

(Extract from Diary.) “The road ascends from the solitary railway station two and a half miles, amongst rocks and torrent beds spanned by handsome bridges. There is a comfortable inn in the little town. When the outside shutters in the upper story were pushed back, they disclosed a fine prospect of a mountain land, with snow on some distant peaks; and from the little balcony you looked down on gardens and curious flat roofs covered with rough arched tiles.

“The landlady had never heard of Antoine Court, but when she understood what we wanted she offered to go with us to the house of a Protestant merchant (there are only five Protestant families in the town), who was himself absent from home, but whose lady would help us. It was a lovely spring morning, the sky blue, the air nipping. The town is white, and consists of ancient narrow streets with the half-eastern looking houses common in these parts, lighted by small windows, and usually with closed shutters. We peered into vaulted entries and up the dark stone stairs. The merchant's lady sent her servant to show

us the house we were in search of, the birthplace of Court. As we went along, half the town came to its street-door to see the strangers; all were silent and respectful; and when we reached the house, a group of women gathered round and confirmed the identity of the place. But the owner of the house was ill or absent, and the key could not be had, so we were obliged to be content with the exterior."

Antoine's father died when he was only four years old, and with him departed the chief support of the family. His mother, "tenderhearted, yet steadfast and austere," remained a widow, and devoted herself to the education of her children, dividing the strong love of her heart between them and God. It being a time when, in the eye of the law, there were no longer any Protestants remaining in France, (the king's subjects being presumed to be all good Catholics), Antoine was baptized by a priest, and at the age of seven sent to the town school. He would seem to have been the only Protestant scholar, and as such he had to bear the taunts and ill-usage of his school-mates. They jeered him, pelted him, spat on him; and, as he went home, cried after him, "Ha! ha! eldest son of Calvin!" One day they resolved to make him go to church. Four of the strongest went to his house and attempted to drag him from the stair-rails by which he held. The neighbours advised him to yield, but Antoine resisted so obstinately that his persecutors had to leave him. In three years the boy had learned all that his master could teach him, reading, writing, a little arithmetic, and the elements of grammar. In Villeneuve there was an upper school where Latin was taught, and at Aubenas, two leagues distant, a Jesuits' college, but in each case admission was to be gained only by attendance at mass. Antoine, as a true child of his parents, preferred to remain ignorant rather than violate his conscience.

The Camisard war was not yet ended; and the boy grew



up familiar with alarms and hiding-places, implacable priests and savage soldiery. In the Protestant houses, as evening drew on, the mother would assemble her family round the hearth, read a chapter in the Scriptures, and relate moving stories of the persecution and the war; and the neighbours coming in would carefully close the door while they conversed on the Bible history, the prophets, the heroic combats of the Camisards, not yet at an end, the miracles, and the martyrdoms. Then in a low voice, lest spies should hear, they would pray together, and murmur David's Psalms and their own rude chants.

Nos filles dans les monastères,  
Nos prisonniers dans les cachots,  
Nos martyrs dont le sang se répand à grands flots,  
Nos confesseurs sur les galères,  
Nos malades persécutés,  
Nos mourants exposés à plus d'une furie,  
Nos morts traînés à la voierie,  
Te disent (ô Dieu !) nos calamités.

“The children listened in silence. Little by little the stories they had heard filtered into their minds, and seeing themselves at the same time hemmed in by so many dangers, their thoughts travelled back to the source of all their calamities, and they gradually imbibed an invincible horror of everything which belonged to the Romish faith. It was not a matter of judgment, but of terror and of hereditary abhorrence.”

The pleasant paths of knowledge being closed to the young Antoine, his friends proposed to put him to a trade, but he had no taste for business; his mind was turned towards the gospel, and he spent his time in enquiries concerning the truth. Alas! few could answer his questions; and the inquisition for Protestant writings had been so effectual that there were no books remaining in the house except a few leaves of a Bible which had been rescued and

stitched together, and which the boy read over and over again.\*

Whilst still a lad he noticed that as night drew on his mother sometimes stole out of the house. Was it to attend those nightly meetings which he had heard spoken of under the breath? One evening he followed her. He came up with her at a distance from the town. She stopped and asked whither he was going. "I am following you, mother; you will let me accompany you as far as you go; I know you are going to pray to God; you will not refuse me the favour of doing the same." She was affected to tears; she set before him the dangers which must be incurred, and after strictly charging him to secrecy, said: "The way is long, my dear child, and I am afraid thou wilt sink with fatigue; but since thou art set upon it, come with me, we will worship God together." The country round Villeneuve is open; they must have gone some five or six miles before they could reach a rendezvous secluded enough to be safe from surprise. On the way they fell in with some men and young women; the former seeing the child exhausted, carried him on their shoulders.

From this time Antoine attended the Desert-meetings, and after a while, when fourteen or fifteen years old, assisted in gathering them. He invited the prophetesses and preachers to come down to Villeneuve, offering them his chamber for a lodging, and promising to keep watch for their safety. The war had left the country in a state of effervescence; men's minds were still heated and strained. Women and young girls, some of them no older than Court himself, ran through the Cevennes exciting the people, and in 1711 some of the more enthusiastic

\* The search for Protestant books was renewed from time to time. In 1730, the city of Nîmes was ransacked for printed books and manuscripts, and a great bonfire of Bibles, Psalters and sermons was made in the public square.

preachers would have risked a fresh insurrection if they could have found a leader.

When Court was seventeen, a preacher named Brunel coming to Villeneuve spoke of emigration, and asked Court to join him. Court joyfully consented, but as it would be some months before they could safely pass the frontier to Switzerland, they resolved to make a journey together through the Upper Vivarais. On the way they met some prophetesses, who foretold to Court a remarkable future, and conjured him not to leave the country. One of them, falling into an ecstasy, cried out as if from the Holy Spirit: "The sword which thou seest at my servant's side is my Word, which shall be in his mouth like a two-edged sword; the plentiful dew which thou hast seen descend upon his head is the same Word which shall dwell abundantly with him." These words made a deep impression on the youth. One day at one of the meetings, when all were striving to outdo one another in tears and prayers, Court caught the infection, and broke forth into preaching. It was a small company of about thirty, all women. They applauded and extolled him, hardly refraining from regarding him as an angel sent from Heaven. Looking back on this time he wrote: "The happy effects of my youthful efforts convinced me that God approved my desire to consecrate myself to the ministry of his Church. Young as I was, I yet foresaw all the terrible consequences of such a choice; but the firm persuasion that God would watch over me and grant me his protection so long as I did not render myself unworthy of it, confirmed my resolution. It seemed to me that nothing could be too dear to sacrifice for a Church for which the Son of God had yielded up his life on the accursed tree, and nothing more glorious for me than to lose mine for his sake."

In this state of mind he continued the circuit of the

Vivarais. His youth, the fervency of his discourses, his disinterestedness, his unwearied activity, and, to quote his biographer, "that kind of aureole which encircles the man destined to accomplish great things," completely won the hearts of the mountaineers. On his return he told his mother he had made up his mind to be a preacher. Although she fully comprehended the dangers to which her son would be exposed, and saw herself about to be deprived of his support, her heart did not fail. She loved the gospel, and amidst her tears and the yearnings of maternal solicitude, she consoled herself with the advantages which her beloved Church would derive from her son's ministry.

Abandoning therefore his intention of fleeing to Switzerland, Court commenced another circuit; this time through Lower Languedoc, returning by the Vivarais. The success he met with encouraged him to visit Dauphiné, and afterwards Marseilles. At this great port, where he arrived some time after our friend Jean Marteilhe was set free, he found on their floating prisons a hundred and fifty of the brethren, and with these he spent several months, organising a religious service on one of the vessels.\*

Whilst at Marseilles, Court received a letter from a preacher named Corteiz, requesting him to meet him at Nîmes. Corteiz was a native of the Cevennes, where he was born the year before the Revocation. He had been a preacher of the gospel from the age of sixteen. He belonged to the party which condemned the use of the sword, and when the war broke out he refused to join the insurgents. In 1704, under a passport from Marshal Villars, he removed to Lausanne, where he learned the trade of a weaver and kept a small school. Here four

\* These were no doubt the remainder of the three hundred who were liberated in consequence of Queen Anne's intercession. See ante, p. 55.

refugee pastors gave him authority to administer the sacraments until the Church should be re-established. In 1709, in company with Etienne Arnaud and Salomon Sabattier, two other preachers who died a martyr's death, he returned to the Cevennes, where he resumed his ministry and endured severe hardships. "The fields," he said, "were my bed for three years."

## CHAPTER III.

ANTOINE COURT FORMS A PLAN FOR THE  
RESTORATION OF THE CHURCH—JACQUES  
ROGER.

INCESSANT labour broke down Court's health, and he was obliged to take a season of rest. In his seclusion, at the village of Saint-Jean-de-Ceyrargues, between Alais and Uzès, he continually meditated on the forlorn condition of his fellow believers. He was only nineteen, and without learning; but he had been instructed in the school of experience, and he was not one of those who enter on their work at a venture. Before resuming his mission a plan must be formed for future labours. At Easter he had met the few surviving preachers of the desert, and they had partaken together of the Supper, but no plan had as yet been devised for restoring the Church. What was to be done, and how? was the question which had incessantly presented itself during his late journeys; and now in his solitude the remembrance of all he had seen rose up, and at the same time the history of the Church since the Revocation unrolled itself before him. There were three alternatives: flight; a renewal of the insurrection; resignation to suffering. The first seemed to him to be nothing less than an avowal of distrust in God. To fly was to despair of the success of Protestantism in France. As to the second, Court, who like Brousson, was not thoroughly imbued with the pacific spirit of Christianity, would not have shrunk from taking up arms as a last resource; but

he sincerely deprecated fighting, and with reduced numbers and a waning enthusiasm the call to war would, he knew, meet with but little response. Moreover, a rising would be easily quelled, and would be followed by increased severities on the part of the government. No course remained therefore for the Church but to trust in Divine providence, and resign herself to present suffering, in the hope that in course of time the hearts of her persecutors might be softened. When he came to consider the best way of reviving and re-settling the scattered flock, four measures presented themselves. First, to call the people together and accustom them again to the practice of public worship. Second, to restore the discipline; the elders, the consistory, the colloquies, the synods. Third, to form a band of young preachers, and to invite the exiled pastors to return, and if these should lack the martyr-will and not respond to the call, to raise money from abroad for a training college for ministers. Lastly, to put down the fanatical spirit, which he believed to be an insuperable obstacle to the restoration of sound faith and good order. Notwithstanding that the words of the prophetesses whom he had met two years before had at the time deeply impressed him and even helped to shape his course, his strong practical disposition, his devotion to order and government, together with the experience he had gathered in the meantime, had gradually brought him to the last-named resolution. "My early circuits," he afterwards wrote, "led me through the Vivarais. My eyes fell upon scaffolds and gibbets still stained with the blood of Protestants whom the spirit of fanaticism had driven into rebellion; and I met with several men and some fifteen women or girls who to the vocation of preaching united that of prophecy. I should hardly be believed if I were to relate the puerile utterances, utterly unworthy of the name of religion, which fell from these persons, some of them impostors, some of them

dupes. It was no rare thing at the meetings, small as they were, to see two or three women, and sometimes men, fall into an ecstasy and speak all at once." Court's antipathy to the prophetesses did not spring only from their extravagancies and the disorder which sometimes attended their ministrations; he held also, in common with almost all Christendom, that it is forbidden to women to preach. That a comprehensive interpretation of gospel teaching on this matter leads to a different conclusion is now happily admitted by not a few Churches; but it could not be expected that Court should be in advance of his age on such a subject as this.

Whilst Court was thus occupied, another preacher was revolving the same great question of restoring the Church. This was Jacques Roger, then an exile in Würtemberg, who in 1708 had already preached in Dauphiné, and who, though a native of Languedoc, regarded the former province as his adopted country. The death of Louis XIV. in 1715 seemed to him to open the way for resuming his mission, and he returned to Dauphiné in the autumn of that year. Court and Roger began the work of restoration at the same moment, but in entire ignorance of each other's movements.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE FIRST SYNOD: BENJAMIN DU PLAN.

Court lost no time in reducing his plan to action. Eleven days before the king's death, *viz.*, August 21st, 1715, in a deserted quarry near Nimes, he assembled his first synod. It consisted of nine persons, amongst whom were the preacher Etienne Arnaud, and the prophets Jean Huc (*alias* Mazel) and Jean Vesson.\* These met at dawn, and Court, who was chosen moderator (chairman), proceeded to unfold his project. He proposed that they should choose elders, whose duty it should be to appoint the meetings, collect for the poor, watch over scandals, secure hiding-places for the hunted preachers and provide them with guides from place to place. He suggested prudential methods in holding the meetings, so as to elude the vigilance of the police. Lastly, he declared that fanaticism must be put down; that the prophetesses, especially, must be silenced.

Seated on stones around him, the little group of earnest men listened with fixed attention to every word from the lips of the youthful reformer. To his two first propositions they gave a ready assent; but when he proposed to put down the prophetesses, amazement was depicted on every countenance. To Huc and Vesson, especially, this an-

\* The historians speak of Pierre Durand as one of the nine, but Pierre was at the time only fifteen, and would hardly, one would suppose, have been invited on such an occasion.

nouncement must have been most unpalatable; and it is not improbable that the antagonism they afterwards showed to Court and his measures had its origin at this synod. As we shall presently see, they became the most formidable opponents of his plans. Neither they, however, nor any others who were present, seem to have been prepared to offer opposition. Those present who were not preachers were appointed elders. A code of general regulations was adopted, and ordered to be made known throughout the province; and the preachers were charged to go forth and wake up the Churches.

The original articles of this first synod are lost, but it is understood that they were identical with those which were adopted by a synod in the Vivarais in 1721. These were:—

1. All pastors, candidates for the ministry, and elders, shall subscribe to the forty articles of faith of the French Protestant Church.

2. Pastors and candidates shall take an oath to obey the king in all things not incompatible with the faith of the gospel; and prayer, both private and public, shall be made for the king and his counsellors.

3. The word of God, as it is contained in the Old and New Testaments, shall be the only rule of faith.

4. The Holy Scriptures and the Commandments shall be read in the meetings before the sermon.

5. The pastors shall catechise the people, both publicly and privately, explaining doubtful texts; and to insure uniformity of practice, Drelincourt's catechism shall be used.

6. The pastors shall offer prayer in their own houses three times a day, and shall cause the same to be done in the families where they may visit; and on Sundays they shall spend three hours with the family with whom they lodge in devotional exercises.

7. The elders shall be chosen by a majority of the members.

8. All who resort to the priest for marriage or baptism shall be suspended from communion, and those who countenance them shall be censured.

9. The synod shall meet annually; and if any question shall arise in the interim, it shall be brought before a colloquy consisting of three pastors and six elders.

10. The elders shall supply the pastors with what is necessary for their maintenance.

11. To diminish the danger of the meetings being disturbed, the minister shall not preach more than one hour.

12. Women shall be forbidden to preach. Nevertheless, such of them as have edified the Church by sound doctrine, and who are disposed to visit the sick and instruct the young from house to house, shall be allowed to continue in the same as heretofore.

Besides these regulations, the first synod instituted (or revived) a practice in which the duty of mutual oversight in the rulers and teachers of the Church was carried to an extreme. Beginning with the preachers, all the members of the synod were required to leave the room two and two, and, during their absence, those who remained were invited to remark freely on their conduct and manner of life. The chairman summed up what was said, and on the return of the absent brethren pronounced approbation or censure as the case required. The moderator himself did not escape this searching enquiry.

At first the preachers received no emolument; they were entertained by the faithful wherever they came, When they began to be supplied with money for their clothes and maintenance, it did not exceed a few pence. It is related that once three meetings produced less than one penny.\* At the synod of 1719, Court proposed to

\* One sol (or sou), six deniers.

make a regular provision for the married preachers; to one was allotted some sacks of corn and of chestnuts, and twenty livres in money; to another, fifty crowns in money. From 1713 to 1723, with the exception of two years which he passed at Geneva, Court did not draw a sou from his hearers; his relations and friends provided for his wants. In 1721 it was resolved that the elders should provide the pastors with clothing and other necessaries. The synod of 1723 voted 100 livres (£4) a year for each candidate on circuit, and fifty for those who were stationary. But even this frugal provision could not always be raised. We read of some who, in place of a hundred livres in silver, received only seventy in paper-money. The elders shirked the duty of collection wherever they could, for their visits were unwelcome to an impoverished people. Even when persecution slackened and money began to flow in, the salaries of the pastors were very moderate.

On his return from the synod, Court met Benjamin Du Plan, the son of a feudal lord of Alais. This was a young man, but still some years older than Court, who, at the age of twenty-two, had quitted the army to devote himself to preaching the gospel. Like Court, this purpose had been stimulated by the words of a prophetess, who said: "I say to thee, my child, fear not, the enemy shall not touch thee, thou shalt pass through fire and water and not be afraid." Besides being older, the young nobleman was Court's superior in knowledge and experience, as well as in social position, so that for awhile Court looked up to him for instruction and counsel.

## CHAPTER V.

COURT SILENCES THE PROPHETESSES--EX-  
TRAVAGANCIES OF THE "INSPIRED"—HUC  
AND VESSON.

THERE WAS NO doubt a pressing call for the interference of the Church in regard to the "inspired." The ordeal through which the Protestants of Languedoc had passed had wrought a change in the religious belief of many of them. Deprived for a whole generation of their pastors, their devotional books, and almost of their Bibles, they had drifted away from sound gospel teaching. By degrees "they had come to believe in nothing but the supposed commands of the Spirit, directly revealed to them." About the year 1715 a systematic form was given to this belief. A manuscript was circulated in Lower Languedoc, called the Book of the Spirit, in which it was declared that "God the Father had done His work, Christ had finished His, and it was now the turn of the Holy Spirit." Court found that it was not sufficient to make laws against soi-disant prophets and fanatical preachers. The evil must be personally grappled with. He therefore at once addressed himself to the task.

At Nîmes a woman named Tibaude was holding some small meetings. One day Court found his way into the room. The company consisted of seventeen persons. The prophetess entered, passed into a state of ecstasy, spoke for some time in an unintelligible jargon, and then, turning to her auditors, addressed to each a couplet in French,

beginning with her husband. Court listened in silence till she had finished. When, in accordance with an unbecoming practice which seems to have crept in during the disorders, the audience rose to applaud her, he cried out that what they had heard could not possibly have come from God. The company were amazed ; the prophetess left the room without speaking a word, and was followed by all the hearers ; Court was left alone. The next day he went round to the members of the church, from house to house, and succeeded in convincing them that Tibaude was an impostor. He followed up his advantage, passing from place to place, confronting the prophets, and putting down deceivers with a strong hand. But in the ranks of the "inspired" there were many sincere God-fearing men and women, and it sometimes happened that with all his desire to deal gently with honest enthusiasts, the sharp pruning knife of the reformer cut off living branches. There were many humble disciples who, like Daniel Raoul,\* hungered for spiritual bread such as they did not always find in the authorised ministrations of the Church, and many prophets who, far from running into extravagancies, preached only repentance, pardon for sin, holiness, and charity. "And when the hearers," says an historian, "returning from the meetings, conversed on what they had heard, fasted, confessed their sins, and made known their requests to God, God, as they believed, answered them, reproved them, and gave them fresh commands. Thus permitted to hold silent converse with the Eternal Spirit, they became calm and resigned, reposing in the tranquillity of their consciences." In this description we recognise characters which more or less have marked the true children of God in all ages. Moreover, the sober-minded among the prophets were always ready to submit their doctrines to the test of Holy Scripture. When

\* See ante, p. 67.

questioned on their claim to spiritual gifts and on the ministry of women among them, they appealed, as Peter did on the Day of Pentecost, to the prophecy of Joel. "And it shall be in the last days, saith God, I will pour forth of my spirit upon all flesh : and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams : yea, and on my servants and on my handmaidens in those days, will I pour forth of my spirit ; and they shall prophesy " (Acts ii. 17 and 18). "The Holy Spirit," they said, "had revealed himself in every age ; in the apostolic times he had worked by miracles, and he would continue to inspire his own children to the end of the world." "In what age," they asked, "could there be greater need of this inspiration than in the present ? When proud preachers fall into error and vice, must they not be recovered ? When they spend all their labour on the outward form of their discourses, is it not necessary to bring men back into near relation with God by the very words of the Spirit ?" In this language, true though it may have been, we see the indication of an exclusive and uncharitable spirit which afterwards showed itself from time to time. Such sentiments were highly distasteful to a mind like Court's, especially when the prophets called in question the necessity of academical training for the ministry. "It is not," said one of them, "by university learning that men are qualified for my work ; depend only on the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and thou shalt find thyself better qualified than thou couldst be by all the learning of the universities."

It was not without much pains, nor without violent opposition, that the party of the "inspired" was silenced. The prophets, Vesson and Huc, placed themselves at the head of the malcontents. In 1720 the synod imposed silence upon Vesson, bidding him obey the word of Scripture, which says that "the spirits of the prophets are to be

subject to the prophets." To this admonition he paid no regard. The next year, at the pressing solicitation of Court and Corteiz, Pictet of Geneva published a Letter to those who believed themselves inspired. Pictet possessed great authority with the French Protestants, and his letter influenced many. Vesson and Huc, however, were not to be convinced. They now united themselves to a company at Montpellier, who repudiated all authority, and acknowledged no guide but their own illuminations, and at whose head was a woman named Verchand. This sect, which was known under the name of the Multipliers, ran out into extraordinary vagaries, and at length drew upon itself the watchful eye of the government. Whilst Court and his colleagues were perplexing themselves how to counteract the mischief, the pitiless Bernage, Bâville's successor in the intendency of Languedoc, saved them all further trouble. Having learned from his spies what was going forward, he sent a detachment of a hundred soldiers to the house of Mademoiselle Verchand, March 6th, 1723. Six men, one of whom was Vesson, a lad, and six women, were engaged in holding a mystic service. Two rooms, one within the other, were tricked out with laurels, fruits, a seven-branched lamp, Hebrew inscriptions, scales, a compass, a banner, and other devices. Three of the men, who ranked as magi, wore gilt caps, albs, and baldrics, and two of the women caps of watered silk and aigrettes. The soldiers took them all, and carried them just as they were through the streets in chaises-à-porteur to the citadel.

Short work was made with the unhappy enthusiasts. The fear of death was too strong for Vesson, who offered to turn king's evidence, demanding as the price of his treachery, his liberty, secrecy, and a reward of 500 crowns. His offer was rejected. On the 22nd he and two others of the men were brought out of the citadel in their shirts, with ropes round their necks, and each holding a burning



torch of wax. Being led to the cross on the Esplanade, they did penance, after which they were hanged on lofty gibbets. Following them, pale and trembling, came the other prisoners, who, with four more Multipliers from Lunel, were made to witness the execution of their friends. They themselves were then taken away, the men to the galleys, the women, amongst whom was Mademoiselle Verchand, to the Tour de Constance.

Huc, who had withdrawn to the mountains, had been already apprehended, and had been brought to Montpellier and confronted with Vesson. Fear and the solicitations of the priests induced him to abjure. But this act of tardy submission did not save his life. On the 5th of May, within a fortnight of Vesson's death, he was executed on the same spot in the presence of a vast crowd. He endured the penalty with great fortitude. The Romish clergy gave him a pompous funeral: two hundred Penitents walked at the head of the procession, six Cordeliers followed the bier, and thirty-six ecclesiastics, on either side, gathered the alms of the faithful. The corpse was laid in the vault of one of the principal churches. A thousand livres from the royal exchequer was paid to the man by whose means Huc was apprehended.

The question of the Inspired is of vital importance in considering the condition of the French Protestant Church, not only at the time of its revival, but also in relation to its future history. Court and his colleagues, Corteiz and Roger, carried out what they believed to be necessary and best for the work of restoration; but it is possible that a Church restorer, with larger sympathies and a more comprehensive view of the gospel, might have retained what was genuine in the prophets, and have infused something of their simple faith into his own creed, and something of their spiritual warmth into his own practice.

There was, however, a man of influence in the Church who sympathised with and defended the party of the inspired. This was Benjamin Du Plan, of whom we have already spoken. Like Court, he had received a call to the ministry through the prophetesses, but he had not, like Court, cast away the remembrance of it as though it was a thing of nought. At one time he corresponded with Mademoiselle Verchand, but when he found that Vesson had put himself at the head of the Multipliers, he drew back, and besought that lady to lay aside her fancies, and separate herself from the impostors by whom she was surrounded.

How the Inspired were to be treated was a subject which was often debated between himself and Court. Court wrote: "On this subject we have always been the antipodes of each other, your experience persuading you that there are truly inspired men and women; mine, that there are not." Court wrote again (1721): "Whenever the idea comes to me that these people attribute their foolish imaginations and extravagancies to the Holy Spirit, a shudder runs through me, my flesh quakes, my hair stands on end, and I am in fear lest Heaven's thunderbolts should strike down these wretches who make God the author of such folly." On another occasion he wrote to Du Plan (1723): "The marks of a true prophet are holiness of life, a generous courage, knowledge of the future, power to discern men's secret thoughts. Above all, he must always speak the truth; if he swerve ever so little in this respect, he is a cheat, an impostor.\* Bring your prophets of the present day to this test, and you will discover only deceivers and liars." Du Plan replied: "I have never approved of the rebels, the heretics, or the schismatics; I have protested against both Vesson and Huc. I detest impostures and superstitions, but I cannot approve of rash

\* He seems to mean doctrinal truth: see below, Chapter XI.

judgments, nor of those sharp tongues which, in the name of piety and zeal, without knowledge or understanding, cry, 'Take them away; crucify, crucify!' . . . I have always maintained, both in public and private, that there have been amongst us, and still are, those who have received extraordinary gifts from the Holy Spirit. I could name some who possess the characters set down in your letter as essential to a true prophet. I have known those who without study have spoken the wonderful things of God much more fluently and convincingly than those who have prepared themselves by study: their doctrine was orthodox, their life pure, their courage generous, their prophesyings true. They have sounded my heart, lashed my vices; they have stimulated me to virtue, and have foretold many things which I had it in my mind to accomplish. When I have seen danger imminent, they have fortified me, promising on God's behalf that my enemies should not touch me, and that I should pass through fire and water, having nothing to fear."

Court was in the same position as Luther, with Popery on the one hand, and on the other a spiritual interpretation of the gospel, which he did not understand, but which, though suffered to run wild by some weak and imaginative men, was yet essential to the right comprehension of divine truth. Luther declared, in his controversy with Carlstadt, "God has resolved to give no one the inward things save through the outward; not to give the Spirit and faith, save through the outward word and sign." Schwenkfeld, one of the purest and brightest characters of the Reformation, said of the Lutherans, "They know Christ after the letter, after his historical teaching, miracles and deeds, not as He is to-day, living and working." And when he was excommunicated by Luther, he wrote with a Christian gentleness, which the French prophets seem to have lacked: "It is sad to me that they are striving

against the living Christ and his Spirit. We will sincerely pray to God for them ; for it will at last come to this, that they and we shall one day all have to acknowledge our foolishness before our Master, Christ."

Amongst the papers seized by the police at Mademoiselle Verchand's were some letters written by Du Plan ; Huc also, in his dying confession, implicated that nobleman, though unjustly, in the proceedings of the Multipliers. An order was accordingly issued for his apprehension. He was attending a synod near Nîmes. Being warned of the danger, he took to flight, and for two years wandered about in disguise, a price being set upon his head.

## CHAPTER VI.

ETIENNE ARNAUD—DUPLICITY OF THE  
GOVERNMENT.

THE Protestants, as we have said, reaped but little advantage from the change of ruler. The Declaration, which was issued in the name of Louis XIV. six months before that monarch's death, was not suffered to remain a dead letter, and the persecution resumed its old course. Court wrote to Bâville protesting against the new ordinance; but in accordance with his character of devotion to law and authority, his letter is wanting in the free spirit which ought always to animate those who plead for the rights of Christ's Church. "The Protestants," he says, "demand neither the right of holding meetings in cities, nor permission to build temples; all they ask is leave to go into the woods and deserts, where they may freely call upon the God of their fathers; but," he adds, in a nobler tone, "they are too well convinced of the necessity of their meetings to renounce them, and they have long known how to sacrifice their lives for their faith."

Some time afterwards Court met with Jacques Roger, who, as has been said, had conceived the same project as himself in regard to Dauphiné, and who had already begun to carry it out. The two reformers found themselves closely united in experience and purpose.

In 1718 the preacher, Etienne Arnaud, who, it may be remembered, had accompanied Corteiz on his return from Lausanne in 1709, and was a member of Court's first

synod, was apprehended as he was returning from a meeting. His arrest would have led to bloodshed if it had not been for Court's intervention. The prisoner was conducted by a guard of only forty soldiers, and his friends resolved to set an ambush on the road and rescue the youthful preacher. They consulted Court regarding the enterprise. Court loved Arnaud as a brother, and would have done everything lawful to save him, but he was not ready to sacrifice the cause to the man; he forbade the attempt, and the ardent band desisted. At the same time Du Plan, who had friends at court, interceded for the offender. The reply was so favourable that Arnaud might have been released had not Bâville transferred him from Montpellier to Nîmes, where the judges were ready to act as his tools. Arnaud was condemned to be hanged, and the sentence was executed at Alais, January 22nd. The youthful martyr met death with such patient firmness as to draw tears from the eyes of the governor, the Jesuit who attended him on the scaffold, and even the executioner. This was the last judicial murder perpetrated by Bâville. The old pro-consul had served his king with singular fidelity, not having been absent from his province for a single day for thirty-three years, during which period, it was calculated, 10,000 persons were shot, hanged, or broken on the wheel, and 90,000 died of hardship and ill-usage! \* Seventy years of age, worn down and deaf, it was time he should be released. His place was supplied by Bernage, Intendant of Poitou, a man as vigilant and as pitiless as himself.

In this year, when the regent was hard pressed by Spain under the able rule of Cardinal Alberoni, news was brought

\* The number of French Protestants who perished in the dragonnades, the Revocation, and the persecutions which followed, is estimated at 200,000; the number of emigrants at from 300,000 to 400,000.

to Paris that the Huguenots were being tampered with by Spanish emissaries, and were ready for revolt. The rumour, though utterly false, produced some consternation. No troops could be spared, and the government was reduced to the expedient of engaging the exiled pastor, Basnage, then at the Hague, to pour oil upon the waters. Basnage accordingly sent a Letter of Instruction to the French Protestants, exhorting them to loyalty and submission. The letter was printed by royal authority, and scattered broadcast through Poitou and Languedoc. The Desert preachers were indignant that such advice should be thought needful, and replied in a long and eloquent letter, written by Court, deprecating all dependence on force, but at the same time emphatically insisting on the duty they owed to God. "To our last breath," they said, "we will render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; but we will never cease to render to God the things that are God's." The government, to satisfy itself, sent an envoy into Languedoc, and another into Poitou. No signs of revolt were discovered in either province; the Languedoc envoy gave Court his benediction; the Poitou commissioner said in his report: "These poor people have been greatly wronged; their meetings, far from being instigated by our enemies, have no other object than divine worship, and when they meet they pray for the king and the regent." Court and the preachers were jubilant at the issue of the enquiry; the former exclaiming, "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and providence of God! Who could have imagined that when we were looked upon as a miserable people, forsaken by God and man, Divine Providence should have been preparing an opportunity which should enable us by incontestable proofs to convince the king of our fidelity and obedience." This exultant language seems to be somewhat out of place; one would have thought that, after their long and bitter experience,

the Huguenots would have paid little regard either to the frown or the smile of princes. They were soon undeceived. The Spanish armies were defeated; the fear of internal trouble passed away; and the government returned to its old course of distrust and persecution. Chamilly, Intendant of Poitou, writing to Versailles for instructions, was answered: "His royal highness (the regent) continues in the same mind, to wit, that the preachers, the readers, those who lend their houses for the meetings, and the chief persons who attend, must be arrested"; and, a few days later, adverting to the imprisonment of a preacher at Niort, "His royal highness is persuaded that in tracking and apprehending such persons we shall best succeed in putting down the meetings." The persecution, it is true, was not so sanguinary as it had been under Louis XIV; there was not the same unscrupulous use of the military, nor the same wholesale slaughter, nor were there the same instances of revolting barbarity; but the animus was the same; the rights of men, the duties of justice and mercy, were still trampled under foot.



## CHAPTER VII.

## WITHIN THE FOLD.

Court and Corteiz encouraged one another in their arduous undertaking, and now extended their labours beyond the former limits. At Béziers, it was so long since the New Converts had heard the preaching of the Gospel that they were too fearful or too indifferent to open their doors to the messengers, some even disputing their authority. On one occasion, as the ministers were beginning to preach, they were asked to show their letters of ordination. Corteiz drew out the certificate he had received from the refugee ministers, but Court, stopping him, pointed to the Bible, and at the same time referred to the proceedings of the synod. What synod? they had never heard of any. As the preachers sadly retraced their steps towards the Cevennes, they concluded that regular ordination was necessary, and agreed, subject to the approval of the synod, to go to Switzerland for this purpose, a perilous enterprise, but in their opinion indispensable.

Corteiz made his way across the frontier in safety. Finding the Church at Geneva unwilling to incur the displeasure of France by the public ordination of a Desert preacher, he proceeded to Zurich. The ecclesiastical authorities of this city also raised difficulties; but Corteiz persevered, and they yielded. After a three days' examination, letters of ordination were granted to him. When, at the end of five months' absence, he returned to the

Cevennes, he was received with great demonstrations of joy.

Court now proposed to do as Corteiz had done, but the synod considered his life too valuable to be risked. Why should he not be ordained by Corteiz? Accordingly an old and tried member of the Church was associated with the newly ordained preacher in examining Court. The consecration took place November 21st, 1718, at night, but with as much circumstance as safety permitted, a multitude coming together from the neighbouring churches.

It was a laborious work to awaken a people in such a condition as was the Church in Languedoc. It was difficult to gather meetings for preaching, and, moreover, preaching was not everything; the impression produced by a sermon soon passed away; it was too often like a glimmer in a dark sky, which, after the illumination, returns to its former state. Only the poor, who had nothing to lose but liberty and life, responded freely to the invitations; men of substance were but little disposed to run into certain danger for the sake of hearing a preacher. It was necessary, therefore, that the reformers should insist strongly on the reading of the Scriptures, catechising, and family prayer, accustoming the people to say, "We have no temple; do Thou fill this house with thy glorious presence. We have no pastor; be Thou our Pastor, and teach us the truths of thy Gospel." The refugees, and the churches of Holland and Switzerland, made liberal grants of books, which intrepid colporteurs undertook to convey across the frontier, and with the help of the preachers to distribute through the country. The hunger for this "manna in the wilderness" was great; Bibles, Psalters, and catechisms were pounced upon with avidity. At the same time fast-days were instituted, an outcome of the mistaken idea, legal rather than evangelical, that affliction is always the consequence of sin, that God is

an offended Being who is to be propitiated, and that something like penance is necessary to this end. On New Year's day, and on the occurrence of any fresh calamity, a general fast was observed, with confession of sins and mourning. The preachers went through the country to bring the people together for this purpose.

But what Court desired above all things was academical teaching for candidates for the ministry. Until this should be provided, he did the best he could to supply the want. He was accompanied in his desert journeys by several young men. "I used to pitch my camp," he writes, "under a rock or in the dry bed of a torrent, where we made a canopy of branches of the trees, supported by poles. This was our parlour, our garden, and our study. I proposed for consideration a point of doctrine, a moral precept, or difficult texts to be reconciled. Beginning at the youngest, I required them one by one to give their opinion, and then again to state their objections to what had been said; after which I gave them my own interpretation. Then, constructing an impromptu pulpit, each in turn was called upon to deliver a discourse, on which the rest commented."

In the solicitude which Court thus showed for intellectual qualification for the ministry, he was only following the traditions of his own Church and the example of most of the Reformed Churches of Europe. It is to be remarked, however, that he says little of a higher qualification. We cannot suppose he had any doubt of the necessity of a divine gift for the ministry of the gospel; but his own mental constitution, and his dread of fanatical influence, disposed him, if not to undervalue this gift, at least to keep it in the background. In the Protestant Church the sermon was a homily on a particular text or subject, prepared with learning and study, and composed with that careful attention to style which has always characterised French

preaching. Successful essays of this kind were transcribed, circulated freely, learned by heart, and delivered again and again from place to place. It is not thus, however, that the ministry is set before us in the New Testament. There, both by our Lord and his apostles, the heavenly gift is the one thing needful; all other appliances are subordinate. Whilst Paul charges Timothy to be diligent in reading, exhortation, and teaching, and even to give himself wholly to them, he everywhere insists on the divine anointing as the true qualification. "Christ," he says, "sent me to preach the gospel, not in wisdom of words, lest the cross should be made void, not in persuasive words of wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power"; "which things," he says again, "also we speak, not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Spirit teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual."\* And here it is to be remarked that as the call to the ministry can come only from Christ, so the ability to exercise it week by week and day by day must proceed also from Him.

Hitherto since the conclusion of the war the desert meetings had been small. By the year 1718 they had begun to increase; instead of only a hundred being present, they sometimes rose to thousands. The women, more enthusiastic and courageous than the men, formed the larger half of the congregation. The meetings were as yet held only in the night time. Sentinels were placed in all directions to give notice of the approach of the troops. The exiled pastors in Holland were alarmed at the report of these meetings, and Basnage wrote a letter of remonstrance to Court. Court replied: "Imagine five or six shepherds having charge of thirty or forty thousand sheep, scattered over a wide country; how could they possibly feed them if they did not form them into flocks? What

\* 1 Cor. i. 17; ii. 4, 13.

if some houses or farms have been laid waste, some of the brethren sent to the galleys, many imprisoned, and here and there one put to death; do we not know that the cross is inseparable from the profession of the Gospel? . . . Our meetings are held without tumult; no one brings arms to them." Basnage expressed himself satisfied with the explanation. Similar remonstrances reached Court from Geneva, to which he made a similar reply, and with the same happy result, one of the pastors writing back that all good men rejoiced at the success which was attending the desert meetings.

## CHAPTER VIII.

POITOU—MARTYRDOM OF JEAN MARTIN—  
DAUPHINÉ.

MEANWHILE the persecution did not relax. In Picardy the soldiers scoured the country night and day. In Saintonge, Chamilly burned the houses of those who attended the desert meetings. In Guienne, in 1718, the Duke of Berwick wrote to the regent that the meetings must be dispersed by force. The regent consented, and directed besides that the preachers who were taken should be put to death. In the Comté de Foix, Poitou, and even in Brittany, unlearned but faithful men, who loved the gospel better than life, went from place to place to recall the Protestants to their convictions.

The reader of 'The Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century' may remember how large a space was occupied by Poitou in the persecution under Marillac, which preceded the Revocation. The subdelegate Chebrou, intendant of the city of Niort, was a worthy successor to Marillac. Less prudent than their brethren in Languedoc, the Poitevin Huguenots held large meetings in the daytime on the ruins of their demolished temples. When the report of these proceedings reached Versailles, Maurepas wrote to the intendant: "Pursue the meetings untiringly; brand the memory and confiscate the goods of those who die relapsed. A few examples would produce a good effect. Especially don't fail to capture the preachers." One of these named Nivet, being apprehended, was asked by the

subdelegate, "What will the little flock do, now that we have taken away its shepherd?" "Don't trouble yourself, sir, about the little flock," was the reply; "there is a Shepherd beyond your reach who will never abandon it." Seeing that the subdelegate derided him, Nivet persisted: "You laugh now, but it will not always be so; one day both you and I shall appear before a judgment-seat more just than yours; then the words will be fulfilled, 'Blessed are ye that weep now, for your sorrow shall be turned into joy; but woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep.'" Another of these devoted preachers was Berthelot, who gathered meetings of from 2000 to 3000 persons. He was apprehended and put in prison.

A worthy successor was found in Jean Martin. On Sunday, February 19th, 1719, whilst meetings were being held at two other towns, this preacher gathered the people of Benet, a small place two hours' distance from Niort. A portable desert-pulpit was set up on the site of the temple which had been destroyed more than half a century before, and the old men who were present shed tears of joy at the sight of this token of renaissance. Chebrou, informed of the meeting, went with thirty men in search of the preacher. A traitor revealed his retreat. Martin was apprehended and carried in triumph to Niort, where, together with a reader named Nousille, he was thrown into prison.

Chebrou's violent proceedings caused a panic; emigration recommenced, and many escaped to England and Holland. The court perceived the danger; the intendant was reprimanded, and orders were given to liberate the prisoners. Mortified at this interference with his work, Chebrou only half obeyed the orders, keeping some still in prison. Amongst these was Martin, against whom a judicial process was instituted. To insure his conviction, false witnesses were suborned, who deposed that he had preached revolt against the king and the slaughter of the priests.

The judges pretended to be satisfied with the evidence, and Martin was sentenced to be taken to Benet, the place where he had preached, and there to be hanged. Nousille was condemned to the galleys for life. The day fixed for the execution, although it was known in the prison the evening before, was not communicated to Martin himself, and none of his fellow-prisoners had the courage to tell him. At supper a salad was served. One of them said: "It is an excellent salad; if I see such carried along the street to-morrow, I shall buy some." Martin joined in: "I should like to do the same." The eyes of all present were filled with tears. Martin at once comprehended the cause, and said: "Do not think that it troubles me; do you not know that this is what I am every day waiting for? You weep for me; you should rather weep for yourselves, for you remain in the tribulations of this mournful life, but God is graciously delivering me from them to make me a partaker of another life, happy and eternal. Do we not believe that the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be weighed against the glory that shall be hereafter?" Some who heard him declared that if at that moment they had seen the executioner enter to bind them also and lead them to the scaffold, they would have been content to die; they almost envied Martin his happiness. After supper and a fervent prayer the prisoners all laid themselves down to sleep on their straw, and it was remarked that Martin slept as soundly and peacefully as usual.

The execution was appointed for the 1st of July. At eight o'clock the jailor's wife came to tell the prisoner that the archers were waiting for him at the gate. He took leave of his companions with words of exhortation and encouragement. "If," he said, "I had any doubt that the religion I have professed and taught is the true one, I would tell you so; but I am as sure of its truth as I am



that I shall die to-day in defence of it, and you cannot renounce it without denying the Son of God." Martin's wife was waiting for him in the prison yard. They threw themselves into one another's arms, and, with many tears, promised to meet again in heaven. "Comfort thyself in the Lord," he said; "remember that I do not suffer for any evil deed, but only for preaching the gospel." He was then bound on a horse in the presence of Chebrou, and conducted to Benet. The curé, who accompanied him on horseback, exhorted him to return to the Romish Church. Martin paid no attention to him, but gave himself to prayer and psalm-singing. When the priest would have interrupted him, "I am astonished," he cried, "that you wish to prevent me from praying to God."

When the escort arrived at Benet, they found the place deserted. To avoid seeing the man of God put to death, all the inhabitants, both Catholic and Protestant, had fled. The martyr's last moments were witnessed only by the subdelegate, the archers, two priests, a monk, and the executioner. The ecclesiastics pressed him hard to retract his errors, and so save his life. He replied in these few noble words: "I am contented to part with my life as a testimony to my faith;" words which were introduced by Chebrou into the *procès-verbal* of the execution, not from sympathy with them, but as the language of a fanatic. In putting Martin to death, the subdelegate had no other regret, as he himself avowed, than that he was unable in the same manner to get rid of the rest of the offenders. The execution of their pastors did not deter the Protestants of Poitou from continuing to worship together, only now they met by night and in remote places.

A colleague of Martin, a preacher named Potet, was arrested, and suffered martyrdom with the same constancy as his friend. He was stripped and bound on a horse, and in this way carried from Niort to Lusignan,

where he was hanged. His dead body was left eight days on the gallows, in the hope that the brethren would betray themselves by coming to take him away.

In Dauphiné, Jacques Roger laboured incessantly at the work of revival. Like the Poitevins, however, the people were over-confident and imprudent. They publicly gave out that they were going to the meetings, which was interpreted at the court to signify that they were meditating a fresh insurrection. The soldiery were let loose on the province.

In January, 1719, on a false report, the Count de Medavid sent troops into the mountain valley of Bourdeaux (near the town of Dieu le Fit), where, it may be remembered, a conflict took place in 1683 between a royal force, under St. Ruth, and the warlike pastor at the head of his congregation.\* Now, however, the inhabitants not only made no defence, but offered hospitality to the soldiers. Nevertheless, they were treated like people of a conquered country. The lieutenant-colonel of the battalion, touched with their misery, restrained the violence of the troops, and wrote to the court that the king had no subjects more faithful in all his dominions. The reply he received was an order to demolish seventy-two houses in the valley. The order was not obeyed to the letter; eight only were pulled down, but without warning, so that the inhabitants were unable to save their effects; and to strike the more terror, it was done on a Sunday, the Protestants themselves being forced to assist in the work. De Medavid wrote to the Bishop of Gap: "The chastisement I have just inflicted on the valley of Bourdeaux will serve as an example to the whole province, and the Huguenots will take care in future not to draw down on themselves our missionaries." Those in the valley who still had money

\* See 'The Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century,' p. 90.

not only shared it with those who had lost their all, but collected three or four thousand livres, which they offered to the lieutenant-colonel who had protected them from pillage and massacre. The officer nobly refused the gift; nay more, he pleaded their cause at Versailles so successfully that the court recognised the injustice which had been committed, and sent to the parliament of Grenoble a sum of money to indemnify the sufferers. The money, however, never reached the parties for whom it was intended. When the soldiers had departed, Roger and his fellow-labourers visited the valley, carrying temporal assistance and spiritual consolation; and the next year the district was blessed with an abundant harvest.

In 1720, a meeting near Nîmes, at which Court presided, was surprised. The preacher escaped, but the soldiers made many prisoners, three of whom, women, were sent to the Tour de Constance; the rest, who were men, were taken to La Rochelle, with iron collars on their necks. They marched out of Nîmes soaked with rain and mud; nevertheless, as they filed through the streets of the suburbs, they took off their caps and raised a psalm. The convoy was thirty-nine days in reaching Lyons, where it was joined to another chain of forçats from Burgundy, and thence was marched across France to the western port. From La Rochelle the prisoners were transported to the mouths of the Mississippi to swell the French settlement of New Orleans.

## CHAPTER IX.

## PROSPERITY OF THE CHURCH.

IN 1721, the South of France was visited by a pestilence. In the city of Marseilles alone half the population (upwards of 40,000 persons) perished. The intrepid conduct of Bishop Belzunce, the Chevalier de Rose, two of the sheriffs, some nuns, and three physicians who came from Montpellier to tend the sick and dying, will always be remembered in connection with this calamity. The effect of this visitation was to quicken the zeal of the newly awakened, who looked upon it as a Divine chastisement for their sins. When the preachers spoke of suspending public worship for fear of infection, the people would not hear of it: they still flocked in crowds to the desert meetings.

During this time Court was at Geneva. He had slipped away unknown to his friends to plead the cause of the oppressed and neglected churches. He contrasted the zeal of the papists in sending an infinite number of missionaries to the heathen, with the apathy of the Protestants who suffered their brethren to languish with a few pastors and a handful of candidates, wool-carders, tailors and shopmen. But he was unable to induce either the exiled preachers or any foreign pastors to jeopardise their lives in this desert ministry. Court returned in August, 1722. A price had been set on his head, and he was obliged to go round by Paris, and then only just escaped being apprehended. During his absence of two years the Church had enjoyed comparative repose, and had continued to gain strength.

A commissioner sent by the Intendant to make the circuit of Languedoc wrote, "Everywhere meetings are being held; one hears Psalm-singing, without any attempt at concealment, both in the open country and in the towns." Corteiz, who had to bear the burden of the Churches in Court's absence, found it very heavy. "I have," said he, "my pocket full of letters; I am overwhelmed with visits; in vain I give orders that no one shall see me; the people of the house cannot keep them out."

This season of unwonted tranquillity lasted till 1724. The pastors and elders hastened to make use of the propitious interval. The newly organised communities were strengthened and extended, and many others set up in villages and towns where the faithful had lost their corporate existence. We are not left to depend on Protestant writers for our knowledge of the prosperity of the Church at this time; the Catholic authorities amply confirm their testimony. The report of the Intendant of Dauphiné is of especial value. His estimate of the wealth amassed by the preachers may provoke a smile; but his testimony to the devotion of the New Catholics to their old faith, and to the tenacity with which they held on to it, is unimpeachable. "The Protestants," he says, "number a fourth part of the population. They are quiet, but very obstinate in their errors. They are called New Catholics, but nothing can induce them to perform a Catholic act. They refuse to send their children to us for instruction, and if all the relapsed were to be punished, no one would escape. The blind zeal of the curés forces them either to live in concubinage or to be married by their own ministers. When they succeed, as they sometimes do, in sending their children to Geneva for instruction, the children come back to diffuse the poison which they have imbibed, and to disseminate the detestable books which serve to perpetuate their error. That which most contributes, however, to preserve this heresy is the

preachers. These idle and dissolute men come into the province under pretence of apostolic zeal, and amass large sums by collections made under the cloak of charity for their poor members. At least half of the nobles are infected with the error; but none of these, nor of the upper class of citizens, ever attend the meetings. They are too much devoted to the king's interest."

To the same purport is a memorial sent to Versailles by the Bishop of Alais, August, 1723. "The heresy has made during the last three years more progress than in the thirty-five years before. The meetings which formerly were few and secret have become frequent and so public and numerous that more than 3000 persons have been present who have brought with them 400 horses. And although they are aware that to carry arms is in the highest degree criminal, it seldom happens but that a number of armed men attend to cover retreat in case of surprise.\* The churches are abandoned; parents have ceased to send their children to the schools; and those whom we have with great care brought up in the doctrines of the Church, yielding to caresses or harsh treatment, readily fall back into error. There are zealots who are wholly occupied in undoing the good we strive to do, expounding Scripture with dangerous application from house to house, offering prayer and reciting the sermons of their ministers, arranging marriages, and getting possession of the chambers of the dying, so as to bar our entrance. Some withhold their children from baptism, and some marry without the priest. Geneva books are multiplied *ad*

\* This allegation contradicts Court's explicit statement to Basnage five years before, that arms were not brought to the meetings (see ante, p. 253). But the mountaineers were always ready to seize their weapons on occasions of danger, and at a later period we find that the favour of the Duc de Richelieu was almost forfeited by their persistence in this inveterate habit.

*infinitum* : they are sold in large numbers at the fairs, and are hawked in the villages from house to house. But that which affects us most keenly is the perversion of the Catholics themselves. There is hardly a town or village in which instances of this kind are not to be found, and the number augments every day." Alluding to the execution of Huc and Vesson at Montpellier, which although related some chapters back had taken place only a few months before this time, the bishop says : "The punishment of the fanatics has made but a feeble impression;" and concludes, "So many disorders after forty years of care and toil by the most skilful men of the last reign, and in the midst of a solid peace, augurs much evil for the future, and shows the necessity for decided action." The action proposed by the bishop is the old method of persecution : in enunciating it, he lets fall one or two remarks which throw light on the situation. "Those," he says, "who give religious instruction in private houses are more to be dreaded than the preachers, because they have access to people of means whom they uphold in their estrangement from our religion ; they are the soul of all the intrigues, and maintain a ubiquitous correspondence even in foreign countries. The perverts are mostly servants and labourers ; few of them possess property, except some women who have married into Huguenot families."

The Secretary of State, St. Florentin, writing in 1724, supplies a pendant to the bishop's memorial : "I am informed that in some provinces the priests find themselves alone in their churches : the bell for mass on Sunday serves for the meetings of the religionists."

## CHAPTER X.

THE DECLARATION OF 1724 — A CALM  
BEFORE THE STORM.

IN 1723 the Duke of Orleans died, and was succeeded in the regency by the Duc de Bourbon, a hard and frivolous prince, who was under the direction of the Bishop of Nantes, and of Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus, tutor to the young king, and afterwards cardinal. The price which Fleury paid for his promotion was that he should receive as his confessor the Jesuit, Pollet, a restless, intriguing man. The Jesuits governed Pollet, Pollet governed Fleury, and Fleury governed the Duc de Bourbon. Louis XV., who was still a boy, being only in his fourteenth year, was declared of age.

Every change of administration, every new event in the political history of the country, re-awakened the hopes of the Protestants. Ever since the death of Louis XIV. they had been buoying themselves up with the promise of happier times, and now they flattered themselves that the young king, as a thank-offering for the joyful event of his majority, would promulgate an edict of toleration. An edict appeared indeed, but instead of being a measure of justice and clemency, it was an act of renewed severity. Bâville was employed in preparing it. To the retired intendant of Languedoc was committed the work of fusing all the persecuting decrees of former years into one comprehensive enactment. It was his legacy to his victims in Languedoc. By this act, the cords by which the Protestant



Church in France had been so long bound, and which had become latterly somewhat loosened, were drawn tighter than before. In the preamble the youthful king is made to say: "Of all the grand designs which the late king, our revered lord and great-grandfather, formed in the course of his reign, there is none which we are more heartily disposed to follow and execute than that of the entire extinction of heresy in the kingdom, to which he indefatigably applied himself down to the last moment of his life. With the design of carrying out a work so worthy of his zeal and piety, our first care immediately on attaining our majority has been to inform ourselves of the edicts, declarations, and orders in council which have been issued on this matter, to renew their provisions, and to enjoin on all our officers the observance of them with the utmost exactitude."

The following were the principal provisions of the edict:—

It was forbidden, under penalty of the galleys and loss of property for men, and of imprisonment with the same loss for women, to profess any other than the Romish religion.

All preachers were to be put to death, and all who harboured them to be punished with the galleys or imprisonment for life.

Attending meeting with arms was made a capital offence.

New-born infants were to be baptized by the curé of the parish within twenty-four hours.

Marriage was to be solemnized only according to the rites of the Church, and parents or guardians allowing marriage abroad were to be sent to the galleys.

All Protestant children were to be sent to Catholic schools, new schools being opened in parishes where none existed before, and the masters and mistresses were to take the children to mass and instruct them in the

mysteries and duties of the Catholic faith. Parents sending their children out of the kingdom for education were to pay a fine of 6000 livres for every year.

Physicians, apothecaries, and surgeons were to inform the curé as soon as their patients were in danger; and Protestants were forbidden, under penalty of the galleys or imprisonment, to exhort or comfort their sick or dying brethren. All who during their illness should declare their intention to die in the R. P. R. were to be reported, and if they recovered, were to be banished for life, and their goods forfeited.

Heretics were ineligible for public offices, and were forbidden to practise law or medicine, or to carry on the trade of printer or bookseller.

The fines and the confiscated goods of the condemned were to be applied to the maintenance of the New Converts.

The date of this Declaration is May 14th. It was published by proclamation through the mouth of the heralds, and by placards posted in every city, town, and village.

The new ordinance fell on the Protestants like a thunder-bolt. The more ardent among them began to form fresh schemes of revolt. "Their loyalty and patience," they said, "had only brought down upon them increased severities; nothing was left but once more to try the issue of a general insurrection." Court hastened through Languedoc to quiet the excited spirits. His exhortations, arguments, and appeals to their better feelings were happily successful. A synod was convoked at which the all-important question was debated, Were they to emigrate, or to remain in the country? Basnage, Saurin, and the other refugee pastors, in their letters, counselled emigration; Antoine Court opposed it. The deliberation in the synod was long: in the end everyone was left free to do as he would, but the preachers were bidden to encourage the faithful to suffer patiently. Under the pressure of this

new calamity, the synod also issued a general admonition to mutual harmony and charity, advising the speedy settlement of law-suits; and at the same time ordered a general fast, "to appease the Divine anger, and to arrest the torrent of vice, which was the shame of the Church."

The Declaration was not at once put in force: it was suspended *in terrorem* over the heads of the Huguenots for nearly two years. Court made use of the interval in another attempt to obtain the help of the exiled pastors. He wrote to Saurin, the eloquent preacher at the Hague, entreating him to return to France, or to send them some ministers. Saurin replied, as he had done before, that the return of the pastors appeared to him an unnecessary expedient, and full of peril. Court caught up his words: "The return of the ministers," you say, "would redouble the persecution, and charity forbids such a risk! Novel kinds of charity, according to which it is better to incur the loss of the soul and of heaven, and suffer everlasting pains, than to risk one's ease and liberty! Here are a numerous people hungering and thirsting after righteousness. By all that is most sacred and tender in religion, by the divine compassion, by the precious blood of Christ, by the part the faithful ministers have in their Master's glory and the Church's welfare, this people, scattered through the desert, without pastor and without pasture, and encompassed by an enemy fierce and powerful, entreat you no longer to stand aloof, but to come and deliver and strengthen them."

Still there was no response, and Court and his fellow-labourers, thrown back on their own resources, set themselves to bring the scattered churches into a closer confederation. They were unable, however, at this time to do more than to render those of Languedoc, Dauphiné, and the Vivarais mutually dependent on each other. It is gratifying to find that at the synod at which this matter was put in

train there was a difference of opinion as to the adoption of a creed. It would seem that the article of the first synod, requiring the signature of its members to a formal confession of faith, had not been put in force; for Court now proposed that the synod as a whole, and the pastors individually, should put their hands to the creed of the Calvinist Church in accordance with the practice before the Revocation. Roger objected. Court replied: "We cannot, it is true, command faith; but it is essential that those who teach should be of one mind in the Lord. Our doctrines are pure and orthodox, and it ought to be no hardship to sign a confession which has always been received as orthodox, and which has been adopted by assemblies as illustrious as have ever met since the time of the apostles." Neither the argument of expediency, however, nor of authority, prevailed, and Court was obliged to abandon his proposal.

On May 1st, 1725, a synod was convened to consider the question of appointing a Delegate-General to the courts of the Protestant sovereigns. Benjamin du Plan, the defender of the "Inspirés," offered himself for the service; his connection with that party provoked some opposition to his name, but Court generously pleaded for him, and he was appointed by a unanimous vote. His special mission was to secure the good offices of the Powers with Louis XV for the revocation of the oppressive edicts. Du Plan refused to accept any emolument for his services. He went first to Geneva, whence he sent a large number of devotional books into France, and organised their distribution by colporteurs. At Lausanne he collected funds for the seminary for young preachers, which Court had planned some years before. During his sojourn in Switzerland, however, the religious intercourse which he held with the Inspired, some of whom had taken refuge there, gave umbrage to the churches, and at a synod held

in 1726 Corteiz proposed that he should be recalled. Nearly all the members supported the proposition. Court alone stood by Du Plan, and defended him so eloquently that the assembly was obliged to declare itself satisfied. Du Plan's personal enemies, however, still kept their own opinion. The deputy sent an apology to the synod, promising to desist from communion with the Inspired. The next year, at a synod held in the Vivarais, the same scene was repeated. Court was absent, but Roger now defended Du Plan, who was in consequence retained in his office and furnished with a fresh commission as Deputy-General.

In Dauphiné the work of reconstructing the churches still went forward. On the 1st of January, 1726, Roger wrote to Court: "We need some of your skilful and intelligent candidates. If you were to send us ten or twelve we could find work for them, and even for as many more, for the harvest is great."

The synod of May, 1726, was convened as a *National Synod*. Sixty-six years had elapsed since the last assembly under that name had been held. The invitations on this occasion were extended as widely as circumstances would permit; but the response was small; the delegates who came from beyond the three provinces of Languedoc, Dauphiné, and the Vivarais were very few. The synod met in a secluded valley in the Vivarais, and consisted of three pastors, Roger, Court and Corteiz, eight candidates, and thirty-six elders. Here Pierre Durand was ordained minister. The result of the synod was to bring about a more systematic visitation of hamlet by hamlet, and house to house. After making a circuit in Languedoc, Court wrote: "I have administered the holy Supper in all the churches, sometimes to more than a thousand communicants. Almost everywhere persons of distinction have been present, whose zeal, long dormant, has revived."

## CHAPTER XI.

THE DECLARATION PUT IN FORCE—MARTYR-  
DOM OF ALEXANDRE ROUSSEL.

THE Declaration of 1724 remained in abeyance until Fleury came into full power. This was in 1726. As soon as the cardinal had the reins of government completely in his hands, he gave out that he would put down heresy and extinguish the very name of Protestant in France. This unfurling again of the old sanguinary banner was hailed with exultation by the clergy. From all sides memorials of congratulation and support flowed into Versailles.

The provost of the Cathedral Church of Nîmes repeated the complaint of the Bishop of Alais three or four years before: "The deprivation of their religion for forty years," so he wrote, "has not detached the Huguenots from it. The parents have but little difficulty in effacing from the hearts of their children the first impressions we had given them. Many who were once enlightened and had tasted of the heavenly gift have gone back, and are exercising a pernicious influence on those whom we are labouring to recover. Even Catholics are drawn into their error. The Huguenots are no longer intimidated by the royal orders, which they regard only as thunderclaps,—a sound and nothing more. One is ready to believe that the Calvinists are now as numerous as they were before the general conversion."

In September, 1727, Languedoc was singled out as the especial object of the edict, which was strained so as if possible to entangle in its meshes all Huguenots whatsoever. Persons only suspected of being present at the meetings were condemned without legal process. School-masters were required to make out lists of the children of the New Converts, between the ages of seven and fourteen; and fines were imposed on parents who withheld their children from school or mass. The province was divided into 156 circles, in each of which the New Converts were made responsible for the meetings held within it, and were subjected to arbitrary fines without process of law. Moreover, in case of the arrest of a preacher, the circle in which he was apprehended was to pay a fine of 3000 livres. The ministers were tracked with renewed vigilance, and a price set on their heads. The ordinary desert preacher was valued at 1000 livres; Corteiz at 2000; Court at 10,000. Like Brousson and the missionaries of the preceding generation, the preachers travelled through unfrequented ways, mostly by night, often lodging in the open field, under a tree, or in a cavern. Court had some narrow escapes. One day as he was sitting at the foot of a tree near Nîmes, composing a sermon, he caught sight of some soldiers. They had heard that he was in the neighbourhood and had come out in search of him. He climbed into the tree and hid himself amongst the foliage, from whence he watched their movements until the danger was passed. At another time he was invited by some persons of distinction to hold a meeting at Alais. It was a snare laid for him by a nobleman who coveted the informer's reward, and who had obtained a company of dragoons to waylay him. The meeting was surprised: Court escaped only by concealing himself in a dung-heap, where he lay twenty-one hours. Unhappily, on some occasions, he failed to practise Marteilhe's excellent maxim that "it is never lawful for a

Christian to tell a lie." \* At one time he gave a false name ; at another he induced or suffered his host to feign himself sick, and to swear that no preacher had ever been harboured in his house. Possibly these strictures may appear to some readers over scrupulous, but nothing has done more injury to the cause of Christ and the progress of mankind than disregard for the truth on the part of Christian men. The mischief began early, and unhappily received sanction from some of the most distinguished of the Fathers. The Church showed herself only too ready to follow her mistaken leaders, until sophistry and fraud reached their height, and falsehood was raised to a science in the casuistic treatises of the Jesuits, so effectually exposed and confounded by Pascal. A more conscientious regard for truth came in with the Reformation, but the gospel standard has too often been lowered by Protestants as well as Catholics. If it should be objected that the subterfuge employed by Court was of a different kind from those just spoken of, being resorted to only for the saving of life, it may be answered that truth is worth more than life, and a lie is more to be dreaded than death. It is not safe on any plea to reduce or tamper with the divine law : if a breach, however small, is suffered in the reservoir, how shall the waters be kept in ?

Notwithstanding the perilous nature of the times, in 1728 Court ventured again to administer baptism in public. "On Sunday, June 6th," he writes, "the churches of Genolhac, Frugère, and Pont-de-Montvert [mountain villages familiar to us in the narrative of the war] were summoned to meet together. It was a large assembly. Five infants were baptized, a spectacle which had probably not been seen since the Revocation. Tears flowed from many eyes. After the service the people seated themselves in groups on the grass and partook of the simple food they

\* See ante, p. 17.



had brought with them; then all joined in a hymn. Before leaving I blessed five marriages."

The arrival of the minister on these occasions was eagerly watched for, and as soon as he appeared he was surrounded. All had something to communicate, some case of conscience it might be to propound; or they came to kiss his hand, or ask after his health. His visits were so infrequent, and he was so much beloved, that it took him several hours to get through his work and to satisfy the wishes of the people.

One of the first victims of the renewed persecution was Alexandre Roussel. This youthful preacher, who had just completed his six months' ministry in the Lower Cevennes,\* had appointed a farewell meeting, November, 1728. It was to be held on the western side of Le Vigan, where the country opens into an irregular valley or group of valleys, divided by round conical hills, terraced and cultivated to the top. It is a fruitful land of vines, mulberries, orchards, and chestnuts. Beyond the hills are seen dark purple mountains, one behind another. A road carried up on the hillside threads the valley, and from it, two or three miles up, there is a steep descent to the village of Aulas. Tradition relates that it was at this point, called Côte d'Aulas, that Roussel was overtaken as he was on his way to attend the meeting. He was surrounded by four horse-soldiers, and carried before the sub-delegate of Le Vigan, who interrogated him:—

"In what places have you preached?"

"Everywhere where I have found a meeting of Christians."

"Where is your dwelling-place?"

"Under the vault of Heaven."

\* The preachers had circuits allotted to them, and were changed every six months.

He was taken to Montpellier and immured in the citadel. His mother had been wet-nurse to a nobleman of high rank, the Prince of Soyon, and as soon as she heard of her son's arrest she threw herself at the prince's feet, conjuring him by the milk with which she had nourished him to save her son's life. The prince visited him and advised him to feign himself mad. But like Victoria in the Diocletian persecution, whose brother sought to deliver her by pretending she was not in her right mind, and who answered, "This is my mind and I have never changed it," Roussel replied: "I am greatly obliged for your good intentions, but allow me to tell your highness that I have never been of more sound mind than I now am, and that my conscience does not permit me to counterfeit madness." His mother then tried other friends. "For any other crime," they answered, "we would willingly intercede, but not for the crime of religion." Disconsolate she went to condole with her son in the prison: "O! my son, no hope, no mercy; it is in France an unpardonable crime to pray to God." "Mother," he answered, "say no more; to me it is sweeter to go to death than to a festival; I sigh for my home in Heaven." He was found guilty and condemned to be hanged. The delay was brief. The executioner entered his cell accompanied by an archer who happened to be an acquaintance of Roussel's. The archer was much distressed, and embraced him weeping; but Roussel himself remained unmoved, and falling on his knees prayed with fervour. Some monks came in who used all their eloquence to shake his faith. He replied to them with firmness and suavity, assuring them that so far from fearing death he looked upon it as the end of his pains, and earnestly begged them to leave him in quiet as having no need of their services. The major, who entered as he was uttering these words, reproved him for despising the reverent fathers, who were come to prepare him for death.

Roussel replied that he did not despise them, and that he had never despised any man. Then taking off his outer garments, he was led, with bare head and feet and a rope round his neck, to the scaffold in the Place de Peyrou, the same spot where Brousson and many others had suffered. A double file of troops, with fixed bayonets and drums beating, lined the way. The monks accompanied him, pressing round with so much importunity that he was obliged to push them away. "Like the patriarch Abraham," says the Protestant historian, "he drove away the evil birds from the sacrifice he was about to offer." Notwithstanding the drums, a few of the spectators contrived to get near enough to hear him sing part of the LI Psalm,\* and the last verses of the XXXIV. His countenance showed no trace of terror or sadness; he was perfectly calm, his eyes uplifted towards Heaven. At the foot of the gallows he again knelt and prayed, and as he ascended the ladder he cried out, in the words of his Saviour, "Lord, forgive them, they know not what they do." The

\* The LI Psalm in Marot's version commences:

"Misericorde au pauvre vicieux  
Dieu tout-puissant, selon ta grand' clémence,  
Use à ce coup de ta bonté immense,  
Pour effacer mon fait pernicieux."

The necessity of a special cleansing of the conscience before death, even for those who lived continually in near relation to their Saviour, was an idea which had come down from the Romish Church. Augustine taught that even the most experienced Christian ought not to die without a season of penitential retirement. As he himself felt death approach, he caused the penitential Psalms to be written out large and hung before him on the wall, and in this manner, in solitude and prayer, he passed the last six days of his life. It is scarcely needful to say that there is no foundation in the New Testament for this teaching.

For a notice of Marot's version, see 'The Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century,' page 27.

executioner, moved with compassion, begged him even then to save his life by changing his religion. Finding him inflexible, he performed his office, and the soul of the martyr was caught up into Heaven. Roussel was twenty-six years of age; he died November 30th, 1728. When his mother heard of his execution, and of the serenity with which he met death, the fear and anxiety which before had weighed down her spirit, all vanished, and she was filled with joy. Court offered her his consolations; she replied: “If my son had shown any weakness, I should never have taken comfort again, but since he has continued steadfast to the end, how should I not return thanks to God who strengthened him.”

## CHAPTER XII.

COURT'S SEMINARY FOR MINISTERS: HE  
REMOVES TO LAUSANNE—THE MORA-  
VIANS—STATE OF THE CHURCHES.

AMONGST the hardships of the ministry under the cross were the separation from wife and children, and the uncertainty and delay in the transmission of letters. Court was married in 1722 to a virtuous young woman, known amongst her friends by the name of Rachel. They had three children. Down to 1727 she had lived at her home at Uzès without being molested by the authorities. One day, the newly appointed commandant of the city stopped before her house, put some questions to her neighbours, and passed on. Court heard of it, contrived to visit her by stealth, and begged her to quit the country. Accordingly she left her home, but it was many months before she succeeded in passing the frontier. At length, in April, 1729, she arrived with two of her children in Geneva, that ark of safety from the deluge.

The departure of his wife decided Court to follow her. She was weakly and needed his care, and moreover his favourite project of opening a seminary in Switzerland for the training of Desert preachers, which for a while he had put aside as a temptation, had presented itself again with new force. "I wish," he wrote, "to contribute all in my power to found a seminary for young students. I wish, too, to open a correspondence with all the Churches in the kingdom, and to collect materials for a history which

should transmit to posterity the miracles God has wrought for his Church." This unexpected resolve produced general consternation in the Churches. Du Plan, who was in Switzerland, divined Court's intention, and lost no time in protesting against it: "I do not blame your tender love for your Rachel, but I fear you are carrying it a little too far. Your one object ought to be to pursue the glorious career which Providence has opened to you. Having begun in the Spirit, you are not to quit your post for the sake of a creature. Mark Antony's love for Cleopatra (Du Plan was apt at classical allusions) lost him the battle of Actium, and the empire of the world. You have enemies to encounter, and an empire to conquer infinitely more glorious and solid than that of Rome in all its splendour." Court was very far from admitting that there was any ground for such an impeachment. He replied: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." The remonstrances of his friends were lost upon him. In August, 1729, accompanied by a young candidate named Barthélemy Claris, he turned his face towards Lausanne. When Du Plan heard of it, he took comfort in the hope that after a short tarriance Court would find himself compelled to return to his persecuted brethren. When, however (February, 1730), he learned that Court had sent for his black gown, he knew not what to think. He wrote in strong terms (June 1st): "I greatly fear lest, if you persist in preferring your wife and children to the Churches, God should deprive you of these treasures." The Churches themselves were not less troubled at Court's absence. In August they sent him a long letter, signed by all the pastors and candidates of Languedoc, setting before him his duty and the urgent need of his ministry, and commanding him to return; and when they found that his resolution was not to be shaken,

they withheld his modest stipend, and refused, notwithstanding his pressing request, to let him have the books he had left in France. He took up his abode at Lausanne in a small retired house at the Madeleine. Here, in the same house, with the exception of a short visit to Languedoc, he remained the rest of his life; like Chrysostom at Cucusus, governing the Churches from his place of exile. The city of Berne granted him a pension of 500 livres (£20), a small sum in itself, but invaluable to him, for he had but little money left, and his wife, who had sold her property before quitting France, had not been able to recover the proceeds. Court's children died young, except one son, who became famous in the literary and political history of his country, under the name of Court de Gebelin. His father stinted himself of necessities in order to give him a good education. Court formed an association of eminent men in Switzerland and elsewhere for the relief of the French Protestants.

Court devoted a large part of his time to his seminary. By the year 1730 sufficient funds had been collected for the education and maintenance of six candidates. The contributions came from Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, and England. The utmost precaution was used to conceal the proceedings of the seminary from the French government; all compromising letters were destroyed, and the minutes were recorded in cipher. No subscription to articles of faith was required from the students. Possibly Court had learned a lesson in this matter from Roger's firmness at the synod of 1724 or 1725. "We have no right," he now said, "to compel men to sign a confession; it is sufficient to require of them to teach nothing contrary to the truth or disturbing to the peace." The seminary could not boast of profound scholarship. Christian virtues and generous ardour of soul were inculcated rather than learning. The students were accustomed to frugality and fatigue. They

were rustic youths, and as such were despised by the aristocratic people of Vaud, who ridiculed their habits, their behaviour, and their patois. In later years several men of eminence issued from the seminary, amongst whom was the historian and statesman, Guizot. In its early days it was famous for martyrs. "Strange school of death," exclaims Michelet, "which, repressing self-exaltation, and inculcating a prosaic modesty, continually sent forth martyrs to feed the scaffold."

Not long after Court settled in Switzerland, he received a visit from the Baron De Watteville, the intimate friend of Count Zinzendorf. The baron had written to him in 1730, "from the depths of Germany." "Afterwards," says Court, "he came to Lausanne on purpose to confer with me, supposing there would be much in common between us. I also received letters from the count himself, and frequent visits from one of their ministers, in the hope perhaps of drawing me into the brotherhood. They love to make proselytes, even seeking them amongst the heathen, to whom the count has already made two journeys. Faith in the Lamb and the inward sense of the unction of the Holy Spirit make up their creed; they tend towards fanaticism." Court was as little able to appreciate the missions of the Moravians to the heathen as he was to understand their spiritual faith and inner life. It might have been happy for the Protestant Church of France if he had opened his heart to De Watteville and Zinzendorf. That which he despised in them was the one thing lacking in his system. But his deep-rooted antipathy to the French prophets, and his consequent prejudice against everything which savoured of their doctrines, raised a barrier between himself and the Moravians which he took no pains to remove. De Watteville, on the count's behalf, offered to the persecuted Huguenots an asylum in the settlement at Herrnhut. It was refused. Years afterwards, Court



designated the Moravian doctrines as "quite unsuitable for a minister under the cross, who, more than any other, is bound to eschew everything which has the appearance of fanaticism." It is very worthy of notice that although the leader of the Restored Church and most of his advisers thus rejected the advances of the brethren, seventy years afterwards, when the Church had succumbed to apathy from within and fatal influences from without, a band of the followers of Zinzendorf made their way into France, and traversing the country from one end to the other, were a principal means of restoring the true faith, and quickening the spiritual sense of the Protestant congregations.

From 1730 the new band of pastors and preachers began to spread themselves beyond the old limits. Roux and Viala made excursions into Guienne, Foix, Poitou, Saintonge, Périgord, and Normandy. In Poitou Viala found the Reformed much more numerous than he had expected. "There are parishes," he says, "where there are no Roman Catholics but the curé and his sacristan." His testimony is confirmed by that of a priest, who wrote to Cardinal Maurepas: "I cannot forbear to inform your eminence of the obstinacy of more than two thousand mutinous religionists. The passion which possesses me to win souls for God prompts me to call upon your eminence to exterminate this accursed hydra which does so much mischief." At the same time the Bishop of Poitiers, reporting two clandestine marriages in his diocese, Maurepas had the husbands shut up in a prison, and the wives in a convent, until they should consent to be re-married by the priest. The reports of the convents throughout the kingdom at this period show that a considerable proportion of their inmates were New Converts. The Vicar-General of Saintes says of his province, Saintonge: "There are few places where the religionists

have not held a meeting during the last year." In other provinces, whither the preachers were unable to go, the proscribed religion still survived, though it could not venture beyond the domestic hearth. The brethren met together under a friendly roof; an aged man or a woman commenced by reading from the Bible; prayer was offered; and in a subdued voice they sang the Psalms of the days of old. The Churches in Picardy had been weakened by an emigration consequent on the Declaration of 1724. The families which remained were generally in easy circumstances, and respected by their fellow-citizens; and they too often sought, by a worldly policy, to reconcile their conflicting interests. They took their children to the curé for baptism, but they kept their hearts open to their Protestant traditions and convictions. When, as sometimes happened, a pastor from Holland or Switzerland ventured into the country, they gave out that a relation had come to visit them. As soon as the servants, whom the law required should be Catholics, had retired, neighbours flocked in, having made their way through the hedges and the garden-alleys, and a service commenced;—prayer, exposition of Scripture, sometimes the Lord's Supper; after which the visitors would spend a great part of the night in rapt attention whilst the preacher related the news of the Churches. Before daylight everyone had returned in silence to his own house.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## MARTYRDOM OF PIERRE DURAND.

IN April, 1732, there was added to the roll of martyrs another preacher whose fate excited at the time the liveliest sympathy, and whose memory, with that of his sister, still remains dear to the Church. This was Pierre Durand : his name has occurred more than once in the foregoing pages.

Some miles to the north of the town of Privas in the Vivarais, is the little hamlet of Le Bouchet. Here at the beginning of the eighteenth century resided Etienne Durand, consular registrar of the parish, with his wife Claudine. They had two children, Pierre and Marie. They were Protestants, and possessed a Bible, a Psalter, and a few other religious books. The Church was in the depth of her widowhood ; there was no minister to perform her rites ; the children were baptized by the Romish priest. But when under the diligent hand of Corteiz and Court the Protestants began to revive, Durand and his son attended the Desert-meetings.

On January 29th, 1719, the Durands opened their house to one of these gatherings. It was held in the night-time. The sub-delegate of Privas received notice of it, and with five companies of soldiers went up to the hamlet. Most of the worshippers had time to flee ; but three men and three girls were arrested ; the former were sent to the galleys, and two of the latter to the fort of St. Esprit, the third, who was only ten years old, being let go. The soldiers

carried away a part of the furniture. Etienne's son Pierre, who was then nineteen years of age, was one of those who escaped, but being suspected of having presided at some of the meetings he was proscribed. He resolved to abandon his unhappy country, and pass over into the land of freedom.

Before following the steps of the wanderer, let us take a near view of this secluded hamlet: it was visited by the author in the spring of 1891. "The town of Privas lies in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains, and is poured out as it were at the northern base of a conical hill which is surmounted with a calvary with three crosses. On arriving at the hotel we found we could be supplied with a carriage to take us up to Le Bouchet.

"The carriage was soon ready, a strong, light vehicle, with a pair of small, active, well-matched horses; and we rattled over a couple of magnificent viaducts spanning defiles and torrents, and began the ascent which was to carry us out of the basin on to the higher land to the north. The road is engineered in long serpentine coils, so long as sometimes to seem as though they would not come back, and which open up charming views of the Privas circle and the mountains beyond. A sunny mist hid the Rhone itself, but not its narrow valley; whilst near at hand the eye fell on vines and cherry trees and peaches in abundance, with their bright pink blossoms. How these mountaineers do work, carrying up soil and building terrace walls on apparently inaccessible steeps, so as to grow vines and fruit trees, and, failing these, little strips of grass and vegetables. As we ascended, the air became more tonic, and when we reached the undulating country on the summit it blew chill. We saw but few houses, and met few people. Amongst the latter were a party of college youths, with open cheerful faces returning from a holiday ramble. On the upper land the economy of the

people is shown in the heaps of fir-cones and chestnut-husks gathered for the oven. Here the good road came to an end, and was replaced by a rough stony track up and down hill; the ground was partly covered with wood, but more frequently open, with scrub and pasture; whilst other valleys and mountain tops, in endless succession, stretched out before us.

“These, then, were the haunts of the persecuted Protestants of the 17th and 18th centuries. The Vivarais mountains, amongst which we now were, form the eastern portion of the Cevennes. Now we understood where and how the people lived; what they had to encounter when they issued from their small, widely scattered hamlets to attend the midnight meetings; what it meant when these meetings were surprised by the troops; and how, by their intimate knowledge of the country, the worshippers often eluded pursuit. We understood also how the soldiery, sharing in the general hatred to, and contempt of, the Calvinists, and chafed with their long weary climb (there was no carriage road then) through a freezing night, would be very ready to vent their ill-humour on their unresisting prey.

“But we must get on to *Le Bouchet*. The place is seldom visited, and the driver, when he spied a man in the fields, was fain to enquire the way, and more than once had to recover scent. High up we came in sight of the parish church of *Les Pranles*, perched on an open knoll, and with a convent attached to it. The deep-toned bell was tolling, two strokes at a time, and a funeral procession of sixty or seventy persons was winding slowly up the hill, headed by two priests in white robes, the coffin being borne by four figures in white, apparently young women. The company were chanting a hymn. When our road had come to its worst, and we could no longer sit in the carriage, a roof and wall appeared. ‘Is that *Le Bouchet*?’ we asked of our driver.

‘Ma foi, je ne sais pas.’ He left his horses and went forward to enquire. It was the house we were in search of, the dwelling of the Durand family, being the uppermost, on the hill-slope, of the five stone cottages which compose the hamlet.

“The entry was thickly strewn with branches of fir trees, and led under an arch, and in front of a large oven, to a small stable-yard. Thence a few steps down between rough walls took us into the kitchen or living room, dimly lighted by two miniature square windows in the thick wall. One end of the room is occupied by a wide fireplace, black with age and smoke, over which is an inscription cut in the stone mantel, which it required a candle to make out. A man and a child were in the room. The former produced a lamp, and we read the words—

LOVÉ SOY

DIEV

1696.

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E. D.

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(Praise be to God.)

Here, then, the parents Durand preserved their faith and their Bible; and here, in 1700, the little Pierre first saw the light, and, fifteen years afterwards, his sister Marie. Here they were nourished on milk and chestnuts, and in an irreconcilable hatred to the mass. This was the rude mountain nest in which so much Christian heroism, intelligence, and constancy were reared. There are some other apartments; but these are said to have been altered, only the kitchen remaining in its original state. Descending a few more steps we came to a portal with an inscription over it, which had been re-touched—

‘MISERERE MEI DOMINE DEUS MAI 1694.’

(Have mercy upon me, Lord God.)

“Before we left the premises the mourners returned from the funeral, for the deceased, a young woman of about twenty years, who had died of consumption, belonged to the hamlet. We spoke with some of them, but they did not manifest any warm interest in the history of the Durands. The memory of the martyrs is by too many preserved only as a dry record. All around was still as we left the hamlet; no sound broke on the ear save the voice of the cuckoo and the distant sheep-bell. Our merry little steeds carried us gaily back over the rough crest of the mountain, and raced along the smooth curves of the road down to the town.”

To accomplish his purpose of emigrating, Pierre Durand crossed the Rhone to see Jacques Roger, and obtain from him letters of recommendation. They met at a solitary house in the country. Roger, struck with the piety and decided character of the youth, and foreseeing the service he might render to the Churches, would not hear of his emigrating, but pressed him to remain in France and become a Desert preacher. Pierre responded to the call, and threw himself so zealously into the work that one of his pursuers said: “Durand does more mischief in the Vivarais than Calvin ever did in France, England, or anywhere else.”

He was ordained in 1726 by Court, Roger, and Corteiz, and the next year married Anne Rouvier, of the hamlet of Craux, sister to one of the three men who were arrested at the meeting mentioned above. This change in his condition produced no relaxation of his labours; the price of a thousand livres was set upon his head, and as he continued to elude pursuit, La Devèze, the sub-delegate, to force him to quit the country, had recourse to the cruel expedient of instituting proceedings against his father. On the 18th of September, 1728, an officer with twelve soldiers came to Le Bouchet to arrest Etienne. Happily he was not at home; all they could do was to carry off his books and

papers. The old man, however, seems to have lost something of his former faith ; he wrote to his son, entreating him for his father's sake to quit the country, and telling him that the price put upon his head had been raised to a thousand crowns.\* Pierre, however, was unmoved by this appeal ; and the following February La Devèze had the father apprehended and taken to the Château de Beauregard, near St. Péray, declaring he should not be released until his son had crossed the frontier. The struggle in Pierre's mind was violent, but it did not last long ; the spirit of the pastor overcame the affection of the son. Indignant, however, at being subjected to so cruel an ordeal, he wrote to La Devèze :—" From the Desert, April 22nd, 1729.—Permit me to ask if the king orders you to punish a father for the pretended crimes of his son ? Do they proceed in France with more severity against ministers of the gospel than against robbers and assassins ? Has anyone ever heard of so black an act of injustice ? The office I hold does not permit me to forsake the flock which the Lord has confided to me. Of what use, besides, would flight be, when it is absolutely determined to take my life, and guards will watch all the passages with the description of my person in their hand ? "

Although Pierre Durand would not desert his post, he sent his wife to Lausanne (October, 1730). She was accompanied by a student named Boyer, who was on his way to the seminary. She left two children behind. Some of the letters which passed between husband and wife have been preserved ; they breathe mutual affection and parental solicitude for their children, with oft-repeated hopes of reunion, which, however, were never to be fulfilled. Anne was of an anxious temperament, and being amongst strangers with very slender means, her lot was pitiable. Durand continued to labour abundantly in the gospel.

\* A crown was worth three livres.



June 30th, 1731, he writes: "I have blessed above four hundred marriages; and M. Lassagne one hundred. The meetings increase, and the people are full of courage." During the autumn he was much occupied with a troublesome affair in relation to Boyer, of which we shall speak presently, making several journeys on that account.

But Pierre's brief ministry was drawing to its close. At the beginning of 1732 the search for the young pastor was renewed, and the price set on his head raised to four thousand livres. A traitor was found, Jacques Astier, of Chalancon (near Vernoux), a surgeon, an ex-Huguenot, who set himself, with his two sons, to discover Durand's track. They united with them Jean Brun, a wool-carder, whose house stood on the road between Chalancon and St. Felix-de-Châteauneuf, a village not far from Vernoux, frequently traversed by Durand.

On the 12th of February Brun's wife saw the pastor on his way to Gammare, a small village on the other side of the town. She ran to Vernoux to give notice to Astier's sons, who informed the commandant; whilst at the same time Deboz, curé of St. Felix-de-Châteauneuf, came to say that he had heard of a meeting in his neighbourhood. The commandant, uncertain which direction to take, divided his detachment into two companies, the Astiers going with one, and Deboz with the other. It was night. Durand, ignorant of the danger to which he was exposing himself, was riding alone on a black horse along the road from St. Jean-Chambre (another village in the neighbourhood) to Vernoux. He was on his way to cross the Rhone into Dauphiné for the purpose of conferring with Roger on the Boyer affair. The country was white with snow, and there was ice on the road. About ten o'clock he arrived at a grove of chestnuts, called the wood of Vaussèche, and was descending the picturesque road at a foot pace, when the sound of his horse's hoofs met the ears of the curé's party,

which was already on its way. The soldiers stopped the horseman, but without any suspicion of his being the man they were in search of. But Deboz coming up, recognised him. Durand made no resistance, and was taken to Vernoux. It was about three o'clock in the morning. The commandant asked if he was Durand. "Yes, sir, I am he," replied the pastor, "and I know that the hour is come when I shall go from this world to the Father of spirits." They searched his portmanteau; it contained a pocket Bible, some religious books, some letters, amongst which was the last he had received from his wife and one he had just written to her, some certificates of marriage, about fifteen francs, and a loaded pistol, which he carried to defend himself against robbers and wolves.

He was lodged in the barracks. After daybreak he received many visitors, some from curiosity, some from compassion; few of either sort went away without being edified by his demeanour and conversation. Many of the Papists even were affected to tears. He was taken from Vernoux to Tournon. As the escort set out he sang the XXV Psalm. The officer treated him kindly, sharing his meals with him, and conversing with him familiarly on the way. At Tournon he was delivered to La Devèze, and lodged in the château of the Prince de Soubise. The sub-delegate was overjoyed at his capture, and wrote to the intendant that the famous minister, the solemnizer of the desert marriages, was taken.

The château at Tournon was one of the strongest feudal fortresses in France, in the possession, first of the Counts of Tournon, and afterwards of the Dukes of Soubise. Although much of it has been destroyed, still much remains. What is left is dovetailed into a bristling rock rising above the Rhone, and looks as if it might last as long as the rock itself. The walls are nearly two yards thick, and reach to the height of eighty feet. Two of the

original round towers remain, massive and picturesque. Some steep steps, passing a bed of sunflowers, lead through a ponderous door studded with enormous iron bosses into the quadrangle, surrounded by lofty walls and modernised buildings. It is here that the city has its offices of administration and justice. The Presidential Court is a modern superstructure on an ancient foundation. You see the judicial bench, the advocates' seats, and two sellettes (stools for the prisoners), on one of which, or of a similar kind, Pierre Durand was placed during his examination.

When interrogated, Durand refused to utter a word which could compromise any of his people. On his person was found the key of a small chest. Although the chest contained nothing but some books and his wife's letters, he was threatened with torture if he did not make known where it was. Accordingly he wrote to his colleague, Lassagne, who had charge of it (taking care not to disclose Lassagne's real address), asking him to send the chest to La Devèze. In his letter he said: "My course will soon be run. By God's help I shall soon seal the gospel which I have preached. Pray to the Lord to pardon my sins, to sanctify me by his Holy Spirit, and to sustain me in all my trials. I commend to you and to all good souls my poor wife, and my dear children, who will soon be fatherless. M. La Devèze has given me his word that this letter shall inculcate no one, and I take him for a man of honour." The sub-delegate, however, did not keep his word; he instructed the postmistress at Privas to let the mounted police know if anyone should call for the letter. No one came, and at the end of three weeks he had the letter copied. Nevertheless Durand's wish became known to Lassagne, and the chest was sent to Montpellier.

On the 22nd Durand was taken to that city. Before leaving Tournon, he spoke to La Devèze and the other officers; "desiring God would give them grace to administer

justice as good men, and no longer persecute his Church, but rather protect it." To the soldiers who were to escort him he said: "Gentlemen, you are a large company; a much smaller would suffice to conduct me to heaven." As they went along, the people flocked to see him. The convoy arrived at Montpellier on the first of March. The Intendant, Bernage, was as much elated as La Devèze had been, and wrote to Cardinal Fleury: "I have the honour to report a most important capture in the Vivarais, that of Durand, the famous preacher. He has blessed a large number of marriages amongst the New Converts; he gathered meetings every day, and was the cause of all sorts of disorders from the veneration the whole sect had for him." Fleury responded in the same tone. "Nothing could be more important than the capture of Durand."

Durand was consigned to the room called the royal prison, where he passed nearly two months whilst his indictment was being drawn up. On the seventeenth of March he was examined. A soldier who was present declares: "I was so impressed by his answers and his modesty that, although I was born a Roman Catholic, it would not be hard for me to die in his religion." His judges also were moved. He was visited by many priests. In particular he had several conversations with a Dutchman named Barbe, who, after filling the office of Protestant minister in England, had abjured and taken Romish orders. "I have," said Barbe, "been a preacher like you, but the doctors of the Sorbonne in Paris gave me such good reasons that I was obliged to change my faith." To which Durand replied: "And I give you better reasons which oblige me not to change, and tell you that your condition is very unhappy, and such as you ought to reflect upon." At another time Durand told the priest he felt himself "strengthened from on high to sustain the combat which awaited him." The Protestants of the Vivarais

exerted themselves to the utmost to save their pastor, collecting a large sum of money, which they offered to La Devèze if he would release him. Their efforts were of no avail, either with the sub-delegate or the Intendant.

For some weeks before his execution Durand frequently fasted to prepare himself for death. One day the jailer, having brought his dinner, sat himself down in a corner of the cell and regarded the prisoner with visible signs of compassion. "You seem to pity me," said the confessor, "but I am not to be pitied so much as you think, since I suffer for the good cause, and what greater glory can I have than to die for the gospel of my Saviour?"

It was not till the twenty-second of April that judgment was pronounced. Bernage took his seat on the bench, with the councillors on either side; Pierre sat before them on the sellette.

"Have you," asked the Intendant, "preached, baptized, and married?"

"Yes, my lord, I have preached and exhorted the people to repentance and to be faithful to the king, whom I regard as the Lord's anointed."

"Were you not acquainted with the royal decrees which forbid the exercise of the Protestant religion?"

"I am acquainted with the royal Declaration of 1724, but I did not believe that its prohibitions concerned me, because the spirit of that Declaration was the punishment of those who foment revolt, against which I have always preached. I do not believe that it was ever the king's intention to forbid his subjects to worship God according to their conscience."

All the judges were affected. When the examination was over, Durand signed his answers with a firm hand, whilst the registrar's hand trembled. Three of the judges were for the penalty of the galleys, the majority voted for death. Half-an-hour afterwards the sub-delegate, accom-

panied by his registrar, entered the prison. "You are come," said Durand, "to read to me my sentence of death"; and on being answered that it was so, he kneeled down to hear it. Then joining his hands and lifting his eyes to heaven, he cried: "God be praised! Behold the day which is to put an end to all my sufferings, the day in which this great God will crown me with his most precious graces, and give me a blessed felicity." Then turning to the sub-delegate, he besought him to ask the Intendant for the release of his father and step-mother then in the fort of Brescou, and of his sister in the Tour de Constance.\* Whether his request reached Bernage is not known; it produced no effect. As soon as the sub-delegate was gone out, the priests came in to renew their efforts for his conversion. "Die a Catholic," they said, "or you will be damned." The martyr replied that he had better reasons than all those which they advanced, and that these obliged him to die in the faith of the true religion. Then retiring to a corner he begged them to leave him. One only had the good feeling to comply; the rest remained with him till the executioner arrived.

When Durand saw the executioner enter, he put off his outer garments and requested the jailer to send them to his father. He begged the executioner, before he performed his office, to wait till he had finished his prayer. His hands and arms were then bound, and a rope was thrown round his neck. He wore a black vest, his wig, and his shoes and stockings. The priests kept close beside him. He walked to the place of execution between a file of a hundred soldiers with fixed bayonets. On the way he began to sing, when eleven drums were set beating to drown his voice; nevertheless those who were near caught some words of the XXIII and LI Psalms. His step was

\* See below, Chapter XV.

firm and his eyes were fixed on heaven. He knelt at the foot of the ladder, and when one of the priests interrupted him, saying he would have time enough to reconcile himself to God if he would change his religion, he rose and replied sorrowfully: "You have not then the charity even to let me die in peace." As he mounted the ladder one of the priests attempted to follow him, when the martyr, making a sign with his foot (his hands being bound), cried: "Keep back." A few seconds afterwards his soul was with his Saviour. Rain fell in torrents from morning till evening, nevertheless the great Place was filled with people; sadness was imprinted on almost every countenance. A few of the populace, beginning to raise a cry against the martyr, were silenced by the officers. The executioner wrapped the corpse in a white sheet. The major would not allow it to be buried in the citadel; it was laid in a grave outside, which had been dug for it near that of Alexandre Roussel.

The day after the execution Bernage reported it to the Cardinal de Fleury, who with some faint indication of remorse wrote back: "We could hardly do without making this example." The important question remained, who was to have the traitor's reward. The curé Deboz urged his claim with much assurance, and considering the danger to which he might be exposed from Huguenot vengeance, thought himself entitled in addition to a benefice. He received 3000 livres, for which he obsequiously thanked the Intendant, promising always to pray for him. Six hundred livres were assigned to the detachment by whom Durand was captured, and 400 awarded to divers spies. The Astiers and John Brun got nothing for their pains. The money came out of the fines imposed on the Protestants, who always had to pay for the capture, trial and execution of their ministers.

Durand's colleague, Lassagne, succeeded in escaping to Switzerland, where he related to the widow the glorious

end which her husband had made. Fearful and anxious while he lived, she received the news of his death with Christian fortitude: "God gave him to me," she said, "and He has taken him away. His will be done." Lassagne returned to France, and presided at a synod where a collection was made to defray the arrears of Durand's stipend, and provide for the support of his widow and children.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE TOUR DE CONSTANCE : A PRISON FOR WOMEN.

Two years previous to Pierre Durand's death, his sister was arrested and committed to the Tour de Constance.

Before the escape of Abraham Mazel and his companions, in 1706,\* the Tour de Constance had already begun to be used as a prison for Protestant women. At that time the men occupied the lower, the women the upper, hall. No men were confined there after Mazel's escape.

The first female prisoner of whom there is any record was Elizabeth Lafargue, of Montauban, who was apprehended in an attempt to leave the country, and sent to the tower in 1702. She was followed at intervals by many others convicted of the crime of attending the desert meetings. Two of these deserve special notice. One was Marie Bérand, blind from the age of four years, who was committed when thirty-two, and remained in prison till her death at upwards of seventy. The other was Suzanne de Fontanès, a young lady of good family, who had been apprehended with three of her companions. Her agonised mother could not rest without once more seeing her child, or at least hearing her beloved voice. In the guise of a beggar, accompanied by another daughter, she made her way on foot from Anduze to Aigues-Mortes, a distance of twenty leagues. Arrived at the base of the tower, the two

\* See *ante*, p. 201.

ladies began to sing a psalm. Presently faltering voices responded from within. The psalm ended, the mother cried, "Suzanne! Suzanne!" A voice came from the dungeon above, "My mother"; and their eyes met through the bars of the meurtrière. It was their last look.

Harmony did not always reign amongst these poor captives. The report of their dissensions reached the ears of the pastors, and about 1726 Bétrine wrote to them: "My beloved sisters,—The sufferings of the faithful are glorious, but they must be borne with patience and in perfect submission to the Supreme Will. In God's name cast out from amongst you the spirit of discord. Bear with charity one another's faults. Do not risk the loss of the divine protection, the good will of the brethren, and your own peace for a supposed injury, a trifle, a nothing."

The treatment of the women prisoners was less harsh than that of the men had been. They were not personally ill-used, and they were allowed to go down into the courtyard two hours every morning and evening. Their wants, too, were sometimes relieved by help from the churches, though this was often a mere pittance.

In 1730 nine persons were brought into the tower at one time. They had been arrested, March 27th, at Mas-des-Crottes, a secluded heath near St. Mamert, and some nine miles from Nîmes. The pastor, François Roux, was engaged in preaching, when a detachment of soldiers fell upon the congregation, and made ten of them prisoners, one man and nine women. Roux himself effected his escape. "I ran," he says, "a long way, with the sound of the drum in my ears, and when I stopped to rest I could hear the cry of the soldiers, 'Kill them! kill, kill!' At length I got beyond the sounds, and, falling on my knees, thanked God for my deliverance. Arriving the next morning at Sauvignargues, I was taking rest, when behold

a detachment of soldiers came into the village, and, halting before the door where I was, asked for the consul's residence. The woman of the house cried out in terror, 'We are all lost!' Peeping through the window, I saw the soldiers beginning to defile, and found they had placed sentinels round the house, and had gone for the consul. Slipping off my coat, I put on an old shepherd's frock and shabby hat, and, taking up a spade, walked out of the house towards the fields, as though I was going to work. The ruse succeeded. There was a wood near by, which I reached unnoticed, and to which, as I had desired, my coat was brought me: and I got away safely. Glory be to our God." The nine women were sentenced, April 3rd, by the Marquis de la Fare, Intendant of Languedoc, to have their heads shaved, to be shut up for the rest of their days in the Tour de Constance, and their goods to be confiscated. On the 15th of the month the doors of the tower were closed upon them.

Of all the Christian women who spent the flower of their days in the Tour de Constance, no name is so well known as that of Marie Durand. Before, however, we give a short narrative of her hardships and constancy, it may be well to gather up some fragments of the prison-life which a recent discovery has brought to light.

Upwards of a century ago, before the tower was shut up, the meurtrières of the women's hall had become choked with mortar, filth, and other sweepings of the floor, which had been allowed to accumulate. In 1879 M. Pignat, commandant of the fortifications, ordered the openings to be cleared. Amongst the rubbish was a fragment of a coarse mattress, in which was embedded a medley of relics. The chief of these were women's and children's shoes, playing cards,\* a metal spoon, some potsherds, several torn letters, and a boxwood pulley, which had been fastened

\* Probably used by the guard.

One of these letters thus brought to light was addressed to Suzanne Daumezon, one of the nine women who were committed together in 1730. She was the wife of Barthélemy Mauran,† a miller, to whom she had been married less than a year. It was from her mother-in-law, and was written on the occasion of her becoming a mother:—

“Mademoiselle and daughter-in-law,

Mauran died in 1739, and three years afterwards, having been more than twelve years in durance, Suzanne was set free on her abjuration. The following is the entry in the official book:—"In the year 1742, the 18th of the month of September, entered the communion of the Church,

† In France married women were known by their maiden names ; the practice still continues in legal proceedings.

after having abjured, in the parish church, the heresies of Luther and Calvin, Suzanne Daumezon, widow of Barthélemy Mauran, of the city of Nîmes; of which heresies, by the power which we have received from the most illustrious and most reverend bishop of Nîmes, we have absolved her.—PEYRET. FERREING LAMEYDE. GILLES, Curé."

In spite, however, of her abjuration, Suzanne kept her Protestant faith in her heart, and even ran the risk of another imprisonment by contracting a second marriage performed by a Protestant pastor.

Three of the letters were written by Antoine Jullian, a silk weaver of Nîmes, to his wife Isabeau. Their ancestors on both sides had been persons of distinction in the city. Isabeau also was one of the nine women apprehended at Mas-des-Crottes in 1730. Her husband and family employed all the means in their power to obtain her release. Two petitions to Bernage, Intendant of Languedoc, have been preserved, and are now in the possession of Isabeau's descendants. This is from the husband:—"My lord, your petitioner, Antoine Jullian, stocking-weaver of the city of Nîmes, humbly states that Isabeau Michel, his wife, when only twenty-five, was induced to betake herself to a secluded spot between Calmette and Mas-des-Crottes, where a meeting was held. Being surprised and arrested when near the place, she was sentenced by the Marquis de la Fare to be kept a prisoner the rest of her days in the Tour de Constance. For ten years she has groaned in this abode of woe, separated from her husband, your petitioner, and from three children, whom she had at the time of her misfortune. So grievous a detention seems to call for the restoration of her liberty. No plea, my lord, could be more pressing, the prime of her life passing away, her tender sex, a family who implore her return, a husband who unceasingly longs for her, tears which have flowed ever since her captivity,—all these conditions make your

petitioner hope that your Highness will grant her release." The other petition was from the poor prisoner herself.

The petitions were disregarded, and at last, after twelve years' imprisonment, overcome by misery and sickness, Isabeau, like Suzanne, consented to abjure, Sept. 23rd, 1742; and on the 30th of October an order was sent down for her release. Her dowry, however, which had been confiscated, was still withheld.

Most of the letters which have been recovered are ill-written and badly spelt; the following, without name of sender or receiver, is in a beautiful hand:—

“ Nîmes, September 1st, 1730.

“ My very dear wife,

“ . . . With regard to the cocoons belonging to Madame, the major's lady, I have given them to a silkcarder with neighbour Billiarde. He ought to have finished them the 15th of last month, but he avers it is still impossible to do so, because of the scarcity of water. I must tell you that our fountain, too, has long been dry. This is the reason of the delay, and you know besides that it is necessary to have a quantity of cocoons to work with. I assure you it is sufficient that the job is for Madame for me to bestow on it all possible care; I beg you to persuade her of this. I send you a pair of silk stockings for M. Lafont, which you will take care to convey to him with a letter which I enclose.”

## CHAPTER XV.

## MARIE DURAND.

ON the 25th of August, 1730, Marie Durand, whose home and childhood have already been described, was brought into the Tour de Constance. Her brother Pierre's letter to La Devèze, expostulating with him on the injustice of punishing a father for the pretended crime of his son,\* had only exasperated the sub-delegate, and he caused Etienne Durand to be carried away to the fort of Brescou, and his daughter Marie to be apprehended. Marie had been affianced to a pious young man, Matthieu Serre, and on the false report that the marriage had taken place the bridegroom-elect was also seized and taken to Brescou to join her father, June 28th. Marie was not actually arrested until some weeks later, when on the authority of a royal *lettre de cachet*, she was taken from her home, and on the 25th of August lodged in the Tour de Constance. To the dejected company of women whom she found in that hall of gloom the arrival of Marie Durand, though only fifteen years of age, came like a ray of sunshine into their prison life. She especially devoted herself to the aged and sick.

Although all correspondence was interdicted, the prisoners contrived both to send and receive letters. This was sometimes due to the compassion of the governor or his lady, or, as we have seen in the last chapter, to a

\* See ante, p. 288.

desire on their part to make use of the prisoners' friends. On the 19th of September, Etienne Durand wrote from Brescou to his daughter, "The author of nature has permitted that I should experience trials, which still increase. But, thanks be to God, I have always found consolation in placing my confidence in Him. We pray for all, even for our enemies; God give them grace to see the wrong they do to us and to themselves. Your betrothed is well; he lies with me in a good bed, and I hope that if he is patient and prudent he will, like me, have some liberty in the fort." In the same envelope was a letter from Matthieu Serre himself. "My darling, I write these lines to assure you of my regard, and to testify my extreme sorrow at our separation. I could neither eat nor drink till my dear intended father-in-law cheered me by the hope of a speedy reunion, and of good days yet to come for you and me. I sigh for the moment when we three shall see one another again, and I assure you that I have the honour to be your most affectionate servant, SERRE."

The prisoners in the Tour de Constance were sometimes permitted to ascend to the platform on the top of the tower, where they could breathe a purer air. From this platform their eyes fell on the blue expanse of the Mediterranean stretching southward from the fortified city below, whilst to the north they saw the rich plain of Languedoc, bounded by the Cevennes, many a familiar summit of which they could make out. But Marie's eyes would search for a dark point scarcely discernible on the south-west horizon, the fortress which contained her father and her affianced husband. There is reason to believe that the inmates of the two prisons never met again. The father was set at liberty in 1743, being then more than eighty years of age. Serre, after languishing twenty years in the fort, reflecting honour upon his bonds by his patience and constancy, was released in 1750. "You have, Sir,"



wrote St. Florentin to the intendant Lenain, "long given a good report of the conduct of M. Matthieu Serre, who has been a prisoner twenty years on the charge of marrying the sister of a preacher. The king wills that he should be set at liberty, and I send you the royal order to that effect." But the liberty granted was but a tyrant's grace; Serre was banished from Languedoc, without being permitted to see her whom he had loved in the happy days of his youth, and who still had eighteen years to wear out in her tower.

The view from the platform is thus described in the Diary, from which we have already made several extracts: "We ascended to the terrace, above which is a turret surmounted by an iron lantern. The appearance of the town from this elevated spot is curious, with its nine gates, its little streets, all at right angles, and the houses lower than the walls. A wide canal, coming from the east, winds round the town, connecting it with the Mediterranean, which is separated from us by a narrow belt of common land and low sandbanks. We found the concierge an intelligent man, ready to answer questions, and giving out his knowledge in a clear, deliberate manner. He showed us some of the shoes and one or two other of the relics discovered in the meurtrière as mentioned in the last chapter, but most of these had been taken away by admiring visitors. He told us that in summer, parties of the descendants of the prisoners, or of other victims of the persecution, come for the day, and take possession of one of the halls, where they pray, sing Psalms, and regale themselves. 'And why not?' he asked; 'have we not liberty, equality, fraternity?'"

When Marie Durand had been eight months in the tower, her brother Pierre's mother-in-law, Isabeau Sautel, was sent to join the company of prisoners. She had opposed her daughter's marriage, and when at last she

gave her consent she refused to show any sympathy towards the newly married couple. It is remarkable therefore that one of the crimes for which she was condemned was consent to her daughter's marriage. A year later Marie Durand received intelligence of her brother Pierre's martyrdom.

Little is known respecting Marie during the early years of her imprisonment. She soon acquired an ascendancy over her fellow prisoners. She was better educated, and acted as their secretary, read the Scriptures to them and led the Psalm-singing, and it is probable that her gentle influence helped them to live in greater harmony than before, as we hear no more of their disagreements.

The arrival of a new prisoner was an event in the monotony of the tower life. In March, 1737, Isabeau Menet entered. She was the wife of a nobleman of Beauchastel, a village of the Vivarais, and in March, 1735, was, with her husband, taken at a meeting. They were imprisoned two years at Pont-S.-Esprit, at the end of which time the husband was sentenced to the galleys, the wife to the Tour de Constance. She brought with her her infant son of three months old. Marie and Isabeau, who were of the same age, were presently united in a close friendship. Soon after her arrival Isabeau wrote to her sister, "I have a good friend here, Mademoiselle Durand; she is like you, and we call each other sister." "Let us pray," she wrote again in December, 1739, "that the Lord will be pleased to shorten our sufferings; but we must imitate Jesus Christ, our divine leader." In 1742 Isabeau's husband died at Marseilles, carrying with him "the esteem and regret of Lusignan, the commandant of the galleys." Soon afterwards her little son, who had reached his sixth year, was taken from her to be educated in the Romish observances, and some years later another dark shadow fell upon her life. Although her faith continued steadfast, her

intellect gave way, and on the 3rd of March, 1750, the intendant sent her back to her father insane!

Before this happened, another friend was provided for Marie Durand. In 1742 Anne Goutez was brought into the tower. She was of the same age as Marie and Isabeau, *viz.*, twenty-seven years. She was accompanied by an infant daughter. Anne's husband was sent to the galleys, where he soon sank under the hardships he had to endure.

The prisoners were not forgotten by their brethren in this country. In 1739, Du Plan, being in London, drew up a memorial on their behalf and on that of the galériens, in which he states the number of prisoners in the tower at twenty-two, not including seventeen who had just been sentenced. The appeal which he made to the charitable public in England was not in vain. February 19th, 1740, the prisoners received a consignment of goods, for which they sent a grateful acknowledgment, Marie Durand signing for those (more than half) who could not write their names.\* No obstacle seems to have been raised to the prisoners receiving and enjoying this benevolence.

The hardest trial of all for those who persevered in their fidelity must have been the weakness of the rest: some of

\* The invoice of these goods is preserved amongst Antoine Court's papers at Geneva. It is as follows:

155 cannes (about 375 yards)	of double-milled cloth
400 lbs. .. ..	bacon.
220 „ .. ..	Levant rice.
100 „ .. ..	white soap.
320 „ .. ..	olive oil.
16 „ .. ..	pepper.
2 „ .. ..	other spices or small groceries.
2 „ .. ..	cotton yarn.
2 „ .. ..	sewing thread.
31 pairs	of pattens.
6 cannes (over 14 yards)	of double-milled cloth for children.

these, to gain favour with the authorities, even professed an ardent zeal for the Roman Catholic faith. Such was Anne Sabourin, who abjured in 1740. Bernage, when sending her act of abjuration to St. Florentin, says: "For more than a year she has given signs of true conversion, and performed the duties of a Catholic in an edifying manner. I could earnestly desire that this example might bring about the conversion of others; but genuine conversion is so rare that there is every reason to fear that that of Sabourin will not be imitated." On receipt of this letter a royal order was issued for Anne's enlargement. Nevertheless, as soon as she was free she returned to the Protestant faith.

In 1741, probably at the instance of Voltaire, Frederick the Great wrote to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, requesting the liberation of the prisoners in the Tour de Constance. The minister sent a letter of enquiry to the intendant Bernage, who wrote back: "You will see by the enclosed list that the greater part of the prisoners have been sentenced, not for having failed to fulfil their duties as Catholics, but for having disobeyed the royal ordinances in promoting or attending religious meetings contrary to the design and service of his majesty." The list contained the names of thirty-two persons. Nothing came of the King of Prussia's interference.

Marie's brother Pierre had left a daughter Anne, towards whom her aunt's affectionate feelings were strongly drawn out. She wrote to her: "Be sure that I love thee as much as if thou wert my own child. Be wise; let the love of God and his fear be the rule of thy conduct. Be assiduous in labour, since those who do not work cannot expect to eat." Again, in December, 1752: "I have a child with me aged twelve years, the daughter of a confessor. Her mother (Anne Goutez) takes meals with me; the child is the admiration of every one, on account of her

modesty and understanding, and I often hear it said, 'This is due to Mademoiselle Durand.' I may say she loves me as much as she loves her own mother. . . . I should like a present from thee, my dear angel; an embroidered kerchief bordered with lace, if thou canst make it, and I will repay thee with usury."

In 1745 the governor, Major Combelle, reported on the state of the prisoners, thirty-three in number, appending to each name, with one exception, the words, "Continues in her own faith." The same year St. Florentin wrote to the intendant Lenain for a list of prisoners in the several castles, gaols, &c., of the province. Lenain went himself to the Tour de Constance, and saw the prisoners, first together, and then each separately. Eight of them, including Marie Durand and Isabeau Sautel, refused to promise, if set at liberty, to discontinue their attendance at the meetings. Lenain had these taken from the rest, and shut up in separate rooms in some of the other towers of the fortress. The remaining twenty-five undertook to conform to the king's will, and abstain from all external practice of the reformed religion. When we add to the constraint and hardships of the prison, the continual visits of the priests and monks, who never relaxed in their efforts to break down the resolution of these poor women, we shall hardly wonder that so many gave way.

The intendant wrote: "There are at present in Languedoc an infinite number of religionists against whom no measures are taken, and who are more culpable than these women." St. Florentin, in his reply, says: "I think it would be very dangerous to pardon these women, as it would give occasion to those who frequent the meetings to presume that if they should be taken and shut up they also might hope to be set at liberty."

The prisoners suffered much from cold and damp, as well as from unwholesome air. Marie, writing after a

severe winter, says: "The place overflowed with water everywhere; we had no fuel but a little green wood; the snow was on our terrace."

But by this time, as we shall see more fully when we return to the general narrative, the arm of persecution had begun to lose its vigour; the advancing tide of a more enlightened public opinion had come to the relief of the disconsolate Huguenot Church, and was already loosening the bonds of the prisoners in the dungeons and the galleys.

In the autumn of 1752 the Marquis de Paulmy, who was making a tour of inspection of the royal fortresses, came to Aigues-Mortes, and saw the prisoners in the Tour de Constance. He was deeply affected with their condition, promised to speak to the king for them, gave them two louis, and three times begged them to pray for him. On his asking the prisoners if they had been arrested for meeting, one of them answered, "Yes, monseigneur; and we cannot believe the king considers it wrong that we should meet to pray to God." "No, my child," he replied. Several times he raised his eyes towards heaven in sign of compassion. When he went away two young girls ran after him, and, falling on their knees, entreated with tears for the release of their mother, which so melted him that he too shed tears, and, giving them six livres, promised to remember their petition.

In 1755 the hope of a speedy release made its way into the Tour de Constance. Marie wrote: "We hear that eight forçats have quite recently been freed from their chains, and are assured that we, miserable *Maras* (Ruth i. 20), shall also partake of this happiness." And to her niece: "Fly, I pray thee, to thy wretched captive aunt, who has been sighing for the sweet delight so many years. Thou hast nothing to fear in this part; matters are much changed." Her wish was gratified. The niece, so long

loved, but hitherto unknown by face, came to Aigues-Mortes. But their mutual enjoyment was of brief duration; Anne was suffered to remain only a very short time, and went back to the family home at Le Bouchet to wait for the hour when her aunt would be set free. But bigotry was loath to lose her prey: ten more years must elapse before that happy consummation, and during this time very little is known of Marie.

In 1756 the Protestants of the Vivarais memorialised Louis XV on behalf of the prisoners. "What can we say, sire, to bring before you the touching and strange spectacle of a company of women shut up for life in a hideous prison, where some have vegetated thirty years, and this only for worshipping God." No notice was taken of the memorial. In 1758 Paul Rabaut wrote: "Some time ago I found means to send to a lady at court a petition in favour of the prisoners in the Tour de Constance, addressed to the king. The lady gave it to the queen, and the queen to M. de St. Florentin, who received it with an ill grace, alleging that we were less entitled than ever to have favour granted us." Meanwhile the hardships of the prison were not removed. "Many of my companions, and myself also," wrote Marie, "were obliged to borrow money during our illness last year. You did me the favour to promise that you would send us some help. I pray you in God's name not to delay; for if He should graciously restore to us our freedom, we should be obliged to sell our clothes to pay our debts. . . . My niece sends me word that my house [at Le Bouchet] is crumbling away. Kind pastor and worthy protector, may I look to you for help?"

About this time Boissy d'Anglas, who afterwards played an important part in the Revolution, and who was then a child, visited the tower. What he saw left a profound impression on his memory. He is relating it to his chil-

dren :—" I saw also the Tour de Constance, which has for you a double interest, your mother's great-grandmother having been immured there on the charge of being present at a preaching; and she there gave birth to a daughter, from whom you are descended. What I saw, it would be impossible ever to forget. It was about 1763. I was not then seven years old. We were at the house of one of our relations, a league from Aigues-Mortes, and my mother made use of the occasion to visit the unhappy victims of a religion which was also our own. She took me with her. They were under a king's lieutenant, who alone could give admission. The prison was composed of two large circular halls, one above the other. The prisoners' beds were placed round the circumference of the two rooms. The fire was in the middle, and the smoke could not escape except by the same openings by which air and light were admitted, and, unhappily, also rain and wind. I saw the prisoner [Marie Durand], who at the time of her release had been there thirty-eight years, and to whom and to the other prisoners the Dutch government and the Swiss cantons annually sent help. She was a very pious person, full of intelligence."

From this time maxims of toleration made rapid progress in France. The judicial murder of Jean Calas, of which we shall speak by and by, had excited universal horror. Petitions on behalf of the confessors, who were still deprived of their liberty, poured in to the governors of the provinces, princes of the blood, and the ministers of Louis XV. Paul Rabaut addressed himself to the Duke of Bedford, the English ambassador charged to negotiate the peace of 1762. "Forty-nine persons," he says, "still languish in prison; thirty-three men at the galleys of Toulon and Marseilles, and sixteen women in the tower of Aigues-Mortes." These efforts were not fruitless. About this time several prisoners were discharged from the Tour



de Constance. Marie and a few others still dragged on their weary existence from day to day, half-neglected, as they thought, by the Church, which was now enjoying a season of greater repose. June 16th, 1766, Marie, with a trembling hand, wrote to the pastor Gal-Pomaret: "One would think that the religious liberty with which our great God favours his people ought to incite to charity. No such thing. It has chilled the hearts of many of our benefactors, and if it were not for some good souls like you, we should perish in our misery."

At this juncture the Prince de Beauvau was commissioned to make an inspection of the fortifications of Languedoc. He was a zealous Catholic, but also a humane and enlightened man; his wife was a model of conjugal affection. He came to Aigues-Mortes in January, 1767. His nephew, the Chevalier de Boufflers, who accompanied him, has left an account of their visit: "We enter Aigues-Mortes, and dismount at the foot of the Tour de Constance. We find an officious porter, who, after leading us up dark and winding staircases, with a great noise opens a dreadful door, on which one might imagine one saw the inscription in Dante: 'Whoever enters here leaves hope behind.' Words fail me to describe the horror of the spectacle which meets our eyes. We see a large circular hall, without air or light, where fourteen women languish in misery, infection, and tears. The prince could hardly restrain his emotion. No doubt, for the first time, these unhappy creatures saw compassion on a human face. I see them yet, falling with one accord at his feet, which they bathe with their tears, trying to speak, but prevented by their sobs, and then, emboldened by our sympathy, relating, all at the same time, their common sorrows. Alas! their whole crime was to have been educated in the same religion as Henry IV. The youngest of these martyrs was more than forty-five years of age; she was

eight when she was apprehended on the way to a meeting with her mother, and her punishment was not yet completed. 'You are free,' said the prince, in a voice choking with emotion. He did not stop there; seeing that they were without resources or experience, and that they feared to fall into some other kind of misfortune, he at once provided for their wants."

Before leaving Versailles the prince had obtained permission to liberate three or four of the victims: in setting all free he had gone far beyond his instructions. In his report to the minister, he said: "Justice and humanity pleaded for all the unfortunates alike; I could not allow myself to choose amongst them; and after their departure I had the tower shut up, in the hope that it would never again be opened for such a purpose." The minister, St. Florentin, now created Duc de la Vrillière, reprimanded the prince for his abuse of confidence, and ordered him immediately to repair the error he had committed, if he wished to retain his command. The prince nobly replied that he acknowledged the king as his master, who could, if he pleased, deprive him of his command, but who could not hinder him from fulfilling its duties according to his conscience and his feelings as a man. The tower, however, was not actually closed. Either De Boufflers' memory deceived him, or some of those whom the prince had declared free were retained in durance. Marie Durand was not released until the 14th of April, 1768, when she was discharged by a letter of grace. In August of that year there still remained five prisoners; the last two were set free in December. On the 11th of that month St. Florentin wrote to the intendant: "The king is pleased to accord favour to Chassefière and Suzanne Pagès, the only prisoners in the Tour de Constance. I send you the two orders necessary for their release, and I pray you to see to the execution of the same." On the 26th the intendant sent

the two orders to the governor of Aigues-Mortes, and the same day, which was Monday, the great gate rolled once more upon its hinges, and the two women passed out. They were in a state of complete destitution. Paul Rabaut wrote, in January, 1770, to Etienne Chiron: "I have handed to the two last prisoners the four louis you gave me, which I understand would be the last they are to receive. One of them, Suzanne Pagès, although still young, is unable to gain her living, having a broken leg with an open wound." She had been in the tower more than thirty years.

When Marie Durand regained her liberty she returned to the home of her childhood. She had left it a blooming girl, full of life's bright hopes; she returned blanched, withered, crippled. It was a marvel, as one of the party who visited her home remarked, how they could ever get her up to Le Bouchet. She found her cottage dilapidated and her orchard cut down. Her niece and the widow Goutez, who had been released before her, were waiting for her under the old roof. Here Marie survived for some years, and we may picture the three friends, with some congenial neighbours, sitting, during the long winter evenings, over the wood embers under that wide open mantel, reviewing, with mournful pleasure, the sad story of the past, and blessing God for the quiet days which had succeeded to so many stormy years. The Walloon Church of Amsterdam allowed Marie a pension of 200 livres, which she generously shared with a neighbour, Alexandre Chambon, who had returned from the galleys of Toulon at the age of seventy-three. Marie died in September, 1776.

The following graceful elegy to the memory of Marie Durand is from the pen of Madame Benjamin Combe, of Montmeyran, near Valence:—

“ Garde tes souvenirs, vieille tour de Constance,  
Pour tous les pèlerins qui vont te visiter,  
Parmi les monuments les plus chers à la France,  
C'est toi seul que je veux chanter.

Car c'est là qu'ont souffert ces nobles prisonnières,  
Douce vierges en deuil, pâles fleurs du Désert ;  
Là que de leurs sanglots, là que de leurs prières,  
Monta vers Dieu le saint concert.

C'est là que trente-huit ans la fidèle Marie,  
Porta, sans murmurer, la croix de son Sauveur,  
Donnant aux cœurs brisés sa tendre sympathie,  
Cachant aux autres sa douleur.

Le soir elle montait, seule, sur la terrasse,  
Quand les lampes de Dieu brillent au firmament,  
Et, rêveuse, longtemps ses yeux cherchaient la place  
Du fort où pleurait son amant.

Dans ce triste donjon vivait aussi son père :  
Ils s'étaient dit adieu tous trois et pour toujours.  
Ils avaient tous les trois vidé la coupe amère ;  
Ils s'étaient enfuis, leurs beaux jours !

De ces doux souvenirs le plus cher à son âme  
Fut leur dernier regard qui lui perça le cœur.  
Garde-la, ta douleur, ô noble et sainte femme  
Ne la dis rien qu'à ton Sauveur.

Elle vécut, souffrit, aima dans la tour sombre,  
Car dans le ciel, là-haut, était son vrai trésor.  
Sur son bonheur Satan ne put jeter qu'une ombre ;  
Déjà son cœur était au port.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

## CONFESSIONS—PAUL RABAUT—THE PERSECUTION RELAXES.

THE narrative of Marie Durand's incarceration in the Tour de Constance has led us far beyond the period at which we had arrived in our history. We must ask the reader to go back some twenty or thirty years, and take up the thread of events which followed the foundation of the seminary at Lausanne and the martyrdom of Alexandre Roussel and Pierre Durand.

Many other preachers followed these in witnessing, like their divine Master, a good confession before the civil magistrate. One named Villeveyre, being asked at his examination if he had never heard mass, answered: "I went to mass in my youth because I was forced, and it was for that reason I forsook my country." The same question being put to his comrade Lachaud, a similar answer was returned: "I heard it when I was young, but since I have known the truth I have never been present at a mass": and when asked, "Who prevented you from hearing mass?" he answered: "I left off because St. Paul teaches me in the Epistle to the Hebrews that Jesus Christ has offered himself once for all." The sub-delegate of Grenoble, by whom they were interrogated, wrote to Cardinal Fleury, June 23rd, 1735: "During an examination of nearly five hours, all the questions were put to the two prisoners which could serve for the discovery of the places where they had imbibed the spirit of fanaticism, and of those

where they had exercised it, but neither threats nor promises availed to extract anything from them." They were condemned to the galleys; Villeveyre for life and Lachaud for ten years. In September they were taken down to Valence to join the chain for Marseilles. A Protestant wrote: "I had the sad pleasure of seeing them during the two days in which they were in the prison of Valence, and of rendering them all the little services in my power. It was a sweet consolation to see them suffer not only with patience but with joy and with entire resignation to the will of Providence." The cruel usage of the galleys soon exhausted the strength of these confessors. Lachaud succumbed in the course of a few months; Villeveyre lingered on for four years. They both kept the shield of their faith untarnished to the end.

Another confessor was Pierre Dortial of Chalancon, near Vernoux. The wild spirit of the mountains dwelt in him; he was one of those who refused to come under the discipline instituted by Court and Corteiz; but he did not, like Hue and Vesson, lose himself in extravagances or betray his brethren. At the age of seventy he was apprehended near Livron, and taken to Nîmes, where he was interrogated, and after a deliberation by the court of two hours, was condemned to death. The freedom and boldness with which he had preached the gospel, and in which he had always lived, continued with him to the end. The judge, admonishing him to turn to account the few moments he had yet to live, "by embracing the Catholic faith, outside of which there is no salvation," the prisoner answered: "Sir, instead of regarding the Roman Catholic as the only true Church, I believe her to be the mother of harlots and idolatry, and that the Pope by whom she is governed, so far from being the vicar of Christ, is his adversary. I am constrained therefore in my turn to declare that if you do not change your religion and

embrace the Protestant religion, in which I am resolved to die, you yourselves will be lost."

The order being given to lead him out to execution, he was stripped to his shirt, with bare head and feet, and a rope hung round his neck. Four priests accompanied him, with an escort of fifty soldiers, all the town militia, and nine drums to prevent his last words from being heard. Nevertheless, as he went through the *Porte de la Couronne* and beheld the gallows surrounded by a whole regiment of soldiers, he was heard to cry, "Great God, fashion my hands for the fight, and my fingers for the battle." At the foot of the scaffold he was asked again, as he had been at his examination, to disclose the names of the ministers and candidates, and of those who had harboured him. He replied, as before, that he had nothing to say to that question. He then sang the XXV Psalm:—

A Toi, mon Dieu, mon cœur monte,  
En Toi mon espoir j'ai mis :  
Fai que je ne tombe en honte  
Au gré de mes ennemies.  
Honte n'auront nullement ceux  
Qui dessus Toi s'appuient ;  
Mais bien ceux qui durement  
Et sans cause les ennuient.

Then he requested the commandant to stop the drums whilst he put up his last prayer. This was granted on condition that he should speak in a low voice. Nevertheless some who were near him caught the words, "Great God, who gave me being that I might serve Thee, and who now willest that I should seal thy gospel with my blood, give me the courage Thou gave my Saviour when He suffered on the cross, so that by my death I may edify my poor brethren who groan under the tyranny of antichrist. Be Thou their shepherd and guide, their comfort, strength and support, and grant that we may be all re-united in heaven."

As he ascended the ladder he sang the LI Psalm, and when one of the priests began to follow him he motioned him away with his foot (his hands were bound), and cried again: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." The executioner performed his office, and an hour afterwards some of his friends coming to the scaffold cut the cord and carried the body to a threshing-floor, where, wrapping it in a winding-sheet, and laying it in a coffin, surrounded with quicklime to insure its rapid consumption, they reverently committed it to the dust.

Some years after Court removed to Lausanne, there was raised up in the Church a new master-builder ready to supply his place when his race should be run. This was Paul Rabaut, who, during the latter half of the century, occupied the same position as Court had done in the earlier.

Paul Rabaut was born at Bédarieux, near Montpellier, in 1718, of an old Protestant family distinguished for piety and simple habits. When little more than sixteen, he gave himself up to the desert ministry, accompanying the pastor, Jean Bétrine, in his missionary circuits. He was admitted as a candidate in 1738, and the next year married Madeleine Gaidan, a young woman of piety and courage. In 1740 he entered as a pupil the seminary of Lausanne. It does not appear that he and Antoine Court had previously met, but the experienced pastor had already heard of the devotion and diligent labours of the young student, and before his arrival had sent him a letter of affectionate welcome: "I look forward to the happy moment when I shall make your acquaintance, and shall be able *viva voce* to tell you something of what I feel with regard to you." Rabaut remained two years in the seminary. About 1743 he was consecrated, and installed pastor of the church at



Nîmes, an office which he held without intermission until his death in 1795.

In the midst of abounding labours, preaching, baptizing, marrying, visiting the sick, resolving cases of conscience, and always besieged by visitors, so that he had not time to take his meals, Rabaut yet contrived to maintain an extensive correspondence, and his letters are one of the chief sources of what we know of the Church during his ministry.

In March, 1741, he wrote to a friend in Switzerland: "How happy you are not to be in this country! I say happy, using the language of men of the world who abhor suffering; but, thanks be to the Lord, we esteem ourselves happy in partaking in the sufferings of Jesus Christ." Notwithstanding these words of Rabaut, however, the hand of persecution was becoming daily less heavy. Many Protestants being arrested at a meeting held by Boyer near Nîmes, fifteen of them were carried to that city, whither the Duc de Richelieu, military commandant of Languedoc, came from Montpellier to try them. He released three, and sentenced the rest to only three months' imprisonment, at the same time declaring, that whilst the penalty for attending the meetings would thenceforth be light, that of appointing the meetings would continue as severe as ever. The search for the preachers, therefore, was for a while still kept up. They wandered over heaths and mountains, with the earth for their pillow, and the sky for their canopy. In October, 1742, Paul Rabaut had a narrow escape. He was at Nîmes, his usual abode. Writing to Antoine Court, he says: "I was spending Pentecost with your cousins Cabrier. We were about thirty-five in company, and kept the day with meditation, praise and the Holy Supper. It was not thought prudent that I should lodge in the house, and I sent one of your cousins to some kind brethren to inquire if I could pass the night and the

next day with them. They returned a favourable answer. In the evening when it was growing dark, I went out. It was Sunday; there were many people before the door which I was to enter, who might easily have seen me, for the moon was shining. To escape notice, therefore, I walked up and down in the shadow until they had gone away, about half-past ten o'clock. Looking narrowly about to see if anyone was near, I descried a man about thirty paces off who, I had no doubt, was watching me. How could I manage to outmanœuvre him? Instead of going straight to the house where I was to lodge, I made for another not far off. A high wall between the two houses cast a broad shadow which enabled me to glide past without being observed by the spy. I got safely into the house, and the words of the Psalmist came to my recollection, 'I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.'

"The next morning at about eleven o'clock, as I was occupied with some devotional reading, one of the people of the house ran into my room in great alarm, crying, 'A detachment is coming to take you!' Happily the soldiers did not come where I was, but went to the house I had pretended to enter the preceding evening. They searched it and also several houses near, but passed over that in which I was hiding. As soon as they were gone I made off, and being not far from one of the city gates, succeeded in passing through it unobserved. I took care to walk slowly so that the sentinel should not suspect me, singing in a low tone but loud enough for him to hear. As soon as I was out of his sight I looked back, and saw coming after me two of the brethren who had seen me go out, and who came to offer me their help. They embraced me with tears, and led me up to an eminence whence we could see a long distance. I had intended to go half a league further,

but as I had not broken my fast and was faint, I begged one of them to return to the city and bring me some food. As soon as he came again, I sent the other to learn what was going on. He reported that he had spoken with two of our elders whom I should find waiting for me a quarter of a league further on. After uniting in praise to God we proceeded to the spot, when one of the elders informed me of a house at a sufficient distance from the city not to be suspected where I could remain the rest of the day. We took care that no one should see us enter. The people of the house received me joyfully, and entreated me to lodge there, which I did not think it safe to do. I took leave of them about nine o'clock in the evening. Hardly had I gone sixty paces when the house was invested by a numerous detachment, who searched every corner with the greatest care. You see, my dear and honoured friend, to what dangers I am exposed, and how the Lord preserves me."

We have spoken of the cachettes constructed for the safety of the desert preachers. There were many such, both in the plain and in the mountains. In one in Nîmes, Paul Rabaut is said to have been hidden on several occasions. "In the old town, the hive of the Protestants," to quote again from the Diary, "there are many narrow streets. In one of these, near the city wall, is a chandler's shop, redolent of candles, cheese, and other miscellanies. The good woman takes us behind the long counter, where there is scarce room to squeeze by; and, lighting a candle, leads the way to the back premises. There is plenty of rubbish about, and everything is covered with a time-honoured mantle of dust. The candle discloses a corkscrew stair, which we ascend past the first story, and come to a square hole in the back wall. We take the candle and creep in. It is a cell of four bare walls, perfectly dark, about nine feet by seven, and four high. The hole by

which we had entered is modern ; the cachette, during the troubles, was accessible only from an opening in the floor of the room overhead, by the side of the chimney corner, the opening being covered by a loose stone. No one would guess that the blank wall of the staircase concealed a hiding-place. Here, deprived of light and air, except when the stone was removed from the hole above, the fugitive remained as long as the search continued."

The relaxation in the persecution lasted from 1742 to 1745 ; after a while even the quest for the ministers seems to have ceased. France was at war, and troops were scarce. The attendance at the desert meetings continued to increase, and the middle and upper classes began again to resort to them : some Catholics even were converted. Bernage wrote : " This new mischief augments daily ; for every Protestant convert there are a hundred Catholics." At Calvisson, on the introduction to the Church of a newly ordained minister, nearly 2000 persons came together in broad daylight. " As soon," said Viala, " as I began to preach in the daytime all the Protestants, without distinction of rank, flocked to the meetings ; the audience was so large that I could scarcely make myself heard." The increased activity of the churches brought an increase of work to the pastors. Paul Rabaut writes, October, 16th, 1743 : " I have been hindered from writing by my onerous occupations. It would be in vain for me to tell you (you must see it to believe it) how not a moment of repose is left us ; we have to traverse the country night and day, to visit the sick, bless the marriages, and baptize the infants. Preaching is the duty which occupies us the least, although we have to preach very often. We have to go five or six leagues to baptize children, and before we have finished, messengers arrive to call us in another direction. The harvest has become so great, that if the Lord does not raise up more labourers, those who are now at work must

sink under the weight of their labour. Our enemies leave us in peace; we have certain information that the commandants of the garrisons in several places have received orders from the court not to disquiet the Protestants. How I wish you had been last Sunday morning on the Montpellier road, near Nîmes, when we had a meeting at La Fon de Langlade, where you have so often preached. You would have seen as far as the eye could reach a train of our poor brethren proceeding along the high road towards the house of God with joy and gladness on their countenances; old men bending under the weight of years marching as if they had been endued with new strength; carriages and carts filled with the lame and the infirm who, unable to cast off the ills of the body, were going in search of healing for their souls. The sight brought tears of joy to my eyes."

The embargo on the introduction of Protestant books was, however, not taken off, and the pastors had recourse to various expedients to obtain them. "I beg you," Rabaut wrote to Court in September, 1742, "to send me back the oil-barrel that I may return it full when we have pressed the olives; but I should like to use the occasion to obtain Beausobre and Lenfant's New Testament. For this purpose you must engage a trusty joiner to make a false bottom at each end of the barrel, leaving a space of four or five fingers in which the book, in sheets, may be placed. If the space is more than sufficient, you may add Dr. Stackhouse's new work,\* or some other good book."

\* 'Traité complet de Théologie tiré des meilleurs écrivains' (The complete body of Practical Divinity), par Thomas Stackhouse. Traduit de l'Anglais.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE BOYER SCHISM—DU PLAN—CALM  
WEATHER.

THE renascent society did not escape the universal experience. Internal dissension sprang up, heavier to bear perhaps, and harder to deal with, than persecution from without. Boyer, whose name has been already mentioned, was a man of an ambitious and meddlesome disposition. The quarter or *cure* assigned to him was situated in the Lower Cevennes, and included Le Vigan, St. Hippolyte, and Anduze. He ruled his parish with a strong hand, and he did not spare his brother pastors, even Corteiz and Court. The ill-will he thus brought upon himself possibly sharpened the ears of those whom he offended, and a rumour of immoral conduct on his part was eagerly seized upon. The synod by which he was tried judged the proof of guilt to be sufficient, and deposed him from his office. This, which seems to have been a hasty proceeding, created a strong party in his favour, so that when he refused to accept the sentence and defied the authority of the Church, the greater part of his flock hotly supported him, and opposed the entrance within their bounds of other pastors who came to do his work. When Corteiz and Bétrine presented themselves at St. Hippolyte to administer the Supper, some of the people ran to the spot, overturned the table, and threw away the bread and wine. To prevent a repetition of what they deemed an unwarrantable intrusion, the malcontents took up arms. The churches became

violently agitated; the quarrel spread throughout Languedoc, and the people were divided into two factions. Many attempts were made to heal the breach but without effect; the fell disease of schism continued to prey upon the Church for more than ten years, manifesting itself in aggressive acts, daily disputes, threats and reprisals. The burden at length became intolerable. In looking round for the means of deliverance, it was agreed by common consent that there was only one man who could save the Church, *viz.*, Antoine Court. Paul Rabaut wrote entreating him to return and heal the breach. For a time he refused to leave Lausanne; but when in March, 1744, a fresh attempt at reconciliation was made, and he was again entreated to join the council as mediator, he could no longer withhold his consent, and on the 1st of June he returned to Languedoc. It was a perilous enterprise for one on whose head a price had been set, to venture again on French territory. Although Court had to make a considerable circuit, the journey from Lausanne to Nimes occupied only nine days. He had recourse, on the way, to pretences and disguises, some of which, as it appears to us, were unworthy of his profession. At St. Etienne he provided himself with samples of ribbons, and at Le Puy passed for a purchaser of lace. When he met with priests he invited them to drink with him, and they became boon companions. One of these refusing to join him in the inn because his bishop had forbidden the curés to enter any tavern in their own town, Court carried the supper to his house, "and we became," he says, "very jolly together. Thus I passed safely everywhere."

Court's arrival in Languedoc was the signal for general rejoicing. The conditions which he proposed towards reconciliation were adopted, and three arbiters were appointed to adjudicate in the matter. The pastor turned this visit to the scene of his former labours to good account;

he went from place to place through the province. One evening a meeting was appointed for him at Montpellier. "We left Nîmes," he writes, "at nine o'clock in the morning; the heat was excessive. It was half-past eight before we reached Montpellier, where we learned that the meeting was to be held, not in the city, but two leagues beyond. M. Roger could go no further. We supped together, and afterwards, accompanied by M. Pradel and a gentleman of Montpellier, I went forward; but though we made what haste we could, we did not arrive at the spot till an hour after midnight. I dismounted, put on my gown, ascended the pulpit, and preached with as much power as though I had come straight from my study."

The judgment of the arbiters on Boyer was lenient. On condition of his making a public confession of his fault, he was to be restored to his office. The award was accepted by all parties, and the next day was recorded at a "national" synod before which Boyer made his submission. The whole assembly with one voice broke forth into a Psalm; Paul Rabaut offered prayer, Court was congratulated on the success of his mission; and all the members embraced one another. Boyer had still to make confession before the whole Church. The place chosen was Vigière, near Sauzet, on the Lower Gardon. Nearly 20,000 people assembled. It was an affecting and memorable occasion. The schism was ended.

Before returning to Lausanne, Court made a second circuit amongst the churches; his journey was everywhere a march of triumph. At Uzès on a Sunday nearly the whole town went out to a grove carrying their chairs with them. A lofty pulpit had been set up, and awnings suspended from the trees. Six or seven thousand persons were present. "The scene under the tents," says Court, "was beautiful; there was great rejoicing when I appeared in the pulpit." A large number of the audience being fair-



weather Christians, Court did not spare them; but he had a word of comfort for the peasants who had kept their religion alive when it was under the shadow of death. When the service was over nearly everybody came up to kiss his hand, all expecting him to know them and call them by their names. On his return to Nîmes, Court held another large meeting; it was gathered at the foot of the Tour Magne, and along with the shopkeepers and artisans there came rank and fashion. On his return to Lausanne, October, 1744, he wrote: "I have left the Protestants full of zeal, and in a state incomparably better than at any time since the Revocation. Their fidelity to the government is proof against all temptation, and their number to-day is perhaps as large as it was when the Edict of Nantes was revoked."

Before we leave this year (1744), we must see what had become of Du Plan and his commission as Deputy-General of the churches. After several years spent in Switzerland he proceeded to London in 1731. He met at first with much discouragement, but by persevering efforts succeeded at length in enlisting the sympathy of some persons of influence, and was even admitted to an audience with George II, who listened attentively to his narrative of the sufferings of the Huguenots, and gave him a thousand guineas. After spending two years in London, he visited Holland, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, returning to London in 1738. Here he found that the work on which he had spent so much labour had fallen to pieces, and he had to begin afresh. A committee of three gentlemen was organized, in 1744, to remit to Geneva the sums collected for the use of the churches. One of the three, a French pastor named Serces, the nominee of the Archbishop of Canterbury, had contracted a personal antipathy to Du Plan. There still existed in London a remnant of the Cevenol prophets, or of their descendants, who, though

despised and derided by almost all classes, had even succeeded in gaining some new adherents. Imprudently, and in violation of his express assurance to the synod, Du Plan held communion with these people. Serces made this act of indiscretion the foundation of an attack on the character of the deputy, whom he charged besides with maintaining a great household at the expense of the churches, and with aspiring to the hand of a royal princess. Charges less grave would have been sufficient to arouse the Languedoc churches against their deputy; they had never reposed full confidence in him; and now, at the national synod held in 1744, during Court's visit to France, Du Plan was, by a unanimous vote, deposed from his office, no one being found to defend him. Even Court had not a word to say on behalf of his old friend. Nay, more; when it was proposed that he himself should take the office which had thus become vacant, he consented! On his return to Switzerland, nearly four months afterwards, Court wrote a letter to Du Plan, informing him of the proceedings of the synod: " . . . My dear friend, I must not leave you in ignorance that the pastors and deputies at the synod, with all, in fact, who direct Church affairs either in France or here (Switzerland), are of the mind that you should leave England and return hither. This step seems absolutely necessary because of the war now being waged between that country and France, since it could not fail to render the French Protestants suspected of evil designs against the government, if it should become known to the court that they have a deputy in England. Probably for these and similar reasons the synod has judged proper, without any seeking or interference of mine, to commission me to act in their name with our friends abroad as to what regards the welfare of the churches. . . ."

Great was Du Plan's indignation on receiving the news of his deposition, conveyed in so frigid a manner by his

old friend. He concluded that Court's desire to supplant him lay at the bottom of the whole matter, and he replied accordingly. A recriminative correspondence ensued, sadly contrasting with the intercourse of former days. Du Plan appealed to a national synod, supporting his case by a testimonial to his zeal, discretion, and probity, which was signed by eight pastors, ministers of French churches in London. The synod, which met in September, 1749, virtually declared him innocent. They even passed a vote of gratitude for the services he had rendered to the churches, requested him to continue in his office of deputy, and declared that Court had been elected not as his successor, but as his coadjutor. But Du Plan was not satisfied. In consideration of his long services, and of the large sums he had expended in the prosecution of his work, he demanded a retiring pension sufficient to enable him to pass the rest of his days in comfort. This was granted; and the next year Du Plan and Court were reconciled. The first advances came from Court; Du Plan hastened to respond, acknowledging that he had been mistaken as to his friend's motives, and asking him to forgive and forget his hasty temper and rash conduct. Du Plan remained in London, acting on behalf of the churches without an official appointment. He died at his house in Kentish Town, July, 1763.

The results of the thirty years' labour which Court and his colleagues had bestowed on the restoration of the Church are thus summed up by an historian:—"Thirty-three ordained pastors; seventeen churches revived in Normandy; thirty in Poitou, Saintonge, and Aunis; nine in Guienne and Rouergue; sixty in Dauphiné; and a much larger number in Languedoc, 20,000 Protestants being reckoned in the city of Nimes alone." Whilst he was in Languedoc on the affair of the Boyer schism, looking back to his first essays in preaching and his first synod,

Court wrote: "In those days I counted it much if by dint of solicitation I could induce six, ten, or a dozen persons to follow me to some cavern or barn or remote heath to worship God and hear me preach; and now I find myself face to face with audiences of not fewer than 10,000 souls." The meetings were held in open day, often at the city gates, and the worshippers were to be seen making their way along the dusty high-road, with Bible and Psalter, carrying chairs and camp-stools, or riding in covered wagons, litters, or coaches. The soldiers looked on with indifference; the Catholics derided and hooted, or more often, out of curiosity, mingled with the company or listened to the preacher. The trees were hung with awnings, the seats placed in rows, and a portable pulpit set up, which the preacher mounted in his long black robe. The effect of this season of indulgence and tranquillity upon the middle and upper classes did not escape the notice of the authorities. "Persons now attend the meetings," said the Bishop of Uzès, "who heretofore would never willingly have been seen there;—lawyers, notaries, merchants, burgesses, notables, even the nobleman, the great man of the place. It is only the royal authority which can re-establish order; matters are arrived at such a pitch that if we tarry long they will become irremediable." "These people," echoed the Bishop of Nîmes, "no longer observe any moderation in their words or actions." The Bishop of Toulouse said: "The few religionists whom I have in my diocese have, like the rest, thrown off the mask." The intendants reported to the same effect to St. Florentin. Both civil and ecclesiastical authorities, however, were for the time powerless to stem the torrent; they could only complain. In June the Count de Maurepas passed through Montpellier: a meeting was being held at the time near the city gates. "I conferred with the count," wrote La Devèze, "who agreed

with me that all we could do was to march the detachments round the faubourgs without offering any violence to the Protestants. To all appearance, if we let them worship God freely, they will remain quiet."

Nevertheless, the complaints of the bishops and the reports of the intendants were not without their effect at Versailles. Court had scarcely returned to Lausanne than there ran through the southern provinces a vague presentiment that a change was imminent. The rural police even were set in motion, and some prisoners were made. Such, however, continued to be the confidence of the Protestants that when two of them were taken up in the neighbourhood of Montpellier, they wrote to the court, believing that they would be immediately released.

The national synod which met this year, 1744, was composed of twenty-one elders and ten pastors. It assumed towards the government and the clergy a most conciliatory attitude. It was ordained that at least once in the year the ministers should discourse on the duty which subjects owe to their sovereign, and on the virtue of the patient endurance of injuries. They were also forbidden to agitate questions of religious controversy, and were enjoined to speak with reserve of the sufferings of the Church. No one dreamed that before two years should elapse four of the pastors would perish on the scaffold.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE YEAR 1745 ; A HURRICANE.

THE cloud which had appeared towards the end of 1744, though no bigger than a man's hand, was the forerunner of a storm as terrific as had ever broken over the Huguenot Church. Henri Martin, in his '*Histoire de France*,' says of it: "The correspondence of the intendants of this time exposes its double character, coldly cruel on the part of the high functionaries, who were libertine and incredulous, grossly fanatic on the part of the inferior clergy. This period," he continues, "recalls much better than that of 1685, those last days of antiquity, when the chiefs of the Roman Empire, epicurean and sceptic, hypocritically joined hands with the priests of the popular paganism to exterminate the Christians." To what a low condition France had fallen may be understood by the language of the Marquis d'Argenson: "Unless God puts out his hand to save us the State is ruined; a revolution is certain; the country shakes to its foundation."

In January the authorities began to bestir themselves: men and women were apprehended, fines levied, and the former Declarations against the Protestants posted up in the streets. At the same time the French Government called upon the Swiss Republic to disavow the meetings of the Reformed in France. In February the Catholic clergy held its quinquennial assembly in Paris. The Bishop of St. Pons, in his harangue, said: "The proceedings of the religionists in Languedoc can no longer be mistaken, and,

if we are not willing that our religion should fall into the state in which it was before the Revocation, they must be stopped. Since the public worship of the *Religion Pretendue Reformée* was forbidden, we had seen no meetings but in woods and desert places far from the highway, and these were composed only of the lower classes, who in small companies came to the place appointed, and returned in the same way, and generally at night. But since the end of 1742 these meetings have daily grown more frequent and more numerous. People of a higher class have joined them, until there are now amongst them merchants, lawyers, even some of the nobility who formerly despised such assemblies, and disapproved of them as contrary to the king's orders. They are held in open day, and daily come nearer to the cities, even to those which are occupied by the troops." The bishop then referred to the Huguenot marriages, which he designated as no better than concubinage. "These multitudes, married by their preachers, form, with their children, a people sunk in error, from which there is no hope of recovery. The children, too, are baptized by the ministers. At first this was done secretly, and in the houses where the children were born; now they are publicly taken to the minister, and carried back to the house decked with ribbons and flowers, followed by a numerous procession. They choose the most public thoroughfares, and assume an air of triumph which insults and humiliates the Catholics. Nothing is wanting to them but their temples; God forbid that these should be rebuilt. Nevertheless, in many places we see men at work on the old ruins, clearing the sites. In less than two years we have lost the fruit of fifty years' labour for the recovery of these poor people; we see ourselves carried back to the same point that we were in before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes." The bishop was followed by several other speakers. The Archbishop of

Tours was chosen to present the memorial of the assembly to the king. He was admitted to a private audience. Louis assured him that he was acquainted with the whole extent of the mischief, and that he was as zealous as ever in the defence of the faith, and for the extirpation of heresy. He added that he had resolved to put down the meetings, and had already set his hand to some stringent ordinances, by which, on suspicion only or report, without trial, men might be sent to the galleys and women to prison.

The new edicts bore date the 1st and 18th of February : they were acted upon without delay ; the bloodhounds were once more let loose over the country. " Our ministers are no longer anywhere safe," wrote Antoine Court, " but live in fear, even in the desert." In Dauphiné soldiers and horse-patrols, followed by the executioner, rode through the province, scattering terror wherever they came. They seized a poor man on his death-bed to drag him to prison ; he died on the way. A colporteur of books was scourged and banished. A meeting having been held on the estate of a nobleman, the nobleman was fined 1000 livres, and imprisoned for a year in the tower of Crest. In December two companies of dragoons were billeted on the Protestants of Milhaud in Rouergue ; they remained five months, and Milhaud was ruined. The acts of the old dragonnades were repeated. The soldiers pillaged the houses, destroying the furniture out of mere wantonness ; they pocketed the money, broke open the closets, tore the linen, emptied the cellars and poured out the wine, and fell, sword in hand, upon the cattle and poultry. In the month of April, 1746, 150 Protestants were condemned to various penalties, seven pastors or candidates were hanged in effigy, and four houses, in which preachers had been harboured, were razed to the ground. About the same time a meeting was surprised near Mazamet ; several



persons were killed, and nine made prisoners, amongst whom were two gentlemen who wore the cross of St. Louis. The prisoners were condemned to the galleys. One, an old man, soon sank ; his son survived eight years, when he, too, died. Nevertheless, he dedicated his young son, who was only ten years of age, to the desert ministry. At his father's death the boy fled for protection to Paul Rabaut, who passed him on to Court at Lausanne. Many others who were taken showed a similar courage.

Narratives of some of the martyrdoms which took place during this paroxysm of intolerance will be found in the following chapters.

## CHAPTER XIX.

MARTYRDOM OF LOUIS RANC AND JACQUES  
ROGER.

JACQUES ROGER had a zealous and able colleague in Louis Ranc, a native of the mountain village of Ajoux, two leagues from Privas. At the age of seventeen he relinquished the worldly advantages which were within his reach, for the desert ministry, and crossing the Rhone joined Roger as a travelling scholar. When about twenty-five he was sent into Languedoc on the affair of Boyer, and soon afterwards was ordained pastor of the churches on the banks of the Drôme from Aouste to Loriol.

His ordination took place in a natural amphitheatre or dell in the bosom of the Lower Alps, near the ancient town of Beaufort. This little place is charmingly situated on the spur of a hill above the stream of the Gervanne, which falls into the Drôme near Crest. It was once fortified; the main street is wide; but there are corners and narrow lanes as curious as any which are to be seen in this land of medieval towns.\* As you approach Clos Rond (so the amphitheatre is called) the mountains encircle you, some grey and austere, almost perpendicular, others with round

\* The fate of a poor woman may here be mentioned who was put to death at Beaufort for her religion. The author heard the story from his host. The mayor's wife was our guide to the spot. The woman was hanged before her own house, which is still standing, a dwelling of the smallest dimensions, at the bottom of a narrow alley, where another short lane joins it at right-angles.

heads, shaggy with oaks which are continually cut down. You do not see the dell till you are close upon it. It is deep, the bottom half hidden with trees and shrubs. It was a favourite place of rendezvous with the persecuted Huguenots, and here they assembled in 1744 to the number of 12,000 or 15,000, to witness the ordination at the hands of Jacques Roger, of Louis Ranc and two other candidates. The place is well adapted for hearing, a speaker from the bottom, without raising his voice, being audible to the summit.

The ministry of Louis Ranc was active and laborious, but it was of very brief duration. The last meeting at which he presided was in the Vallée des Combes, a short distance from Livron. He was arrested a few days afterwards. He had arrived on Sunday morning, February 14th, 1745, at a solitary house between Loriol and Clionselat, where his brother had called a meeting, when a sudden rising of the Drôme obliged him to make a hasty retreat. He returned to an inn called the White Cross, kept by a Protestant named Jacob Claissac. His intention had been to leave the inn the next morning, but it happened that during the night an infant was born, and the parents besought him to remain and baptize it. He performed the ceremony in the evening. The baptism became known to the curé of Livron, who, concluding that such an act could not take place without a minister, instituted an inquiry; and as soon as he discovered that Ranc was in the village, dispatched his assistant to Valence for the marshalsea troops. Ranc received warning; Claissac's daughter, who was employed as dressmaker to some Catholic ladies, was informed by them of the steps which were being taken for his arrest. The pastor made no attempt to escape from the house, but after destroying his books and papers, concealed himself under a cask which was covered with bundles of hemp. The soldiers, conducted by the curé, searched the

house but without success, when as they were about to retire their eyes fell on a pair of slippers in a corner, which had been forgotten to be put away. They prepared to renew their search. The minister from his hiding-place had followed with intense anxiety every movement which reached his ear. No longer hearing the soldiers' steps he supposed the danger to be over, and incautiously struck his repeating-watch. The faint but clear sound was heard; the hemp was flung aside, and the unfortunate minister discovered.

He was taken to Valence and laid in irons, which galled him sorely. Being brought, with Claissac's son, before Chaix, the sub-delegate at his examination, he confessed to having blessed the marriage of a woman then in the room, and that he had omitted to deliver her a certificate, which, at the command of the sub-delegate, he made out on the spot. The magistrate was not moved either by the cruel fate which awaited the prisoner, or by his frank and noble demeanour. He plied the witnesses with insidious questions, which he accompanied with insults and threats; he even dictated the answers which the recorder was to enter on their account. In prison Ranc was subjected to petty annoyances from the Jesuits, who expected to make an easy conquest of him, but who, on the contrary, found him so well armed that one of them declared it was impossible he could have become so learned in the desert. When Jacques Roger heard of his arrest he cried: "Poor child! how I should like to be in his place." Every effort to save him was made by his colleagues. The deputy-general in Paris was instructed to entreat Ostervald, the translator of the Bible, to interest the king of Prussia on his behalf, and the aid of Count Maurice of Saxony was invoked, but all in vain. The trial was hurried forward. The prisoner had been removed from Valence to Grenoble, and the day after his arrival at this city he was summoned before his judges.

The court counsellor, taking into account the extenuating circumstance of his youth and consequent possible ignorance of the royal decrees, asked only for a condemnation to the galleys. He was seconded by one of the judges, who declared that if it was proposed to condemn to death a young man of six and twenty he would resign his office. This he did as soon as the sentence was passed. The president who, when he had promised the prisoner his life if he would abjure, had been answered only by a dignified silence, was determined to proceed to extremities: a majority of the judges united with him in voting for death. When Ranc heard the sentence he was filled with joy, counting it a great honour to be found worthy to suffer for his Saviour.

From Grenoble he was removed to Die, and with him two Protestants who had been condemned to the galleys for life, one for attending at a meeting, the other for instructing the children in psalmody. The three convicts were placed in a filthy cart, whilst the minister's horse, which had been taken at the same time as his master, was ridden by a soldier of the marshalsea.

At Crest, on the way to Die, Ranc shaved himself and dressed his hair, which was very handsome; this care for his person seeming to him becoming, in order to manifest the serenity of his soul and his contempt for the death he was about unjustly to suffer. A Franciscan monk visited him, but had no cause to felicitate himself on the issue of the interview. The sentinel who was present declared that the minister had confounded the monk; and the latter, who was wiping his forehead as he came from the prison, when asked by his hostess if he had nonplussed the pastor, preserved a discreet silence.

It was the practice with the churches of the desert when a pastor was arrested to appoint one of the brethren to watch over him. This brother was to attend him wherever

he went, to encourage him by his presence, and to treasure up his words as a rich inheritance for the Church. It is in this way that so many circumstantial records of the last days of the martyrs have reached us. The practice was observed in the case of Louis Ranc.

Die, now the terminus of a branch railway from Livron up the valley of the Drôme, is a considerable place, lying on the flat bottom of the valley, and surrounded by a ring of hills which on one side come close up to it. To the east rises a mighty rampart of rock, 7000 to 8000 feet in elevation, behind which, but invisible, are the snowy Alps. Ranc was lodged in an inn until his execution. The monks and the priests did not fail to torment him with their solicitations. He replied with dignity: "I have no time to dispute with you! I wish to employ the few hours which remain to me in prayer." And when returning to the charge, they urged him to renounce his faith, he said only: "I have chosen the good part which shall not be taken from me." When the last hour sounded, he began to sing the CXVIII Psalm, the martyr's hymn, repeating the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses a second time:—

La voici l'heureuse journée,  
Que Dieu a faite à plein désir;  
Que par nous joye soit menée,  
Et prenons en elle plaisir.  
O Dieu Eternel, je te prie,  
Je te prie, ton Roi maintien:  
Encore, ô Dieu, je te supplie,  
Sauve ton Roi et l'entretien.

At three o'clock in the afternoon he was taken out of the house with a halter round his neck, and led through all the streets of the town, accompanied by a strong detachment of soldiers with drums beating. He took no notice, however, of what went on around him, but kept his eyes fixed on heaven. At the foot of the ladder he knelt in

prayer, motioning away the priest who pursued him to the last moment. He died the 12th of March, 1745. His head was cut off, taken to Livron and set on a pole in front of Claissac's inn, whilst his body was dragged through the streets of Die, exposed to the outrages of the mob. A young Protestant who shed tears at this spectacle was forced to help the executioner cast the body into a sewer, from which, however, it was rescued by the charity of a Catholic lady, who gave it a decent burial.

The historians do not tell us where in the town the execution took place. When the author was at Die in the spring he made some inquiry on this head. "Walking towards the market-place," so runs the diary, "I came upon a very large church in the Place de la République. Looking round I noticed standing at her door one of those women with pleasant wrinkled faces and neat cap, of whom one sees so many in France. Accosting her I said: 'I am desirous of seeing the spot where Louis Ranc the martyr was executed; do you know if it was in the market-place?' She replied in a low voice and a confidential tone that it was not in the market-place, but was behind that building, nodding her head towards the church. 'But would not I come indoors?' We sat down, and she said: 'Now that I am in my own house I can speak. I am a Protestant, but my neighbours on each side are Catholics. I have lived here forty years, and have always understood that Louis Ranc was hanged in the little square there behind the church.' This was said with gesture and with some warmth, and as we conversed, she held out her hand and claimed me as a brother in the faith. She was well acquainted with the circumstances of the martyrdom as they are related in the annals. I walked round the church; the space behind it is narrow for a public execution, but there may have been some special reason for not setting up the gallows in the large square in front."

Although the death of Louis Ranc was a severe loss to the churches of Dauphiné, very few persons were intimidated by it. "The meetings," wrote Paul Rabaut, "continue to be very large; at each of the three last which I held, there were not fewer than 12,000 persons. On the occasion of M. Ranc's death, I preached a sermon on the martyrdom of St. Stephen: I preached it a second time last Sunday. Although there is a wide field before me for declaiming against the Romish Church, I confine myself within narrow limits, saying nothing which would be inconsistent with that spirit of moderation which ought to animate the disciples of Jesus who never requited evil for evil or outrage for outrage. My chief aim has been to induce my flock to clothe themselves with the temper that shines through St. Stephen's martyrdom, and if God should require it, to die like him in defence of the truth."

Roger soon followed his beloved colleague to the scaffold. Report was made to the government that on the 7th of June, 1744, he had presided over a meeting near Die, and had read from the pulpit a forged edict of toleration, pretended to have been just issued by the government. The allegation was false, but it cost Roger his life. The king, who was then with the French army before Ypres, was so irritated (or his ministers for him) that he ordered his secretary, D'Argenson, to write to the parliament of Dauphiné, "denying the said edict, and with instructions to proceed against the said Roger with the severity which the gravity of the case demanded." The Protestants believed the edict to be an invention of some Catholic priest who designed to bring odium upon them; the more so as several Romanists of note had recently embraced the Reformed Religion. As for Roger, he had not been to the village for ten years; but although he wrote to D'Argenson, denying and refuting the charge, the calumny stuck to him to the end. Roger's health was failing; upwards of thirty



years of incessant labour had impaired his strength, and had brought on a serious malady. He panted for the crown of martyrdom, and had begun to fear lest it should escape him, and death come by natural causes. It was not so to be.

He had gone up the valley of Quint to visit a few families of Protestants in the hamlet of Vachères. It is only needful to ascend this narrow, rugged, secluded valley to comprehend the labour which the desert preachers undertook in order to feed the distant members of their widely-scattered flocks. The valley, which runs up from that of the Drôme at the little village of Ste. Croix, shrinks in part of its course to a mere gorge. The hamlet of Vachères is perched on the shoulder of the western slopes. There are about half a dozen hamlets scattered through the valley, of which St. Julien is the chief. Roger was pursued with unremitting vigilance, and on the 29th of April, 1745, was arrested at Vachères, where he had passed the night. His retreat had been betrayed by a Protestant of Ste. Croix and two Catholics, and he was found by the soldiers travelling the road very early in the morning in company with a young man. The officer asked him his name. He replied: "I am he whom you have been seeking these thirty-six years. It was quite time that you should discover me." On his person were found some registers of baptisms and marriages, and some money, part of it being a church collection.

He was taken down the valley to Crest, which Louis Ranc had passed through two months before, and there lodged in the tower. Crest is a market town, consisting chiefly of one long street, as is the case with so many of the towns in the mountains, and is situate eleven miles above Livron, on the Rhône. It lies under a high-pointed rock, on which is built the famous tower, one of the strongest fortresses in France. The tower is reached by a

steep street, and ascended by flights of steps which seem almost endless. The architect has constructed it to embrace the lofty and almost perpendicular rock, so that there is no middle or ground floor in the building, and the rock itself forms the back wall of one of the chambers at the top. The castle door is massive, and the walls about fifteen feet thick. The guard chambers and armoury are gloomy; above them are two large prisons,—one with one small square hole for air and light, the other with two such holes near the high ceiling. In one is preserved a pair of fetters, almost too ponderous to lift. On the landing is the *cachot de corde*, an oubliette twenty-five feet deep, into which, in feudal times, the victim was lowered by a rope, and then the iron grating over the opening was clasped and locked. In this tower Roger passed the night. The next day he was removed to Valence, and exposed to the insults of the populace; and from thence again, with other Protestant prisoners, to Grenoble.

The road from Valence to Grenoble passes along the course of the Isère. It is a fruitful valley; in the upper part are miles of walnut trees; as you ascend you find yourself amongst grand sub-Alpine scenery. Grenoble has been much modernised; the prison and the other old buildings by the river have been swept away, and the space is occupied by modern houses and new bridges. Half only of the Palais de Justice retains its original front in the style of the Renaissance.

On the morrow after his arrival at Grenoble he was taken before the parliament, and interrogated from eight o'clock to twelve, and in the afternoon from two to six, and again the next day from eight till noon. The story of the pretended edict was brought up against him, together with other charges, none of which, however, appear to have been sustained, for he was condemned on the sole count of exercising the function of a minister contrary to the royal

edicts. He was sentenced to be hanged. He had expressly desired that if he should ever be apprehended, no attempt at rescue should be made, declaring that if he had any suspicion of the kind he should inform his escort, so that they might take another road.

The sentence was pronounced on the 22nd of May, and communicated to the prisoner at eleven o'clock the same morning. He heard it with the same composure which he had maintained during his examination, and which had evoked the admiration of his judges. He thanked the messenger, and began immediately to sing praise to God. A quarter of an hour afterwards two Jesuits came to him, and exhorted him to think of his salvation and his approaching death. If they thought they could induce him to abjure, they were much mistaken. He thanked them for their sympathy, but told them he knew in whom he had believed, and that he had long desired to seal with his blood the truth he had preached for so many years. "The only favour I ask," said he, "is to be left in quiet during the few moments which remain to me on earth." He was permitted to withdraw into a private chamber, where he passed four hours in meditation and prayer. He then bade adieu to his fellow-prisoners of the Protestant faith, exhorting them to remain constant in spite of torments. They were bathed in tears, being especially affected to see him go to death with so joyful an assurance. His powerful emotions produced thirst; the jailer offered him wine, but he would accept nothing but a drink of cold water, saying: "I shall soon drink in my Heavenly Father's kingdom of that new wine of which he who drinks shall never thirst more." At these words the jailer, who had always shown him kindness, burst into tears.

But the hour was come; the executioner entered the prison, and took the prisoner down into the court-yard to put the rope round his neck. The two Jesuits reappeared,

and plied him again with their solicitations. "Think of your soul," they said; he repulsed them, saying he was at peace with God. Then raising his eyes to heaven, he cried: "This is the happy day and the happy hour for which I have so often longed. . . . My poor soul, thou art now to appear before God! This is the happy day when thou art to enter into the joy of thy Lord." "I entreat you," turning to the Jesuits, "to leave me alone, and not interrupt me." Then he set out, chanting with a strong voice the penitential Psalm, LI.

Arriving in the square, he made an attempt to address some last words to his brethren; but his voice was drowned by two drums and a fife. Fifty soldiers, who had escorted him, surrounded the scaffold. The square was filled with people, amongst whom were observed some persons of quality, who could not restrain their tears. At the foot of the scaffold he knelt down, and remained for some time in silent prayer. Then he mounted the ladder with a firm step, his face lighted up with celestial joy. Once more the Jesuits made an ineffectual attempt to gain his ear. A few moments afterwards "his spirit was with his Saviour." He was seventy years of age. Not a few Roman Catholics were affected by what they saw. "Certainly," they said, "that man is now in heaven." Some of the priests declared that their religion did not permit them to judge such a man, and that they had never seen so beautiful a death; even the Jesuits spoke of him with respect. His body remained on the gibbet twenty-four hours, when it was dragged to the stone bridge and thrown into the Isère. Professor Lullin, of Geneva, wrote a letter to Court, in which he calls Roger, "the soul and guide of the Dauphiné churches;" and adds, "I am so touched with M. Roger's death that I have scarcely strength to hold the pen."

## CHAPTER XX.

## DESUBAS.

ANOTHER illustrious victim of the hurricane of 1745 was Matthieu Majal, of the village of Des Ubas, four miles from Vernoux, where he was born in a solitary cabin in the year 1720. Like many others of his countrymen in that age, he was best known by the name of his native village. His parents were New Converts, but they attended the meetings held at long intervals by Pierre Durand and his fellow labourers. Matthieu was twelve years old when Durand was martyred. At fourteen he began to study under Boyer with a view to the ministry. When obliged to give up his personal care, Boyer wrote to the young man, September 21st, 1737: "M. Peirot and I are of opinion that you should go again, with the utmost exactness, over all the authors I read with you, especially Phedrus' Fables and Cornelius Nepos: you will do well to learn by heart a good number of phrases. You must not neglect Grotius and Turretin, for by this means you will make progress also in theology." Boyer especially recommends the youth to have his Latin Testament always at hand, and to learn beautiful passages by heart. A student in the seminary at Lausanne also gave him some pertinent advice: "If you give way to dissipation, you will have the hardest work possible to fix your attention. For this cause I suffer every day a thousand inconveniences, and must all my life remain an ignoramus."

At about the age of seventeen Desubas began to preach

in the meetings, and in October, 1740, he went to study at the seminary at Lausanne. His health was feeble and his purse low, and it was moreover a time of scarcity; but youth cares little for such things. He writes: "I spend my evenings with the people of the house; my fellow students come in, and some amiable young ladies; we relate stories, and converse on various subjects, to pass the time." In after days he looked back on the three years spent at Lausanne as the happiest period of his life. In 1743 he was ordained minister, and returned to the Vivarais.

The religious state of the province at this epoch is shown in a letter from Peirot to Antoine Court, May 11th, 1741. The Vivarais had not received the same amount of ploughing and sowing as Dauphiné, and the people had not recovered from the fatal effects of persecution, fanaticism, and war. "Since my arrival," says Peirot, "I have been to every place where our people reside. I have found some whose conduct and sentiments have edified me; they possess instructive and pious books, which they read with their families on Sunday. Many, on the other hand, show profound ignorance and indifference. They love their country more than their religion. I have even met with some of the age of thirty who, when I related to them the life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ, candidly acknowledged that they had never heard it before. If they know anything of religious matters, it is in regard to our controversies with the Romish Church, or other things still less important."

Desubas threw himself enthusiastically into his work. In less than two years he blessed more than 350 marriages and baptisms. St. Florentin wrote to La Devèze: "Fines are not sufficient to restrain the Protestants. Nothing will make so much impression as the punishment of a preacher; and it is most desirable that you should

succeed in arresting some one." La Devèze at once sent out his spies, and within a week Desubas fell into their hands.

He was apprehended December 11th, 1745, at the hamlet of Le Mazel, on the road from St. Agrève to Tence. He was on his way to a meeting in the wood of Larcisse, intending after the service to lodge at the house of Jean Menut, alias Rochette, a person of means, who was in the practice of entertaining the ministers. Here he arrived late in the evening. "Entering the house," he says, "I saw Rochette's wife, sister, and servants; I wished them good evening, and seated myself near the fire, because it was cold." Unhappily a traitor named Chevalier was on the watch; the offer of 3000 livres for the capture of a minister had been too much for his probity. He caught sight of Desubas, and ran to St. Agrève to give information. The lieutenant took two sergeants and twenty-six fusiliers, and arrived at Rochette's house in the middle of the night. Leaving a sentinel at the door, the soldiers ascended the stairs, and entered Desubas' chamber. "Here is the man," said one of them. "Yes," replied Desubas, "I am he." On which the traitor said, almost in the words of Judas, "Seize that man; it is he whom we are in search of." Rochette, who had returned home later in the evening, was arrested at the same time. They were taken to St. Agrève, and secured in a private house, where the commandant came to question them, demanding of Desubas his name and what money he had, and ordering him to give up his registers of marriages and baptisms. He gave his name, said that he had a new louis and some small change, and that as to registers, he had only a few note-books. Being asked where were the registers themselves, he replied that he could not answer that question for fear of inculpating others.

The author of this work visited the scene of Desubas'

arrest in June, 1893. Some paragraphs from a diary of the journey may bring it and the surroundings more vividly before the view of the reader. The diary contains also a traditional account of the event, differing in some points from the published narrative which has been followed in the last page. One of the writer's fellow-travellers, who had attended the Protestant service at Tournon the evening of the day before, received from the director of the theological seminary there, M. Foltz, an introduction to M. Malan, pastor of Chambon, which was of great service in the inquiry:—

“From Tournon the railway passes up the valley of the Doux as far as Lamastre. It is a wide and fruitful valley, the hills green and rounded, with the river running through it in a serpentine course. From Lamastre a diligence took us up to St. Agrève, situated on an open plateau or tableland, 3500 feet above the sea-level. As we rose, the mulberry first disappeared, then the vine, lastly the chestnut; they were succeeded by fields of rye and woods of fir and pine. St. Agrève is surrounded by scenery which might be called English were it not for a grand horizon of distant mountains on the west and north, which on the evening we arrived became almost black in the fading daylight. After the temperature of the Rhône valley the air felt chill. The winters are cold; snow lies on the ground two or three months.

“June 6th. We set out this morning for the market-town of Tence. The road traverses the undulating tableland through a pleasant country of meadows, rye-fields, fir-woods, and lovely hollows, with distant mountains all round. The meadows were enamelled with flowers, and, although the wind blew chill, the sun drew out the fragrance of the groves. We soon came to the village of Chambon, lying deep under the road. It is clean and pleasant. The pastor's dwelling stands within a courtyard,







Portrait of M. Bard.

and is not seen till you open a door in the wall. Outside the house-door were two bright little boys, playing with a wooden horse; they ran in to announce the visitors. M. Malan greeted us affably, and when we presented M. Foltz's introduction, expressed his desire to help us in any way he could. He understands English. It was arranged that on our return from Tence he should take us to the house where Desubas was arrested, bringing with him a proprietor of land, who resides near it, and who is the depositary of a family tradition regarding the event. The farmer, M. Bard, is himself a student of Huguenot history, and a worthy representative of Huguenot faith.

"The country from Chambon to Tence resembles that through which we had already travelled; fields of rye waving in the wind, and spring around us instead of the summer we had left in the valley at Tournon. Tence is a long narrow town, like St. Agrève, but twice as populous, containing 6000 inhabitants, almost all Protestants. It was the monthly fair day; the street and market-place were thronged; there must have been some thousands of people, all busily occupied buying, selling, talking, harnessing their animals into the carts, or carrying away their purchases; for the fair was half over. They were so densely packed, and so absorbed in their individual affairs, that our driver had continually to shout to them, and to exercise much patience in making his way through the crowd. At the inn to which he took us the rooms below were packed with men and women eating and drinking, and the landlord could scarcely find an empty place for us upstairs. Our window looked down on the animated and motley scene below. The men, mostly in blouses, some blue, some black, and with white or straw hats; the women generally wore the close cap of the district, but a few of them and most of the children had thrown it aside for the modern hat and colours.

“After dinner we returned to Chambon, where we were joined by M. Malan on his bicycle; he passed on before us to meet M. Bard. The house we were to visit stands on rising ground amongst cornfields, with woods beyond. We left the carriage in the road, and following a path through the waving corn, soon arrived at the spot. It is a farm building of considerable extent. The historians relate that the house was levelled with the ground, and the entry in the official book shows that sixty-four livres were paid for the work of demolition; but M. Bard informed us that a portion, which he pointed out, had been left standing, and also that the house was rebuilt on the same plan as before.

“Desubas, to follow M. Bard’s narration, was engaged in one of his pastoral circuits, visiting his parishioners from house to house.\* One Saturday a nominal Protestant of St. Agrève, named Chevalier, met him, and asked if he was the minister Desubas, for, said he, ‘I have a child to be baptized, and I pray you to tell me where your next meeting is to be held, and especially where you are lodging.’ Desubas said little about his lodging, but informed Chevalier that a meeting was to be held the next day in the forest of Sayères, or at the wood of Larcisse, the same we saw at a distance behind the house. They parted for the moment. Desubas, unsuspecting of danger, betook himself to Le Mazel, to the house of a farmer named Menut, otherwise Rochette, who was accustomed to entertain preachers. Entering the house the pastor sat down by the fire. When Chevalier, who unperceived had followed his steps, saw him safe in the house, he spoke to the maid-servant, who was a Protestant, and offered her money if she would leave the front door open. The miserable girl consented,

\* The country at that time was covered with wood. M. Bard says there was no wheel-road over the table-land until after the Revolution of 1789.

and told Chevalier all he wanted to know. The traitor then ran back to St. Agrève to give information, and presently an officer with a dozen men and Chevalier were on their way to Le Mazel, which they reached about midnight. They found the door open, and went upstairs to the room where Desubas was sleeping, but so noiselessly as not to disturb the other inmates. 'Here is the man we are in search of,' said one of the soldiers, but without recognising him. 'Yes,' answered Desubas, 'I am he.'

"Rochette himself was at St. Agrève when the soldiers set out. M. Boulon, the mayor of the commune, who, although a Catholic, was too generous a man to let the innocent preacher fall blindly into the pitfall which had been dug for him, said to Rochette: 'Go home at once, for they say the minister is lodging at your house, and that search is being made for him, and if he is taken you will be taken too.' But Rochette had indulged in drink, and instead of hastening home to warn Desubas, he lingered in St. Agrève till it was too late. If Desubas had been made aware of the danger, he might have removed to a place of safety. M. Bard's family, devout Huguenots and personal friends of the young preacher, occupied a farm-house not far distant, on the other side of the road, where he could have been easily concealed. Rochette arrived whilst the soldiers were still in the house, and was arrested.

"Desubas' chamber has been rebuilt in the original style; but a cooking-stove now stands where there was formerly a cupboard. His bed was between the cupboard and the window. Until within the last ten years the bedstead was preserved, or at least the bulk of it, for pilgrims who occasionally visited the spot used sometimes to take away a splinter. But the house coming into the possession of a Darbyist, the new owner, who despised such 'superstitious notions,' destroyed it all but one post which was rescued by his wife, now his widow. The maid-servant's

treachery still casts a shadow over the family to which she belonged, and which has continued ever since to reside in the neighbourhood. M. Bard relates that his grandmother when a little child heard Desubas preach."

We resume the narrative from the historians. The two prisoners were carried to St. Agrève, and thence were taken on to Vernoux at two o'clock in the morning. At the hamlet of Cluac, which they reached about eight a.m., the pastor was recognised by one of his parishioners, Etienne Bourdol, who determined to rescue him. Taking with him a score of his neighbours, but without arms, he hastily made his way to the wood of La Trousse, a quarter of a league short of Vernoux. As soon as the escort came up, the villagers stood forward and quietly but earnestly besought the commandant to liberate their pastor. They were haughtily repulsed; when Bourdol, throwing himself on the pastor's neck, declared he would never let him go. The commandant ordered the soldiers to fire. Bourdol and five of his companions fell dead; four others were made prisoners; Desubas himself was wounded by a bayonet in the shoulder; the rest escaped. The procession entered Vernoux at ten o'clock amid the hooting of the Catholic population, and Desubas was lodged in the château de la Verume. Vernoux is a considerable town rising conspicuous on swelling ground in the midst of a fruitful, well-peopled plain. Its elevation above the sea-level is much lower than that of St. Agrève, from which it is separated by a pass commanding a wide prospect. The town is of high antiquity, with remains of mediæval architecture at almost every corner. The château de la Verume, which stands at one extremity, has been replaced by a new mansion, but the ancient foundation still remains, together with some old outlying buildings.

At the moment of Desubas' arrival a Protestant meeting was being held in the neighbourhood. The worshippers

hearing the sad news ran in a confused manner towards the town. In the warmth of their affection for their beloved pastor, they did not foresee the consequences of their haste and disorder. They were about four hundred paces from the town when the magistrates met them and entreated them not to enter, promising that their minister should be restored to them. The crowd stopped ; but the magistrates, who had no power to fulfil their promise, coming forward again, told the people that the prisoners could not be released, and peremptorily ordered them to retire. Disappointed in their hopes and increased in number to some two thousand, they poured into the town, filling the air with their cries and groans, "possibly," says the Protestant historian, "mingling with these some confused threats." Hardly had they spread themselves through the streets than the soldiers, aided by the Catholic inhabitants, who stationed themselves at the windows, opened fire upon them ; thirty persons were killed, and one hundred wounded. The citizens and soldiers abused the dead, whilst the wounded were exposed naked to the rigour of a frosty night. Five who succeeded in dragging themselves to a surgery to have their wounds dressed, were butchered. The affair is known as the Massacre of Vernoux. One of the officers who commanded in this slaughter was so troubled by his recollection of the day's work that he fled the country.

This terrible event roused the dormant passions of the Protestant youths in the district where Desubas had been arrested. They ran to arms and presently bands were formed in every direction. The pastors, who foresaw the fearful consequences of an outbreak, actively exerted themselves to prevent it. They went from band to band, beseeching them to lay down their arms and return to their homes. "It is only on this condition," said the pastor Peirot, "that I can consent to continue my ministry

amongst you." These efforts were seconded by Desubas from his prison. Through the barred window he had heard the sound of the firing and the confused noise of the massacre, and he wrote : " I entreat you, gentlemen, to retire. The king's troops are here in great number. Too much blood has been shed already. I am very tranquil, and quite resigned to the divine will." The Vivarais youth obeyed the voice of their pastors.\* Unhappily six men who had been out hunting were met by a detachment of the soldiers coming from Le Cheylard, and who, taking them for a party of the insurgents, fired on them, killed two, and took three prisoners.

Châteauneuf, the royal commandant in the Vivarais, came to Vernoux and carried Desubas and the other prisoners, now amounting to nine, to Tournon. On the road, in spite of the soldiers, a woman made her way to the confessor and wiped the sweat from his brow. At Tournon the prisoners were lodged in the château of the Prince De Soubise, the same in which Pierre Durand had been imprisoned thirteen years before.

The next day the sub-delegate, with the procureur, examined Desubas.

" When do you preside over the religious meetings ? "

" Chiefly on Sundays. I have held meetings sometimes in one part, sometimes in another, of the several parishes in the province."

" Do you keep a register of the baptisms and marriages you perform."

\* The report of the massacre was too much for Court's equanimity. He wrote : " Perhaps it would not have been amiss to have let those armed people act who had come from the Vivarais. Without shedding blood they might have got hold of some curés, and obliged them to write that they would be treated in the same manner as the minister should be treated, and for our people to have kept their word."



"Yes ; it is at St. Agrève in my trunk. I think I have celebrated nearly four hundred. I have also administered the Supper ; I do not know how often."

"Did many people come to the assemblies ?"

"Sometimes more, sometimes fewer. At some, I believe, five or six thousand persons were present, drawn from more than forty parishes of the Vivarais."

"To what houses did you retire after the meetings ?"

"My profession does not permit me to say, nor to divulge the names of the readers, or of those who collected for the poor."

"Was a collection always made ?"

"No ; it was sometimes neglected to be done. The poor money was distributed both to Protestants and Catholics, more often to the former."

"By whom were the ministers paid ?"

"By the contributions of the people. A rule was made about a year ago that each should receive four hundred livres (£16) per annum."

"What were you going to do when you were arrested ?"

"I had called a meeting for the next day in the parish of Chambon."

"Did the person at whose house you lodged know of your coming ?"

"No."

"Had you lodged at Menut's (Rochette's) house before ?"

"I have made it a rule to maintain silence concerning everything which may compromise my brethren."

The Duc de Richelieu, when informing St. Florentin of the valuable capture which had been made, remarked : "The matter has been very serious, and will show that we must regard the Protestants as enemies to the king, and must not leave ourselves without a supply of troops during the winter."

La Devèze gave orders that the prisoners should be transferred to Montpellier. They set out on January 2nd, 1746, in a cart drawn by four mules. At St. Laurent-du-Pape, where they halted some hours, a Catholic went into the inn where the pastor was, and taking a lighted brand threatened to burn his beard. "Your conduct," said the pastor, "is unworthy of a Christian, or even of a good citizen. It will not bring happiness either to yourself or your family."

Desubas was too much enfeebled by his wound to bear the hardships of the journey, and on the arrival of the escort at Pont-St.-Esprit the commander wrote to the intendant Lenain: "The prisoner named Desubas is sick; the regulation allowance of a pound of bread with water and *pâte* appears to me insufficient for his subsistence. I shall provide him with something better, and await your instructions on the case." Lenain replied that the prisoner was to receive all requisite nourishment, and be charged with the expense. As the escort travelled from place to place, the Protestants gathered round, uttering murmurs and complaints. When they arrived at Nîmes the crowd was so great that the commander was unable to make his way through the city. In vain the soldiers presented their bayonets, and even wounded some persons; the crowd refused to make a passage for the escort.

The prisoners were obliged to be kept two days in the fort at Nîmes, and a request was made to the intendant for more troops. But Lenain saw nothing to be alarmed at in this effervescence; and when the governor urged his fear of a rescue, replied that he was undoubtedly mistaken, for the Protestants of Nîmes were a quiet people, who disapproved of revolt, and had not long since refused to receive foreign emissaries. Nevertheless, La Devèze, better informed that Lenain, sent three hundred soldiers and the horse-patrols to cover the march from Nîmes to Mont-

pellier. The precaution was not unnecessary. The youth of the Gardonnenque and of the Vaunage had in fact taken up arms. Paul Rabaut hastened to check this rash and futile manifestation ; he made his way over the heaths to where the insurgents lay in ambush to intercept the escort ; he exhorted, supplicated, conjured them to lay down their arms, but to no purpose. He warned them that the soldiers would hear of their design, and that at the first symptom of danger they would put Desubas to death. They answered : " No matter ; alive or dead we will have him." But Rabaut was not to be turned aside from his purpose ; he appealed to them in the name of their ancestors, so patient in suffering, and of their adorable Saviour, the example of meekness and resignation ; then he spoke of the minister himself, whose memory they were bent upon dishonouring : " If he whom you desire to save, and who would have given his blood for you, if he could hear you, how would he reprove your blind affection for him ; how would he utterly disavow your conduct, and command you to disband. If God has the same end in store for me, I conjure you beforehand, by your love to me, to let me die in peace." These words, uttered with authority, and yet with sympathetic tenderness, at length calmed the excitement of the young Protestants : they retired.

The escort arrived at Montpellier, January 13th, and Desubas was immured in the citadel, " that last earthly habitation of so many of the faithful." Every nerve was strained to procure his release. Some Catholic ladies of high rank, who saw him brought into the city with a rope round his neck, interceded for him ; and the Protestant marshal, Saxe, was written to on his behalf. The victor of Fontenoy, however, seems to have valued his place at court and his military rank above his religion, and he refused to move.

Legal proceedings against Desubas were commenced in

January. His valise was found to contain Martin's Bible, with parallel passages; some other religious books, letters, and notes of sermons; a copy of the register of the marriages and baptisms which he had solemnized; and a pair of holster pistols. His examination took place on the 18th. Amongst the questions were the following:—

“Were you not armed when you were arrested?”

“I carried pistols and a hunting-knife.”

“Had you leave?”

“No.”

“What use did you intend to make of your arms?”

“Only to defend myself from highwaymen, being obliged often to travel by night.”

The following day, his host, Rochette, was examined; but instead of imitating Desubas' noble example and adhering to the truth, the wretched man denied that the pastors of the Desert were accustomed to lodge with him, said that he did not know Desubas, and even pretended that he had gone to St. Agrève for the purpose of getting him arrested. These clumsy falsehoods were of no service to him.

The same day, the three men who had been taken prisoners by the detachment from Le Cheylard were examined. They were armed with guns and hunting-knives, but when they were arrested they made no resistance, and the curé of St. Voy certified that they were returning from the chase, and that they had not been concerned in the affair of Vernoux. Although thus proved to be innocent, they were kept a year in prison, and only discharged on paying the costs of their detention.

On the 21st of January the procureur-royal accused Desubas of having discharged the functions of a minister of the Pretended Reformed Religion, and demanded that he should be hanged on a gibbet on the esplanade, and his goods confiscated, or a fine levied of not less than half their

value. As to Rochette, he demanded that for the crime of having given shelter to the pastor he should be sentenced to serve for life in the royal galleys, and to be branded on the right shoulder with the three letters, GAL. He demanded also that Desubas' books, sermons, and papers should be burned by the hangman ; and further, in conformity with the ordinance of November 9th, 1728, that the New Converts of the communities, in which Desubas was arrested, should pay the sum of three thousand livres, part to go to the informer, part for the expenses of capture. The judges, with the exception of some modification of the last point, acceded to the demands of the procureur.

Desubas wrote several letters from his prison. "If it were possible," he says, "for some one to send me a letter of consolation in the sad state to which I am reduced, it would give me sensible pleasure, and be a great mitigation of my misery, but let no one needlessly grieve on my account. I am very tranquil for one who expects death at any moment. It is the Lord who sustains me ; and having such a support, I fear nothing. If they take away from me this miserable life on earth, I hope God will put me in possession of another life which shall be eternal and infinitely happy, if only I endure my trials in a manner agreeable to Him. I ought to bless this great God, who, in the midst of my afflictions, has raised up charitable persons who let me want for nothing that is needful for the body, so that I have never been better nourished than I am now. The wound I received, though it was pretty severe, has never caused me much suffering. God's name be blessed in all things."

At Montpellier efforts were made by the clergy, as they had been at Tournon, to draw Desubas into the Catholic fold. His attractive person, his polished manners, the sweetness of his answers, won all hearts. The Jesuit Senaub, a professor of the College, was sanguine of

success, and wrote to the intendant for permission a second time to visit the prisoner. Lenain replied: "I am surprised at the confidence you display. I am assured that he does not wish to see you again, not from ill-will to your person, but from hatred to your robe." The bishops, who had come to the assembly of the Estates of Languedoc, manifested a warm interest in the prisoner. "We desire," said the bishop of Montpellier, "to save your natural life, but above all to save your soul." "I am ready," answered Desubas, "not to dispute, but to listen to you, and to read your books. If I should find I have fallen into errors, I am ready to abandon them, but otherwise I shall remain the same." "I did not wish," he wrote to a friend, "to make these gentlemen despair, for I hoped that in thus protracting the matter, God might provide some means for my deliverance, or soften the hearts of my judges." The bishop asked Lenain for a respite, but already the interval between judgment and execution had been longer than usual, and St. Florentin wrote from Versailles: "The Council are of opinion that the punishment of the prisoner should be proceeded with as promptly as possible."

His would-be converters made a last effort. "The time you have given me to examine these matters," replied Desubas, "is too short. I have had the honour to listen to your reasons, and to read some of your books, but thus far they have produced no effect. In matters of religion a wise person does not so readily determine." His last letter was to his parents. "It is with the deepest pain that I write you these few words, which I cannot do without a torrent of tears, when I think of your love for me, and the distress of mind you have been in since my arrest. But my filial love, and the ardent desire I have to comfort you and to bring you to adore with me the judgments of God, compel me in spite of myself. I beseech you not to afflict or disquiet yourselves unduly on my account. We know

not why God has permitted this thing to befall me, but we ought to be convinced that He has had good reasons for it: you lose a son whom you love, and who loves you tenderly, but you will find him again one day in heaven. Is it not an honour to have a son who suffers for having preached the gospel of Jesus Christ our Saviour? this is all the crime imputed to him, and this is his true glory. This 30th of January, 1746. DESUBAS."

The 1st day of February was the last day of Desubas' life on earth. At an early hour Lenain caused him to be brought before him to undergo a final examination.

"Have not the Protestants a treasure chest?"

"No, my lord."

"Have they not a store of arms?"

"I know of no magazine of arms among the Protestants."

"Are you not aware that there are in the Vivarais foreign emissaries for the purpose of hatching intrigues against the state?"

"There is no truth in it; the ministers preach nothing but patience and fidelity to the king."

It is related that Lenain was heard to say, "I know it."

When the sentence was pronounced, the prisoner was the only person present who was unmoved: all the judges shed tears, and the intendant, who wept also, assured him that he was grieved to condemn him, but that such was the king's order. The Protestants were astonished at Lenain's emotion. Before he came into office he had threatened them, and during his intendency he had treated them with severity; but human sympathy was not dead in him.\*

\* There is still extant one of the broad placards containing the condemnation of Desubas, Rochette, and the three prisoners taken by the detachment from Le Cheylard. It had been affixed to the consul's door at Rosans, in Dauphiné. The paste by which it was attached at the four corners has been eaten by insects.

The scaffold was erected on the usual spot in front of the citadel; an imposing body of troops surrounded it. When Desubas appeared with bare head and feet, and in the undress of the condemned, his youth, the beauty of his person, his calmness in the presence of death, and the fervency of his prayers at the foot of the scaffold, stirred the spectators to enthusiasm. To drown his words, fourteen drums began to beat. He sprang on the ladder, but was stopped at the second step that he might behold the flames consuming his homilies, desert liturgies, and notes of the synods. He bade adieu to the two Jesuits who stood beside him, and, thrusting away the crucifix which they held to his lips, he stepped into eternity. He was only twenty-six. It is related that two Roman Catholics of Dauphiné were awakened by what they saw that day, and embraced the Reformed faith. The popular voice celebrated his triumphant death in a ballad, in which the angelic hosts, whose symphonies he longed to hear, welcome him with hymns and palm-branches.\*

Rochette was sentenced to the galleys for life, but was released at the end of twenty years. His joy on recovering his liberty was too great for his frame to bear, and he died on his way home, without having seen his wife and children.

Lenain, in reporting the execution to St. Florentin, informed him that the bishops of the province had requested him, as the whole country was tranquil, not to

\* The archives of the department of Hérault, from which many particulars in the foregoing narrative are taken, contain a schedule of the expenses incurred in this trial. Amongst the items are:—For the maintenance of the minister, and of Rochette, 19 days, at 20 sols a day, 38 livres; expenses of witnesses, 230 livres; cost of inventory, 8 livres; hire of cart to take the accused to Montpellier, 112 livres 10 sols; the public executioner, 30 livres; burning Majal's books, 10 livres; informer, 3000 livres; expenses of demolition of Rochette's house, 64 livres. Total expenses, 7000 livres.



proceed further against the Protestants, but to entreat the royal clemency on their behalf. St. Florentin replied: "His majesty is well pleased that the execution of the prisoner has been accomplished without trouble. He continues in the intention of pardoning all the guilty against whom informations have been lodged." La Devèze, in return for his zeal in the capture of Desubas, put in a claim for the promotion of his son, which the minister was very ready to allow. The lieutenant who arrested Desubas received 300 livres and a company.

We have often had occasion to observe that the Protestant churches regarded their calamities as a token of the divine displeasure, a judgment for their sins. They seem to have been so possessed with this idea as to allow no place for other considerations, such as the trial of faith, the chastening of love, the inscrutable mystery of the power of evil intruding itself into the divine government of the world.\* In the persuasion that the death of Desubas was a sign of the divine displeasure, a general fast was ordered. "Let everyone," wrote Viala, in a pastoral letter, "occupy himself solely with the things of heaven! Let the merchant close his shop, the artisan and the labourer refrain from their toil. Let young and old, rich and poor, pastors, elders, and all the flock, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, O Lord, spare thy people, and give not thy heritage to reproach."

Whilst these scenes were being acted in France, England was thrown into a state of agitation by the attempt of the young Pretender to recover the throne of his ancestors. The incidents of his disastrous enterprise are well known; the landing in Scotland; the defeat of the English at Preston Pans and Falkirk Muir; and the rout of the Scots by the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden, April 16th, 1746.

\* 2 Thess. ii. 7.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## A ROMISH TRIUMPH.

THE victories which the Protestant Church of France recorded at this crisis were unhappily sullied by a defeat.

Arnaud-Duperron was a preacher in Dauphiné in 1745. A meeting which he held near Châteaudouble was surprised, and many persons were arrested, but he himself escaped. The parliament of Grenoble had him hanged in effigy in the Place du Breuil, in that city, March 17th.

Arnaud fled to Lausanne, where he assumed the name of Laplaine, and where he passed three years in the seminary. On his return to Dauphiné, June 4th, 1748, he resumed his ministry; but in little more than a month he was betrayed by an ex-Protestant, and arrested at the hamlet of Le Pialoux, near la Baume-Cornillane. Being taken to Valence, he frankly avowed his name and occupation; from thence he was removed to Grenoble, where he wrote from his prison: "What afflicts me is the want of capacity to set forth the excellence of the truth in opposition to the arguments which are pressed upon me. Never, perhaps, has anyone had a harder contest to maintain. But if I cannot boast of answering all the objections which are so skilfully arrayed against me, I shall at least, by God's help, win the honour of never losing sight of my duty."

It was here, alas! that the enemy discovered a flaw in his armour. "It was not," says his biographer, "that the assaults of his adversaries were difficult to repulse, but it

was that these adversaries came to him in the form of messengers of death, who pointed to the gibbet if he should refuse to hearken to them." Antoine Court writes: "I have to add another piece of ill-tidings, which causes me poignant sorrow; it is the fall of the zealous Laplaine. The fear of a cruel punishment, and the love of life, which during his imprisonment had become too dear to him, have driven him to forfeit the glory of perseverance. He succumbed on the 16th of September, after having maintained fifty-four or fifty-five disputations with the Jesuits. On that day he consented to go into the prison chapel with the Bishop of Grenoble, three councillors of parliament, three Jesuits, four priests, and six ladies of charity or mercy; there were in all 150 persons present. Mass was performed, and he made the sign of the cross. But when night came, and he was alone, he was heard to groan and sigh. His converters required him to use his influence with some other Huguenots then in the prison to do as he had done, but he secretly charged them, whatever he might say to them in the presence of others, to remain steadfast in their faith. The priests themselves did not believe in his sincerity: 'Do not let us boast too much,' said one of them, 'of M. Arnaud's conversion; it is not our arguments which have vanquished him, but the fear of the gallows.'"

The poor man flattered himself that his abjuration would secure his immediate release; but his persecutors had something more for him to do: they obliged him to put his hand to a pamphlet, which they entitled, *Motives for the Abjuration of M. Arnaud, surnamed Duperron, Calvinist Minister*, and which was printed at Grenoble in 1749. This document was directed especially against the use of private judgment in matters of religion, and in it were set forth the so-called fundamental principles on which the Church of Rome is built. It was a sorry triumph; on one

side the civil authorities, a swarm of ecclesiastics with arguments, promises, threats, and the fearful gibbet ever present to the imagination; on the other, one lonely man, fettered and guarded, and denied the use of his New Testament! And yet for all this, if only his eye had been single, that one fettered man, like so many before him, would have been more than a match for all the host of his adversaries. Without God man can do nothing; with Him there is nothing He cannot do.

It had been under the combined influence of the prison, the voices of the priests, and the dark shadow of the gallows, that Duperron lost heart. At the same time some Protestants in the province, who were still free, were betrayed into a less excusable mistrust of God, and denial of their Saviour. They took an oath before the magistrate never again to attend the religious meetings, and to denounce such as should preside at them. A colleague of Duperron's, named Rozan, wrote to them: "I know that you all censure and repudiate Arnaud's apostacy; but in so doing you are condemning in another what you approve in yourselves: as Christ says, you see the mote in your brother's eye, but you cannot perceive the beam which is in your own eye. M. Arnaud has renounced his religion; have not you done the same by promising never to profess it? All the difference between him and you is, that in forsaking his own religion he has embraced another, whilst you have promised to live without any religion at all. You are far more guilty than he: he has undertaken only for himself, you for your children and servants; he has renounced his faith without becoming a persecutor, you have promised to do all in your power to procure the arrest of the pastors."

A pension of 400 livres was conferred by the government on Duperron, but he was still a prisoner. On the 1st of April, 1750, eighteen months after his abjuration, he was

transferred to a monastery at Vigile, three leagues from Grenoble. The surveillance to which he was now subjected, being less rigid than that of the prison, gave him the opportunity of recovering his liberty; and at the end of three days he contrived to make his escape. He wandered a fortnight in the mountains, when Rozan met him near the town of Die. As soon as the poor man saw the preacher, he cried: "Behold a wretch, sick in body and soul, unworthy of being seen by the faithful, having denied his Saviour, and brought scandal and shame on his brethren, but who nevertheless is come to implore their prayers, his own having become vain because of his apostacy." "His words," says Rozan, "were accompanied with sighs and sobs; his face was pale, his eyes wandering, his body as dry as a skeleton, his clothes torn and filthy." The poor man survived only a few weeks, when he sank a victim to remorse. Those who were with him in his last moments reported that he was truly repentant, and that he died trusting in the Divine mercy.

But although the persecution of 1745 and succeeding years was bitter, there were, even from its commencement, significant tokens amongst the higher ranks that the day of wheels and gibbets was passing away. On July 6th, 1745, Paul Rabaut wrote that the Duc de Richelieu had given orders to treat the Protestants with more humanity, and that in consequence his meetings had been more numerous. The next week he held a meeting at Marsillargues, at which the Marquis of Calvisson was present, and which is described by Antoine Court's son in a letter to his father: "Monseigneur de Calvisson, coming from the court, entered as M. Paul [Rabaut] was concluding his sermon. The marquis begged it might be preached again; but as M. Paul was weary, M. Pradel went into the pulpit in his stead. When the service was ended, the marquis requested that a meeting might be held near

his estate, and gave permission to his peasants to attend it. All the people flocked to it, not a single Catholic remaining in the village except the curé and his clerk. The marchioness is delighted, and expresses great compassion for the Protestants."

## CHAPTER XXII.

## STATE OF THE CHURCH, 1746-1750.

THE war of England, Austria and Piedmont against France was raging, and the government of Versailles was as usual entertained with reports of English agents in the Cevennes. To counteract these machinations, real or supposed, it was ordered that the pastoral letter of Basnage, spoken of above,\* should be reprinted and disseminated through the southern provinces. A few months later, when the French armies were beaten and Provence was invaded, Lenain, the Intendant of Languedoc, sent secret messengers to the pastors to assure himself of the fidelity of the Protestants. The pastors not only gave him satisfactory proof that the suspicions of the court were groundless, but even offered to raise two battalions of troops for the defence of the country. It does not appear that the offer was accepted.

So long as the government was occupied with foreign war, the Protestants enjoyed comparative repose. In December, 1746, Paul Rabaut speaks of one of his portable pulpits being taken into the country a quarter of a league from Milhaud, and of 15,000 persons assembling to hear the preacher. The next spring when Rabaut himself preached near Nimes, the Spanish grenadiers mounted guard along the basin of the Fountain, to protect the worshippers from insult on their return to the city. Nevertheless Rabaut

\* See ante, p. 247.

found his work perpetually hindered by a weak and time-serving spirit. Writing to Court, September, 1746, he says: "How rich you would be if you had what private persons have paid not to be taken to prison. There are few good families in Nîmes which it has not cost ten, twenty, thirty, or even fifty louis d'or, to be struck out of the list of the convicted." He complains at the same time that the seals to his ministry were few; and he began to think no course remained to the Church but a general emigration. Accordingly in 1747 he formed a scheme for leading out a colony into some free country and erecting a church of which he should be the pastor. Before the end of the year, however, the preacher's courage revived, and he laid aside the scheme. Nevertheless the burden of his pastoral work continued to be almost too heavy for him. February 1st, 1748, he wrote: "Besides the multitude of sermons I have to preach, I have been overwhelmed with other duties, having often no time to take necessary food or rest."

The next year success returned to the French flag, and the removal of the danger was followed in some parts by a renewal of severity towards the Huguenots. Jean des Jours was put to death at Montpellier by Lenain on the charge of having taken part in the attempt made two years before to rescue Desubas. In January, 1750, the parliament of Bordeaux annulled the union of eighteen persons who had been married in the desert, and condemned the men to the galleys, the women to have their heads shaved, and to be kept for life in the city hospital, their dowries being confiscated. The children were declared illegitimate. At the same time a multitude of other confessors were sent to the galleys and the prisons, and heavy fines levied in Provence and Languedoc.

At the General Assembly of the Clergy which met in



Paris, April, 1750, the Archbishops of Albi and Bordeaux, and the Bishops of Alais, Bayonne and Gap, complained bitterly of the religionists, and a memorial was presented to the king praying that he would put in force the Declaration of 1724. Louis returned a gracious answer, and the screw was again applied in some of the southern provinces; but the conviction was daily gaining strength that the old system of persecution was worn out. The Duc de Richelieu, when some of the bishops at the Assembly of the Estates of Languedoc complained of the Protestants, replied that the bishops themselves were the original cause of the mischief, and that he had no orders to disquiet the religionists. The Abbé Causse, canon of Montpellier, one day asked the duke if the Protestant meetings were not to be broken up. "You are always harping on the meetings," replied De Richelieu; "what is it you wish to be done?" "For my part," answered the abbé, "I am not for molesting these people. It seems to me that the finger of God is lifted on their behalf." "Well, then," rejoined the duke, "if it be the finger of God we had better let them alone."

An incident occurred in Dauphiné which suggests that persecution was maintained rather to employ the soldiers, and to gratify their cupidity, than to recover heretics to the Romish Church. The scene took place between Montmeyran and La Beaume Cornillane. The Intendant of Valence sent two companies of dragoons, who arrived at the spot just after the assembly had been dismissed. The people took to flight; the soldiers fired, probably only to terrify them, as only one, a woman, was wounded. The dragoons, however, threw themselves on the women and girls, tore off their mantles, head-gear, rings, and the golden hearts they wore round their necks, and took all their money, as they did also of the men. The officers did nothing to restrain them.

We hear of meetings at this time being very numerous attended. In 1750 the Pastor Pélissier held one at Coulonges, near La Tremblade, in the province of Aunis, at which 4000 persons were present, and where he preached for three hours.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE LAST STORM. — 1750-1755.

IN December, 1750, Lenain, the Intendant of Languedoc, died, and was succeeded by the Viscount de St. Priest. The new pro-consul began his reign by reviving the law for the removal of young children to the convents. The ordinance was posted up throughout the province; and at the same time parents were commanded to present themselves at the churches to be re-married, and to have their children re-baptized. The Protestants disregarding these injunctions, the intendant ordered the names of the refractory in every town and village to be sent up to him, and from these lists certain persons were selected to be made examples of. Fines were imposed, the prisons were choked with men, women, and children, and Languedoc once more saw itself treated like a conquered country. At Brignon and Cailar, as the consequence of this proclamation, there was a stampede of the Protestants, no fewer than 950 persons fleeing into concealment. Rabaut writes: "Yesterday, MM. Clément, Verzenobre (J. Pradel) and I met these poor fugitives in the wood of Bernis, and exhorted them to constancy. We prayed with and for them, and have written to the intendant on their behalf."

Unhappily the Church for some years past had been gradually losing her ancient fidelity, and sinking into a state of lukewarmness, by which she became unfitted to resist persecution. "At Cailar," says Rabaut, "all the children have been re-baptized, some by force, being carried

to the church by the soldiers, some by stratagem, some through fear. Half the married couples have returned home, and have attended mass. Last Sunday the clerk of the revenue was at Cailar to confiscate the goods of the rest. The success of our enemies will be all the more certain, at least at Anduze, since the bishop now makes no question of abjuration, but only requires the presence of the parties once or twice at mass. Consequently we shall see a crowd of cowards who will bend the knee before the idol, and will console themselves with the belief that in doing so they have committed only a slight fault. It is this which pierces me through and almost overwhelms me."

Nevertheless there remained still many faithful servants of Christ who refused to "bow the knee to Baal." When St. Priest at Nîmes summoned before him some of the chief Protestants of the city, and in an imperious tone commanded them to take their children to the baptismal font, they replied: "My lord, we hear your commands with the respect due to them, but our faith does not permit us to obey."

In January, 1752, François Bénézet, a native of Montpellier and a Desert preacher, was betrayed, and being arrested at Le Vigan, was taken to Montpellier. The lieutenant by whom he was apprehended saying to the prisoner with evident satisfaction, "Your capture will obtain for me the cross of St. Louis"; "Yes," replied Bénézet, "but it will be a cross of blood which will always reproach you." "At which word," says the narrator, "the officer turned pale." To prevent a rising of the Protestants, Bénézet was conducted to the scaffold by 1200 men, and as soon as he had passed the threshold of the citadel, his voice was drowned by the rolling of the drums. Like Roussel and Roger he went to the scaffold singing the LI Psalm. His execution took place March 27th.

These and similar severities rekindled the old Cevenol

spirit of revenge. One day in June a government spy was found dead in his own house, stabbed with a dagger. Another having given information of a meeting in the neighbourhood of Valleraugue, the next day some men in masks waited for him on a road where he was to pass, and cut off his arms and one of his legs.

In August, 1752, a pastor named Barthélemy Coste was returning from Vézenobres, near Alais, when he met the Prior of Ners. What special complaint either had against the other does not appear, but, according to Coste, as soon as they met, the prior, without provocation, stopped his horse, put the reins between his teeth, and drawing a pistol, pointed it at him. Coste, seeing the movement, snatched his own pistol, and fired first. The prior was mortally wounded, and died soon afterwards. According to the Catholic version, however, Coste was the aggressor, and the prior was innocent. The country was thrown into a state of alarm. A rumour was spread that the province was in insurrection, and that 600 rebels were posted in the wood of St. Bénézet, with some ministers at their head. Many priests of Lower Languedoc left their parishes, and took refuge with their bishops. The worst feature was the divided opinion of the Protestants on this unhappy affair. Whilst some of the pastors proposed to bring Coste under the rigorous discipline of the Church, he was defended by not a few of the preachers, and applauded by the majority of the flock.

Paul Rabaut, comprehending the gravity of the situation, wrote: "I feel the force of the reasons alleged for punishing the culprit; but when I consider the inevitable consequences of passing sentence upon him, it is more than I can bear. I see pastor against pastor, flock against flock, altar against altar, the demon of discord infusing his poison all around, and driving away charity and peace to make room for hatred and dire dissension."

The government, however, seemed to have forgotten the precedents left by former intendants for occasions such as this. In the days of Bâville and Bernage the commune in which the homicide occurred, or to which Coste belonged, would have been heavily fined, the dragoons been quartered on the Protestants, and perhaps some half-dozen innocent people put to death. St. Priest contented himself with taking proceedings against the pastor, and proclaiming that such as harboured him should be hanged. Coste succeeded in concealing himself, and escaping to Holland, and thence to London, where he died insane. He was outlawed and hanged in effigy. At the fair of Lédignan, the same month, a conflict took place between the Huguenots and the dragoons, the former apparently having been excited by the harangues of Coste. The pastors in alarm hastened to the town, and by their remonstrances, at once severe and gentle, induced their people to lay down their arms.

The country was happily saved from a fresh effusion of blood. Louis XV was averse to making war on his subjects; the national mind was becoming every day more enlightened; and, in what may be termed a lucid interval, the secretary of state wrote to St. Priest: "It is the severities which have been used that have caused the disorders, and not the tolerance with which the clergy reproach the government. The penal laws for which they are continually clamouring have always been put in force, but the experience of every age proves that they are insufficient to extirpate heresy, and that mercy, patience and charity are the true means which Divine Providence itself employs, and which it has delegated to the shepherds for the establishment of the faith." In October, the Duc de Richelieu came into Languedoc to resume his military command. He was furnished with instructions, severe in tone, but with concessions on marriage and baptism such

as had never been granted before. The bishops were directed to render these sacraments as easy as possible. Marriage was to be solemnized between all who should present themselves, without requiring even communion, and the children of such as had been married by the pastors were restored to their legitimate rights. St. Florentin wrote to St. Priest: "His majesty is absolutely indisposed to make war on his subjects; nevertheless, he deprecates every thought of toleration, and desires you to continue to make examples."

All concessions, however, were insufficient to quiet the Protestants so long as the order for the abduction of their young children remained in force; the families, and especially the mothers, being kept in a state of perpetual terror. In 1752 efforts were made to resist this cruel edict, and to shake off the yoke. Plots were laid to assassinate some of the curés, and emigration recommenced. Formerly, when Saurin, at the Hague, had sent word to the oppressed churches, "Come out to us," Court had answered, "Not so; it is for you to return to the flock." Now, however, Court even began to give way under the prolonged and apparently hopeless burden. "Go," he said to the people; "Holland and England offer you an asylum." His exhortation was obeyed. An Irish association which had been formed in London chartered a vessel at Rotterdam to take over the emigrants, and sent money to Geneva for the expenses of their journey. In June a caravan of 114, who had been met with demonstrations of honour and sympathy in the towns of Switzerland and Germany through which they had passed, arrived at Rotterdam, where their entry resembled an ovation. Rabaut, writing in April and May, says: "No day passes without the departure of several carriages filled with men, women, and children. Would I had ten thousand livres to assist those who have no means. Many

cannot possibly leave without begging their way. The greater part of those who go are stocking-weavers and taffeta-weavers; the question is, will they find work in Ireland" He then bewails the unfaithfulness of those who remained at home: "Our persecutors are continually gaining upon us; Milhaud and St. Césaire have yielded; they are working to overthrow the Vaunage, and they will succeed only too soon." Of himself he says: "I am worth more than I was some time since; my head was then valued at 6000 livres, now it is worth 20,000; and instead of the cord, they threaten me with the wheel."

The government, as usual, took alarm at the emigration, and hastened to check it. St. Florentin wrote to St. Priest: "I am grieved to hear of the measures the foreign powers are taking to draw away the religionists, and carry off our artisan population. It is of the utmost importance that you should prevent by all kinds of methods the loss which the state may thus suffer." He advised mildness and indulgence, but at the same time gave orders that the frontier should be rigorously watched. Several bands of emigrants were apprehended. The fugitives from Normandy and Poitou were more fortunate; under cover of night a large number made their way by sea to England, where they were hospitably welcomed and forwarded to their new home near Dublin. Prussia received a new colony of silk weavers. The emigration continued more or less till the end of 1753, at which time it ceased. To the Frenchman his native land was so dear, its traditions, associations, and habits so much a part of his being, and exile was accompanied by so many hardships, that, except in case of absolute necessity, he preferred persecution in France to freedom abroad. The effect of the persecution from 1751 to 1753, distinguished as it was from former persecutions by a more subtle and conciliatory policy,



was, as may be gathered from the preceding pages, detrimental to the moral condition of the Church. The people became familiar with conformity to forbidden acts, which were made as easy as possible, and the synods were greatly perplexed how to deal with the offenders.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## REST AT LAST.

AMONGST the public men of just principles and generous sentiments was the Marquis de Paulmy, who visited the Tour de Constance in 1752.\* His conciliatory conduct so won the esteem of the Protestants, that Paul Rabaut ventured to present him with a memorial of their grievances. The preacher had counted on the help of some gentlemen who had engaged to seek an interview with the marquis, but as these failed him he resolved to undertake the matter himself. On the 19th of September he says: "Taking with me two trusty men, and being joined by three others on the way, I stationed myself three-quarters of a league beyond Uchaud on the road along which the marquis was to pass, where we waited till seven o'clock in the evening. When he was near enough to hear my voice, I called out that I had something to deliver to him. He had the goodness to order the coachman to stop. Going up to the carriage door I put the memorial into his hands. He broke the seal, and without giving me time to say a word, asked, 'What is it?' 'My lord,' I replied, 'it is a memorial in which reference is made to another prepared in the month of June which you must have received. Those whom it concerns venture to flatter themselves that they will experience the effect of that goodness and generosity which characterize your lordship.' Inclining

\* See ante, p. 310.

his head, he asked, 'What is your name?' 'My lord, I am Paul, at your service.' 'Are you not Paul Rabaut?' 'The same, my lord, with all deference.' Upon this he began to read the memorial; but the light of the moon not being sufficient, he folded it up, and putting it into his pocket, made me a low bow. I bowed to him, and wished him a prosperous journey. Remounting my horse I returned home, praising God, and praying Him to bless our travail for the peace of Israel. The marquis supped that night with the bishop, and at table related the occurrence, and the Duc d'Uzès, who was present, did not fail to make it public. The faithful," adds Rabaut, "are jubilant, whilst our enemies grind their teeth and fancy they already see our temples restored. A Roman Catholic of Paris," he continues, "has written to another of Nîmes: 'The petition which six Protestants have presented to M. d'Argenson, Marquis of Paulmy, between Nîmes and Montpellier, has made a great noise at court; it is thought the king will pay attention to it. The emigration has made a deep impression, and there is a desire that orders should be given to alleviate the lot of the religionists.' From other quarters we hear that the king and his ministers have read the memorial several times, and that the latter have had it copied. Everything depends on the Lord's blessing."

The Duc de Richelieu, as already stated, treated the Protestants with consideration. At Nîmes several who had relations in the fort presented petitions to him, which he received graciously, saying, "the king had no desire that his subjects should be oppressed." During the short time he was in the city he was in high good humour, and expressed his satisfaction with the reception the Huguenots gave him. Walking to the Fontaine to see the new works, which, as an inscription on marble records, were completed the next year, he was followed by a crowd of people.

"When he came," writes Paul Rabaut, "opposite the street where my house stands, my maid, who carried my brother-in-law's little child, got into the crowd, and was thrown down with the infant in her arms. De Richelieu, who saw the accident, ran to pick up the child, put its hat again on its head, and showed by his exclamations that he feared it was hurt. He gave the servant a louis d'or, as he said, 'to pay the physician and surgeon,' neither of whom, however, was needed. This little incident, which has run through the city, has delighted the Protestants and enraged the Roman Catholics, who find mystery in everything." In the same letter Rabaut says: "A nobleman, lately come from Paris, has told his vassals that they may meet, baptize, and marry without fear of molestation, although formerly he said quite the contrary. Never have our affairs been so well known at court as they now are."

There was, however, one practice of the Protestants which deeply offended De Richelieu, and almost turned his favour into wrath. This was the habit, as injurious to their cause as it was unpardonable in the eyes of the government, of carrying firearms to their religious meetings. When the duke discovered that this practice still prevailed in the towns and villages of the Upper Gardon, he threatened to let loose the soldiery on the district, and if necessary to decimate the inhabitants.\*

During the early part of 1753, the outward prospects of the Church continued to grow brighter. "Thanks to the Lord," wrote Paul Rabaut in February, "we are still enjoying a sweet calm. On the first Sunday of last month, which was a fast day, I held a meeting of from 10,000 to

\* Court and others had often declared that the Protestants never carried arms to the meetings. But the mountaineers were an excitable people, to whom arms were almost a second nature, and, moreover, what was true in 1735 may not have been true in 1753.

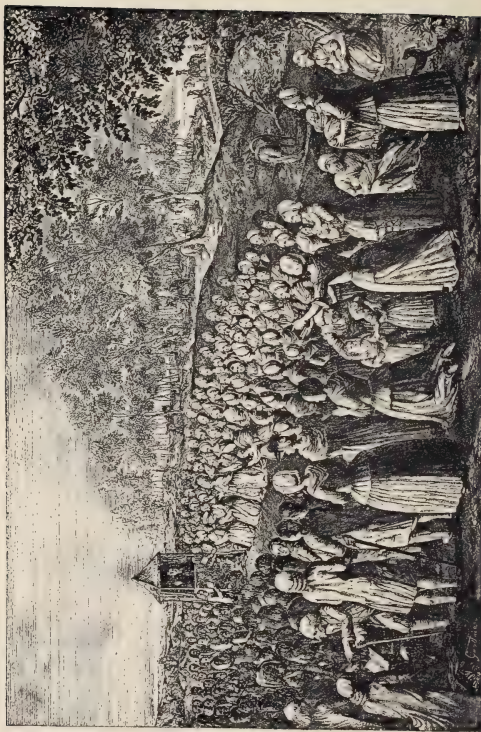
12,000, when the Lord gave me tongue and utterance." In March, the payment by the state to the Romish missionaries employed for the conversion of the heretics was withdrawn, and the bishops were left to maintain the missions at their own expense. It is true reimbursement was promised to them, but the royal exchequer was empty, and the result of this change in the action of the government was that the missions fell into desuetude. The advance of toleration is still further shown in the treatment of some prisoners who were apprehended at a religious meeting at St. Affrique, and who were released on paying the costs of the procedure.

The intervals of repose, however, which the Church now enjoyed were still often interrupted: the action of the government was fitful and vacillating. The cruel expedient of imprisoning the families of the ministers until the husband or father should have passed the frontier was now tried. One night the commandant at Nîmes came to Paul Rabaut's house and placed his wife under arrest; but instead of carrying her to prison allowed her to escape. She wandered awhile in the desert when, finding all quiet, she returned home; but a new visit of the soldiery caused her again to fly. "I have the honour to inform you," wrote St. Priest to St. Florentin, "that we have arrested several of the ministers' wives, which has decided the husbands to leave the kingdom, and that the minister Rabaut is in the greatest perplexity." Rabaut's wife remained away from her home two years. Nothing, however, that they could have done to her would have moved her husband. "I was," he says, "too much in love with the very dust of the sanctuary for any power on earth to tear me from it."

In 1754 the soldiers were again let loose on Languedoc, the pastors being the especial objects of their pursuit. One of these, named La Fage, was concealed in a farm-

house at a little distance from Monoblet. The farmer, refusing to open the door, the soldiers forced an entrance. The unfortunate pastor climbed on the roof; a soldier fired at him; the shot broke his arm, and carried away part of his chin. As soon as he saw himself a prisoner, he told the officer who he was, and that he was prepared to seal his testimony with his blood. At Monoblet his flock, who had come together, stood weeping around him as he bade them farewell. With him the soldiers took the people of the farm and of the neighbouring houses to the number of nine. From Monoblet, La Fage was removed to Alais, and thence to Montpellier. The wound in his arm turned to a gangrene, and the surgeon reported to the intendant that he was dying. Instead, however, of leaving him to himself during the few hours which remained, St. Priest hurried on the trial. Sentence was pronounced, and at five o'clock the same evening the prisoner was led out to the esplanade. "He went to execution," says Rabaut, "with admirable firmness, the Lord being at his right hand that he should not be moved. Notwithstanding his weak and suffering condition, his countenance was radiant with joy, and from his lips flowed words of edification and comfort." Pradel, another minister, wrote to Court: "This glorious athlete of the Lord, by his demeanour, discourse and prayer at Sommières on the way to Montpellier, won the esteem and sympathy of his escort, which consisted of more than 500 men. The courage and joy which he manifested on the way to execution confirmed our own people and reached the hearts of the Roman Catholics, one of whom cried out, 'This man has died a hero of religion.'" The death of their pastor stirred up the old Cevenol spirit. The man on whom the suspicion fell of having betrayed La Fage, coming to Anduze, a crowd of women and children ran upon him, attacked him with stones and left him for dead. When they were gone, however, he managed to





A Desert Meeting, 1775.



drag himself to the house where he was lodging, and he recovered.

But this storm quickly spent itself. In May, 1755, the Margrave of Brandenburg with his lady, sister to Frederic the Great, on their way from Provence visited the confessors in the galleys, and contributed to the release of many of them: nine were set free at Toulon.

In 1755 the pastor Pélissier presided at a meeting at which it was computed 7000 or 8000 persons came together. During the service some spies were detected and captured by the sentinels, and being disarmed, were placed in front of the pulpit, where they were held till the meeting broke up. It lasted five hours.

In 1756 began the Seven Years' War, in which Frederic the Great of Prussia maintained his ground against the united armies of France, Austria and Russia. The breaking out of the war was favourable to the Protestants. The Duc de Richelieu was recalled from Languedoc, and was succeeded by the Duc de Mirepoix, who, under the influence of his excellent wife, showed himself even more indulgent to the Protestants than his predecessor. He treated their preachers as his friends, and gave them to understand that so long as they acted prudently he would wink at their meetings. When, however, the next year, presuming too much on his indulgence, they began to rebuild their temples, he sent his troops to disperse the materials they had collected. This was a point on which the clergy, and consequently the government, were very sensitive, so that when in 1763 some disused temples were reopened by zealous preachers, they were at once closed by royal order. It was not till 1774 that the Protestants were strong enough to have their way. In that year the same buildings were again opened, and in spite of orders to close them, were kept open until the Edict of 1787 proclaimed universal liberty of worship.

Court's Rachel died in June, 1755. "She had been," says Hugues, "during the many years they had lived together, his faithful helper and comforter. One half of his heart he gave to her, the other to the Church; or rather the two were identified in the depth of his affection. When she was taken he felt that half of himself had departed with her." He survived her five years; his serenity, sweetness and patience continued to the end. He expired June 15th, 1760.

Before concluding our history, we must relate some occurrences, each of which gave a powerful impetus to the progress of liberty. Two of them arose, not in the course of systematic persecution, but as isolated events springing out of that inveterate hatred of the Reformed doctrines which had inflamed the Catholic population of the south ever since the crusade against the Albigenses, more than five centuries before. They occurred in a quarter of Languedoc of which we have had little to say since Claude Brousson made his noble defence of the Protestant religion. They happened in the city of Toulouse.





A Desert Meeting in 1780, in the Quarry of Lègue, near Nîmes.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## JEAN FABRE.

THE Fabres were merchants of Nimes. On January 1st, 1756, the Reformed families of that city met for worship in their usual place under the rock, on which the Tour Magne is situated. It was then a narrow gorge, but has since been entirely changed by the quarrying of stone. Hardly was the meeting gathered, when it was surprised by the soldiers. Jean Fabre, the son, being an active young man of twenty-nine, made his escape; but as soon as he arrived in a place of safety he anxiously enquired what had become of his father, then seventy years of age. Hearing that he had been arrested, he did not hesitate a moment, but returned to the spot. He found his father, with another man named Turges, in the hands of the soldiers. "I threw myself upon my father," he says, "and cried, 'It is my father; I am come to take his place.' The soldiers were stupefied at this unexpected challenge, but they did not loosen their hold; on the contrary, they closed their ranks. I cried again, 'I take my father's place,' and putting my arm round his body, I drew him away. The soldiers remained motionless; but my father said: 'I have come to the end of my race, but thou art in the flower of thy youth. Go, leave me to fulfil my destiny.' Our amicable strife lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. The commanding officer was occupied with a crowd of people, who had armed themselves with stones for the rescue of the prisoner, and did not see what was passing between my

father and me. He gave orders to fire on the first stone which should be thrown. My father, being determined not to allow me to take his place, drew back into the midst of the soldiers, and bade me leave him. His words, however, only caused me to redouble my efforts; and with the aid of the sergeant, who sympathised with me, I succeeded in drawing him out again. I then ran to the chief officer, and cried, 'Let us go, sir; let us march out of this place.'" At first he refused to allow the substitution to be made; but at last, yielding to the prayers and tears of the son, he consented. The old man, overcome by his emotions, sat down on the ground to see the end. "As soon," continues Jean Fabre, "as I saw my father out of danger, I did what I could to quiet the people, who pursued us with stones in their hands, and who cried to the officer to let go M. Turges and me. We marched for an hour across the fields, the sweat dropping from me in consequence of the exertion I had used, and my fears lest I should not be able to deliver my father." Arrived at the citadel of Nîmes, Fabre and Turges underwent an examination. The former, when brought before the judges, seems to have let go his faith in Divine Providence, and to have sought safety in a falsehood. He denied having been present at the meeting, and declared that when he had thrown himself into the midst of the soldiers to rescue his father he was on his way from the city on other business. The evasion did him no service. They were both committed to prison.

When Fabre found himself in the silence of the prison, shut in by stone walls, he sank into a state of despondency, and fell sick. He and his companion remained five weeks in the fort, and were then removed to Montpellier, where they were placed in separate cells. The church in Nîmes and all Protestant Languedoc was moved with admiration and sympathy at the young man's self-sacrifice. His name

was on all lips. The Duc de Mirepoix, governor of Languedoc, tried to turn this sympathy to account. He offered to pardon Fabre and Turges on condition that Rabaut should quit France. The bait did not take. Rabaut had an interview with Mirepoix. The count said : "If you had been willing to leave the kingdom we should have set free this prisoner in whom so many persons are interested." Rabaut replied : "If the well-instructed pastors abandon their flocks, fanatics will spring up in their place, an exchange which the government cannot desire ; the persecuted will be blamed, but the guilt will be with the persecutors."

Fabre and Turges were condemned to the galleys for life, with confiscation of their goods. They were put in irons and taken to Toulon. Fabre thus describes his feelings on finding himself on board the galley. "When I saw myself stripped to be clad in the ignominious livery of the wretches around me, mixed up with that which is most vile upon earth, chained to one of them on the same bench, my heart melted and I swooned. It was with much trouble that I was recovered ; then my hair was cut off, terrible token of the most frightful slavery. The place where I sat was wet with my tears. One of the wretches, followed by a comite, brought me some boiled beans and a wooden spoon, with some black bread, which he set beside me ; I could not touch it, and determined to die of hunger. When, as night came on, by the light of the lamp hung in the middle of the galley, I looked around on all those human beings covered with rags and vermin, I imagined myself in a hell where remorse for crime engendered ceaseless torment. I lifted my chain to get ease, and let it fall again : reflections crowded thickly upon me and drowned my senses. The next morning M. Teissier, a merchant, came to visit me, and spoke to me in a most compassionate

manner. Several captains also on the king's vessels came to console me."

Through the intercession of friends, grace was extended to Fabre and his companion ; they were removed from the galley to the Forçat's Hospital where the service was less severe. Here many trials and dangers beset him. The last, and perhaps the most harrowing, was that which related to a cousin to whom he was affianced. In the reduced circumstances of Fabre's family, and the improbability of his ever being released, her relatives were eager for her to accept the hand of a more wealthy suitor. Before giving her consent she wrote to Fabre to know his mind. He replied that the advice of her relations was wise, for that he himself had lost all hope of recovering his freedom, and his health was every day becoming undermined. On receiving his answer she accepted the offer of her new suitor ; but when the time came to fulfil the engagement, either repugnance or regret withheld her, and she protested that she would rather pass all her life unmarried than not wait for him whom she first loved. Her suitor, though very reluctantly, consented to burn the promise she had given him.

When memory had time to retrace the past, the consciousness of having departed from the truth in his examination began to weigh upon Fabre's spirit. He bitterly reproached himself with what seemed to him an unpardonable denial of his master, and he wrote to Paul Rabaut : "I feel myself too guilty to seek for excuses which would greatly aggravate my sin. My tears flow in torrents from grief and the fear, not to say despair, of losing the divine mercy. I beseech you, most honoured pastor, not to withhold your assistance in this hour of need. Penetrated with the enormity of my sin, I yet can not think you will abandon your wandering sheep. Although I feel that your answer, if you should honour me with



an answer, will quite overwhelm me, I shall receive it with the utmost respect, and submit myself to all that your just censure shall require." Rabaut's reply is not extant.

Fabre remained at Toulon upwards of six years, his family and friends incessantly interceding for him, but always refused by the inflexible St. Florentin. In the end he regained his liberty by a royal pardon, issued direct without the knowledge of the minister. It was obtained by a merchant of Frankfort, a Protestant refugee, through some officers of the French army, who brought the case under the notice of the Duc de Choiseul, minister of war. The order for his enlargement was sent down to the Intendant of Toulon, May 21st, 1762. "That morning," wrote Fabre, "the hospital commissary came to make his usual visit; he returned an hour afterwards and called for me. I feared some new complaints on the part of my enemies, but his benevolent manner reassured me. 'Sir,' he said, 'it is with true pleasure that I announce to you your liberty. I congratulate you with all my heart. Tomorrow morning you will be free.' He gave me leave to go into the city to order some clothes of M. Teissier. I found the shop full of naval and military officers. The good merchant embraced me, and expressed his delight to see me at his house; but when I said I wanted a tailor and a hairdresser, he uttered a loud cry of joy, and embraced me again; and all the officers, when they heard who I was, congratulated me. When I had been measured I returned to my sad abode. The time till the next morning seemed to be years. At last the longed-for hour arrived. I was taken to the bureau and my irons struck off. As soon as the news reached my relations at Ganges, the house was filled with people, Roman Catholics and Protestants all taking part in the rejoicing." The meeting

of Jean Fabre with his family, which took place in a garden near Nîmes, was very affecting.

St. Florentin was enraged at being thus outwitted, and threatened to make Fabre pay for it; so that the latter was advised to secrete himself. His marriage was at the same time delayed for want of means, and through the obstinate refusal of St. Florentin to restore to him his civil rights. At the end of some months, however, he resumed his trade as a silk-stocking weaver. His fame meanwhile had spread through the country. High personages interested themselves for him,—the Duke and Duchess of Fitz-James, the Prince of Beauvau, and the Duchess of Villeroy. The Duchess of Grammont on her way to Nîmes paid a visit to his mother. At last the Prince de Beauvau wrested from St. Florentin an order for the restoration of Fabre's civil rights; and his marriage was accomplished.

So completely had the tide of public opinion turned, that Fabre's history was wrought into a drama under the inappropriate title of *L'honnête Criminel*. The piece was played at the Duchess of Villeroy's with great éclat, and, being suppressed by St. Florentin, became exceedingly popular. Although "a very mediocre performance, stuffed with philosophical maxims and sentimental aphorisms, it was praised by Voltaire"; and the queen, Marie Antoinette, caused it to be acted in her presence. Fabre's property having been confiscated, a subscription was set on foot in Paris to raise for him 100,000 francs, but the movement was suppressed by St. Florentin; and other attempts having failed, the Duc de Choiseul took up the case, and invited Fabre to Paris. At the moment, however, when he seemed to have arrived in port, on the very day which the duke had fixed for an interview with him, the ministry was overthrown. After passing eight months in Paris, experiencing alternate honours and disappointments, Fabre

returned to Ganges to resume his trade. In 1795, his wife died, and Ganges became insupportable to him. He sold his property, but being paid in assignats (the country was bankrupt), what he received was far below its value. He settled at Cette, where he died in 1797.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

FRANÇOIS ROCHETTE AND THE GLASS-  
BLOWERS.

AT Gabre, in the county of Foix, a small province on the northern slope of the Pyrenees, dwelt a tribe of glass-blowers who had been ennobled by Charles V. in the fourteenth century. The tribe, which was Protestant, consisted of three families numbering about 300 souls. These rustic noblemen served as readers, singers and catechists in the desert ministry. They did not escape persecution. In 1745 most of them were carried away and imprisoned at Auch; forty-five of these were degraded, their goods forfeited, and they themselves sent to the galleys for life. The next year, two of their glass houses were demolished, and their patriarch, Isaac Grenier de Lastermes, with his two sons and others of the fraternity, were laid in irons in the dungeons of Toulouse. They were afterwards removed to the galleys at Toulon, where Isaac died in 1754, being upwards of eighty years of age.

One of their preachers named Figuières showed himself as warlike as a Camisard chief. One evening, in 1756, returning from a desert meeting, escorted by some of his hearers, they were met at Roquebrune by the Marquis de Gudanes, the feudal lord of the district, who had with him a detachment of militia, and of the marshalsea troops. "My great-grandmother," says the historian Peyrat, "then a girl, was in the company; she had her little sister with her. They were terrified at the sight of the soldiers. The

men were at first disposed to fly; but the women, indignant at their cowardice, seized their brothers and husbands by the collar, and forced them to advance, setting them an example by filling their aprons with stones. The noblemen drawing their swords headed the rustic band, who were armed only with sticks, whilst the warlike Figuières marched in front, intoning a psalm. The militia fled, the marquis saving himself only by the swiftness of his horse. How it happened that vengeance for so heinous an offence was not taken at the time does not appear.

Next to Figuières, the leaders of the Protestant band were three brothers of the family of Grenier, who in 1761 removed to Montauban. Amongst the preachers of the district was a youthful pastor named François Rochette, a native of Languedoc, lately come from the seminary of Lausanne. His health having given way, Rochette resorted to the mineral waters of St. Antonin on the banks of the Aveyron. On his way thither he passed through Montauban, and called at the house of the three brothers Grenier, whom he left the same evening to continue his journey. He had for companion a chorister of Anduze, named Viala; and about midnight when they were near Caussade, he sent this man into the town to inquire for a guide to take them to a hamlet where Rochette was to baptize an infant. Viala returned with a young man of the name of Michel Balés. On their way back to rejoin Rochette they met a cake-seller who, perceiving that they stepped aside to escape observation, took them for thieves, and reported them to the night patrol. The patrol with his attendant ran to the men, and demanded whither they were going. "To Montauban," they replied, "and we are waiting the arrival of a horseman." The falsehood cost them dear. Whilst they were parleying Rochette arrived, and being in his turn interrogated, answered truthfully that he was on his way to St. Antonin. The contradiction

in the answers increased the suspicions of the officer, who took all three of them to the guard-house. In vain Viala remonstrated; in vain he appealed to the sub-lieutenant, an ex-Protestant, and formerly an elder of the consistory of Caussade, no attention was paid to his entreaties. In the morning, when the civic authorities came to interrogate the prisoners, Rochette answered all their questions truthfully and without reserve.

The news of the misfortune filled the Protestants with grief, for they knew that in the case of Rochette arrest was the forerunner of certain death. Two of the magistrates, moved by their representations and by the honesty of the preacher, did what they could to restrain the fanaticism of their colleagues. Suddenly, however, there arose a cry in the town, which was repeated from street to street, "The Protestants are arming to rescue their minister." It was fair day, and an unusual number of Protestants were in the town. The tocsin was sounded, the drums were beat, the Catholics seized their arms, and ran tumultuously together. To distinguish one another they mounted their hats with paper crosses and white cockades. They attacked the Protestants, isolated and fugitive, seized them, and dragged them to the prisons, where also they bound Rochette more securely. In the evening the women and children returning to their villages spread the news wherever they came. All around to the distance of five or six leagues the alarm bells were rung. The next morning many Catholics from the villages ran into Caussade to the assistance of the townspeople, who had passed the night in making cartridges and casting bullets. The three brothers Grenier of Montauban were charged with being at the head of the conspiracy. Endeavouring to make their escape, they were hunted with dogs and overtaken. Although they carried arms and knew well how to use them, they made no resistance.

The magistrates of Caussade released all the prisoners whom they had taken except Rochette and ten others who, on the 20th of October, were transferred to Toulouse to be tried by the parliament. Thither also the Greniers were taken. The churches did all that lay in their power to obtain an impartial trial, but their efforts were neutralized by the fanaticism of some of the magistrates, and by the prejudice excited against the Protestants in connection with the trial of the Calas family, which was then pending, and of which we shall speak presently. Except in the case of Rochette there seems to have been no evidence that a breach of the law had been committed by any of the prisoners. It was thought that the glass-blowers were now being made to pay for their victory at Roquebrune. Rochette was sentenced to be hanged; the brothers Grenier, being noblemen, to be beheaded; two others to serve in the galleys for life, and one to banishment; the rest were released. The Protestants were stunned by this iniquitous and unlooked-for blow, worthy of the barbarous days of the Revocation.

When the next morning the sentence was read to the prisoners, Rochette and the brothers Grenier exclaimed: "Well, then we must die! May God accept the sacrifice we offer Him." They then embraced their companions who had been condemned to the galleys, and congratulated those who were to be set free. Four curés entered the prison for the purpose of converting them. Rochette thanked them for their good offices, but begged them not to trouble him and his friends during their last moments. One of the priests threatening him with everlasting torment, he replied: "We are going before a judge more just than you, before Him who shed His blood to save us." The curés interrupted him to speak of heresy, and of the power of the Romish Church to forgive sins, but the minister in his turn interrupting, told them that the Protestant

religion was founded on Scripture, and that sins are remitted only through faith in the sanctifying blood of the Redeemer.

At noon the priests withdrew to allow the martyrs to take their last meal; but, they having no further need of nourishment for their bodies, "thought only," says the historian, "of supporting their souls with the mystical banquet, exhortations, prayers and hymns." Their calmness and their devotion softened the jailers and soldiers, so that when the prisoners thanked them for their kind offices and begged them to forgive any involuntary trouble they might have caused, they burst into tears. One especially appeared deeply moved. "My friends," said Rochette, "are you not ready to die for the king? Why, then, do you pity us who are going to die for God?" An hour afterwards the priests returned. The prisoners again begged to be left alone. "'Tis for your salvation that we are come here," they replied, at the same time thrusting forward the crucifix. "Speak to us," cried one of the Greniers, "of Him who died for our offences, and rose again for our justification; but do not mix up with it your superstitions."

At two o'clock the martyrs were led out of the prison. The priests seated themselves beside them on the fatal cart. A sheriff in scarlet at the head of the mounted guard of the city, one of the commissaries of the parliament in a black robe, and the executioner, made up the mournful cavalcade. In pursuance of the terms of the sentence the minister was stripped to his shirt, his feet bare, and a halter round his neck; but the glass-blowers were completely and carefully dressed.

The cart stopped before the doors of the cathedral. The minister suspecting an attempt to make him abjure before the altar, refused to alight. The commissary said it was only in order to do penance, and to ask pardon of God, the



king and justice, for having broken the laws. "You see," replied Rochette, "that I was not far wrong in my apprehensions; to do that would be the same as to abjure." "It is only a formality," rejoined the commissary. "I know of no such thing as a formality when my conscience is concerned," was the noble reply. His remonstrance was unheeded; he was taken down from the cart. Falling on his knees he said: "I ask pardon of God for all my sins, and I firmly believe in being washed in the blood of Jesus Christ who has redeemed us at so great a price. I have no pardon to ask of the king; I have always honoured him as the Lord's anointed; I have always loved him as the father of his country; I have always been a good and faithful subject, of which my judges seemed to me to have been well persuaded. To my flock I have always preached patience, obedience, submission. If I have transgressed the king's laws concerning religious meetings it has been at God's command. As to justice, I have not offended against it, and I pray God to pardon my judges." After some sharp altercation the commissary was obliged to content himself with this confession.

The melancholy procession resumed its march towards the scaffold, which was erected, not in the great square of St. George, the usual place of execution, but in a smaller square called Le Salin. This place, with the avenues leading to it, had been occupied by troops all the morning as a precaution against any attempt at rescue. But when the bells began to toll the last hour of the condemned, the Protestants, who had no thought of attempting a rescue, withdrew into their houses to weep in secret for the victims whom they could help only by their prayers. An immense crowd of townspeople, however, pressed round the cavalcade, and forced themselves into the square, which they filled, as well as the windows, balconies and roofs. The populace of Toulouse, who were amongst the most fanatical in France,

and who had lately clamoured for the blood of Calas,\* forgot their ferocity at the sight of these youthful martyrs. Rochette was only twenty-six; his countenance beamed with grace and serenity; the glass-blowers, aged respectively thirty-four, thirty-two and twenty-two years, were tall handsome men with an expression at once bold and gentle. All four conversed together in a loud voice respecting the better life on which they were about to enter. Their words drew tears and sobs from the assembled crowd. After giving his benediction to his companions, Rochette mounted the ladder singing Psalm CXVIII, v. 24,

La voici l'heureuse journée !

The two elder noblemen beheld the execution of the minister without betraying the least emotion, but the youngest hid his face in his hands and sobbed. Then the three brothers embraced and commended one another to God. The eldest suffered first; and then the second. When the turn of the youngest came the executioner said with emotion, "See your brothers!—don't die!—abjure!" The youthful martyr, bowing his head on the ensanguined block, replied, "Do thy duty." The historian adds: "Whilst the eldest was suffering the others sang hymns, and so on, until all three finished their triumphant melody in heaven."

The death of these confessors plunged all the churches into mourning. When the news reached Nîmes, Paul Rabaut's son, Rabaut Saint-Etienne, who was just entering on his ministry, preached their funeral oration.

\* The Calas family were arrested a short time before Rochette and the Glass-blowers were executed, but were not sentenced till afterwards, viz., in November, 1761, and again in March, 1762.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE CALAS TRAGEDY—VOLTAIRE.

THE historians relate with much minuteness the sad fate of Jean Calas and his family; it will be sufficient to give it here in a condensed form.

In 1761, Jean Calas, a Protestant and a cotton merchant, was living in Toulouse. He had a wife and six children, and a Catholic maidservant. On the 13th of October, seven days before Rochette and the brothers Grenier were taken to Toulouse, Calas was accused of murdering his son in order to prevent him from joining the Romish Church. The facts are that the son, excluded as a Protestant from the profession of advocate, on which he had set his heart, and unable to induce the magistrates to connive at his want of legal qualification, had fallen into a melancholy state, and put an end to his own existence. The sheriffs, summoned to the house to enquire into the cause of the son's death, satisfied themselves that it was a case of suicide. Suddenly, however, a voice was heard, "Calas has killed his son because he was to have abjured to-morrow." The cry was repeated from mouth to mouth. The city was in a ferment. The Calas family, together with a guest, François de Lavaïsse, the son of a celebrated advocate, who had been supping with them, were seized and taken to the Town Hall, and thrown into prison.

The city of Toulouse, half peopled with noblesse, magistrates, monks, and brotherhoods, was still a city of the middle ages. Five hundred years before, when the

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Albigensian Church was so mercilessly crushed, the inquisition was established there by St. Dominic. Moreover, just at this juncture, the second centenary, in commemoration of the massacre in the city of 4000 Protestants in 1561, was about to be held. The heretical family of Calas seemed to the excited populace to be victims sent expressly by God to augment the pomp of the solemnities. In utter disregard of all the rules of justice, on the 18th of November, Jean Calas, his wife and his second son were sentenced to be tortured, De Lavaïsse and the maidservant being ordered to witness the same. Only one of the judges had the courage to dissent and to declare the accused to be innocent. The prisoners appealed to the parliament. It was several months before their appeal was heard, and they were kept all the winter in prison, manacled and guarded by soldiers. All, however, even the maidservant, adhered without wavering to the depositions they had made. De Lavaïsse, who was a Catholic, manifested a noble magnanimity. His father conjured him to separate himself from the fatal destiny of a family condemned by the public voice. "My father," he replied, "I will not betray the truth. The Calas family are innocent; their virtue becomes dearer to me in their misfortune."

The parliament on receiving the appeal ordered further investigations to be made, and the trial to recommence *de novo*. The Calas were defended by the eloquent advocate, Sudre, and by the pen of Paul Rabaut, who wrote a vigorous refutation of the calumny, which the parliament ordered to be torn in pieces and burnt on the steps of the palace. On the 9th of March, 1762, after a long debate, eight out of the thirteen judges found Jean Calas guilty of homicide, and sentenced him to be tortured, to be broken alive on the wheel, to be dispatched at the end of two hours, and his body to be thrown on a burning pile.

When the old man was made acquainted with this

horrible sentence he courageously prepared himself to suffer. It was hoped that the torture would wring from him an avowal of guilt and the names of his accomplices ; but all that the rack could extort was the words, " Where there is no crime there are no accomplices." Released from the torture he was taken to the place of execution, two Dominicans mounting the death-cart with him. A wax candle was placed in his hand, and half-clad he was drawn from street to street and from church to church until they reached the scaffold which was set up in the great Place St. George. On the way he calmly made signs of adieu to his friends, and continually repeated to the crowd : " I am innocent." At the foot of the scaffold one of the Dominicans, affectionately embracing him, conjured him to confess his crime. " And you," cried the old man, " do you really believe that a father would kill his son ? " The executioner seized him : at the first blow he uttered a feeble groan, and then received all the rest without heaving a sigh. Whilst on the wheel he constantly prayed to God for his judges. " No doubt," he said, " they have been deceived by false witnesses." When the second hour of his martyrdom was nearly spent, " My dear brother," said the Dominican, " you have only a moment more to live, by the God whom you call upon, in whom you hope, and who died for you, I conjure you to give glory to the truth." " I have said it," replied Calas ; " I die innocent. Jesus Christ, who was innocence itself, was willing to die by a much more cruel death. I have no regrets for a life, whose end I hope will conduct me to eternal happiness. But this young stranger," referring to De Lavois  , " how mysteriously has Providence involved him in my misfortune." Hereupon a magistrate, who had taken a very active part in the proceedings, leaped upon the scaffold crying out : " Wretch ! behold the stake which is about to reduce thy body to ashes ; speak the truth." The martyr

turned away his head, and receiving the last blow yielded up his spirit. The Dominicans withdrew murmuring, "This was a righteous man; thus died our ancient martyrs." Calas was sixty-eight years of age.

The sight of this good man's execution wrought an instantaneous change in the fickle-minded people; they forgot their fanaticism and thirst for blood; they were melted, they wept, they proclaimed the innocence of the martyr, they condemned the barbarous judges. The judges themselves, recognising their own injustice, released the other victims, the widow, the faithful domestic and the generous Lavaïsse.

In his cottage at Ferney, at the foot of the Jura, where the library window opens on the smiling garden with its green arcade and the blue Lake of Geneva below, Voltaire heard the rumour of the tragedy at Toulouse. Two of Calas' sons, one of whom had escaped from a monastery, had fled into Switzerland. The philosopher called them to him, and learned from them the particulars of the sad story. Convinced of their father's innocence, he proclaimed it, proved it, held up the sentence to universal execration, and lodged an appeal to the king in council, retaining in the case the most celebrated advocates of the day. Madame Calas went herself to Paris to plead her cause. Justice moved at a slow pace, but she showed herself at last. At the end of three years, March 9th, 1765, the council by a unanimous vote pronounced Calas to be innocent of the crime for which he had been executed, and annulled the sentence of the parliament of Toulouse. He was reinstated in his civil rights, his name declared to be free from reproach, and his property, which had been confiscated, was restored to his family. The court lords showered gifts on the widow and her children, Louis XV himself following their example.

The remarks of the Protestant historian, Hugues, on the



Calas tragedy and the story of Jean Fabre are worthy of notice. "The century had been passed in egotism, frivolity and gallantry. In 1762, there was a semblance of awakening to a higher course of life; salons for serious employments were opened where the fastidious age occupied itself in physics and chemistry. These studies, however, soon became wearisome. Voltaire threw into this monotonous indolence the name of Calas, and the world of fashion precipitated itself upon the horrible reality, as it did soon afterwards on the reveries of Rousseau. But Calas was not enough; another name was brought out, that of Jean Fabre, the Protestant galérien. He was made the hero of a drama, and to stimulate the sickly curiosity thus created, he was himself invited to be present at the representation of his own sufferings. 'The Duchess of Villeroy,' he says, 'invited me to the rehearsal of the drama at her private theatre, where Mademoiselle Clairon played the principal character, in the presence of all the highest people of the court. All the spectators were deeply affected.' False tenderness," exclaims Hugues, "which seeks to hide the dryness of its heart under sentimentality which spends itself in words of sorrow and clothes itself in sad and melancholy attitudes, which after all are nothing but a mask. The genuine emotions of the heart were not present; the tear of true sympathy was still as far off as it had been at the commencement of the century."

The temper of the age is to be seen in a conversation at a dinner table in Paris where several of the leading wits were present. It took place at the mansion of Madame D'Epinay, who made a short note of it. The topic was the external ceremonies of worship, with a comparison between the Catholic religion and heathenism.

Duclos: "What use do the French people make of their reason? They ridicule other nations, and yet are more credulous than they."

Rousseau: "I pardon their credulity, but I do not pardon them for condemning those who differ from them."

Madame Quinault: "In matters of religion everybody is right, but everyone ought to remain in that in which he was born."

Rousseau (with warmth): "No, pardieu! If it is bad it can do nothing but mischief."

Madame D'Epinay: "I am of opinion that religion often does much good, being a bridle for the lower class, who have no other morality."

"At this," she adds, "they all cried out at once, and overwhelmed me with arguments which indeed seemed to me better than my own. Some one remarked that the lower class are more afraid of being hanged than of being eternally lost."

St. Lambert: "It is the business of the civil and criminal code, and not of religion, to regulate morals. Religion may restore a piece of money at Easter to a maid-servant who has been defrauded of it, but does not restore the millions which are unjustly acquired, or make reparation for a calumny."

St. Lambert was running on when Madame Quinault interrupted him: "We are here for the purpose of nourishing this rag of humanity which we call our body; ring the bell, Duclos, and they will bring in the roast joint."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## PAUL SIRVEN—PASTOR CHAUMONT.

THE public indignation against injustice and intolerance which had been awakened by the fate of Calas was intensified by the wrongs of another Protestant family of Languedoc, that of Paul Sirven. By order of the Bishop of Castres, Sirven's daughter was taken from her home, and shut up in the Convent of the Black Ladies of that city. Here she was so rigorously treated that she became insane, and was sent back to her parents, October 9th, 1762. Soon after her return home she threw herself into a well, where her body lay eighteen days before it was discovered.

Like the young Calas, her death was attributed to her parents, who, to escape trial, fled towards Switzerland with their other daughters. It was winter; the Cevennes through which they had to pass were covered with snow; on the way one of the daughters gave birth to an infant; both mother and child died. The rest of the family made good their escape, and, profiting by the reputation Voltaire had acquired as the champion of humanity, betook themselves to Ferney. "Four innocent sheep," cried Voltaire when he saw them, "whom the butchers accuse of having devoured a lamb." During their absence they were brought to trial, and found guilty; the father and mother were condemned to death, the daughters to exile. Voltaire made the affair public; and Elie de Beaumont, the first advocate of the day, pleaded their cause before the royal

council. After a delay of five years, namely, in 1767, the iniquitous sentence was reversed. The grace came too late to reach the wife, who had already died of grief; the old man and his two daughters returned to France.

Voltaire was also the means of setting free from the galleys a minister named Chaumont. On his release, in 1764, Chaumont called on the philosopher to express his gratitude. The interview is thus described by Chiron, a refugee minister at Geneva, in a humorous letter to Paul Rabaut. "I told M. de Voltaire that I had brought a little man to thank him for his liberty. At the name of Chaumont the philosopher manifested delight, and rang the bell to have him brought in. 'So, my poor little man, they sent you to the galleys. What conscience to chain a man to the oar for no other crime than praying to God in bad French!' M. de Voltaire then called in some visitors who were in the house to partake of his pleasure, and to see the liberated minister, amongst whom was an ex-Jesuit, who joined heartily in the congratulations. Little Chaumont was confused and astonished, and looked smaller than ever, a real Liliputian, or at any rate a dwarf of a Lapp. Seeing him mute, I interpreted his feelings, assuring his benefactor of his lively gratitude, and also of the deep sense so many of us had of the benefits which Madame Calas and others had received from him. M. de Voltaire replied: 'You make too much of what I have done for this good man. A single letter which I wrote to M. de Choiseul has procured his enlargement, and he is the only galérien on whose behalf I have written, or shall venture again to write.' He then presented Chaumont with a gift of money."

It was a strange thing, and must have been humiliating to devout Christians, that the champion of justice and mercy in France should come from the ranks of the unbelievers, that the man who all his life had waged

war, not only against the priesthood and the profession of religion, but against the Gospel itself, should be the means of bringing men back to the principles of justice and mercy. It should be borne in mind, however, that Voltaire could never have known these principles if it had not been for the Gospel. Another French writer who aided the work of toleration was the President De Montesquieu, whose 'Spirit of Laws,' published in 1748, marks an era in the advocacy of civil and religious liberty.

The signal of the rights of man thus hoisted by Voltaire was answered from all sides. The maxims of toleration and humanity were proclaimed in the parliament, and by magistrates and philosophers, and echoed by journals and pamphlets, in the coffee-house and on the stage. "The oppressive system," says Peyrat, "fell into decrepitude like a worn-out net, which can no longer hold the prey."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

1761 to 1789.

A FEW more facts will bring us to the era of the Revolution.

The last meeting dispersed by the soldiery was one held in a cavern in the principality of Orange, March 8th, 1768. Eight of the worshippers offered themselves as hostages if the rest might be set at liberty. The offer was accepted, and they were taken to the city ; but the officer, ashamed of his achievement and embarrassed by his captives, gave them to understand that they might escape if they would. They replied, like Paul and Silas, at Philippi, "Not so ; it is for the magistrates to set us free." At the end of two months they were released by an order from the king. The last preacher condemned to death was Beranger, who, as he could not be found, was hanged in effigy, 1767 ; and the last to suffer imprisonment were Jean Broca and Benjamin Armand. Arrested at an inn on his way from Meaux to Paris (1773), Broca confessed that he was a minister. The procès-verbal was sent to the intendancy, and thence to the court, and Broca was committed to the jail of La Charité de Senlis, where he was well treated, and was visited by Protestants and Catholics, who both assured him of their sympathy and help. After some days' detention he was set at liberty. Armand was a pastor of Dauphiné, whom the curé of Moline's imprisoned in the château of Briançon. The authorities, however, were perplexed what to do with their prisoner, and were

feign to avail themselves of Paul Rabaut's advice and leave the gate open, which they did, and the prisoner walked out.

The last Protestant confessors detained in the galleys were Achard and Riaille, one a shoemaker, the other a tailor. They were condemned in 1745, and had remained until they were forgotten. At the instance of Claude Eymar, a merchant of Marseilles, Court de Gebelin, son to Antoine Court, petitioned the minister of marine for their release. The minister answered that there were no Protestants left in the galleys. He thought he was speaking the truth. On the death of Louis XV, the minister lost his office, and was succeeded by Turgot, who hastened to set the two prisoners free. "You have no need," he said to Court de Gebelin, "to recommend such objects; they recommend themselves." The prisoners, one of whom was aged sixty-six and the other seventy-five, shed tears when they heard of the order for their release, and shrank from the idea of returning to a world which they no longer knew; but their brethren reassured them, and divided between them what remained of the pence collected for the "Forçats pour la Foi."

In 1774 Louis XV died, and was succeeded by his grandson Louis XVI. On the accession of the new monarch, Catholics and Protestants presented to him their several memorials. "Sire," cried the Desert churches, "permit us to practise a religion which trains men wholly for virtue, and enable us from our sanctuaries, rebuilt by your authority, to show our gratitude, and to renew our prayers, which serve as a rampart to the throne. Condescend to annul the laws which humanity disclaims and even policy condemns. Let our wrongs touch your heart; we bring you our tears and implore your compassion." The Catholic prelates, by their mouthpiece, the Archbishop of Toulouse, had the bad taste, as well as ill-feeling,

to strike the old chord of hatred and intolerance. "We pray you, sire, to reject the counsels of a false peace, the principle of a guilty toleration, and conjure you to deprive error of all hope of again raising her temples and her altars. Finish the work begun by Louis the Great, and carried on by Louis the Well-beloved; it is reserved for you to give the death-blow to Calvinism in your dominions."

But by this time the clergy had lost the support of the people. Philosophical hostility to the restraints of religion, and disgust at the pretensions and lives of the priesthood, had alienated a large portion of the nation from their ancient faith. "The major part of the Catholics," wrote the pastor Gal-Pomaret so early as 1768, "are become hostile to the Court of Rome, and are violent enemies of the monks, as much estranged from the Catholic worship, as decidedly favourable to toleration, as the Protestants themselves." The Jesuits, too, by whom the Revocation had been inspired, and who had presided over the whole course of the persecution, had by this time been expelled from France, as they had been from most of the European kingdoms.\*

So far from hearkening to the memorial of the clergy, or regarding the oath he had taken at his coronation to extirpate heresy, Louis XVI called to his councils the enlightened Turgot and Malesherbes, who committed to Rulhière and Court de Gebelin the work of preparing a measure by which the Reformed Religion was to be recog-

\* Two *bons mots*, significant of the man and the times, are related of Louis XVI. A Protestant being named as minister of finance, a Catholic objected on the ground of his religion. The king replied: "Sully l'était aussi." On Loménie de Brienne being proposed to Louis as successor to De Beaumont in the archbishopric of Paris; "No," said the king, "it is still needful that an archbishop of Paris should believe in God."







PAUL RABAUT.

nised as legal. The edict, however, was not published till 1787, and even then what was granted was wholly inadequate, and was conceded with an ill grace. It was of little moment, however, how much was given, or with what grace, for before two years were over the Revolution burst forth, and swept away both clerical oppression and royal edicts, and made all creeds and all men equal. The National Assembly, in June, 1789, abolished the Romish Church as the national religion, annulled monastic vows, and elected as its president Rabaut St. Etienne, the son of Paul Rabaut, and at one time, like his father, a desert preacher!

Paul Rabaut survived the Revolution, dying in 1794. In 1777 he had built a substantial house for himself in Nimes, where he lived till his death unmolested. He was loved and venerated both at home and in Switzerland, both by Catholics and Protestants. "My house," he said, "is a general rendezvous for people of every condition, and of all religions, who often leave me no time to eat." In 1793, when political intolerance had taken the place of Popish bigotry, Rabaut St. Etienne was found guilty of attempting to save the queen's life, and was put to death by the guillotine. Paul himself was taken from his house and imprisoned in the fort for the crime of being father to an aristocrat. Robespierre dying shortly afterwards, the aged pastor was released, but the hardship he had suffered shortened his days.

Paul Rabaut's house has been used for many years as an orphanage. It is full of memories of the illustrious pastor. The bareness of the walls is somewhat relieved by an armoire of carved oak, which belonged to him, and by his portrait. He was short and spare, with a tanned complexion and black eyes and hair. He was buried under the floor of the basement, and a tomb raised over him; the walls of the vault are hung with his wise and pious sayings.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## CONCLUSION: PAST AND FUTURE.

ANTOINE COURT is the idol of the French Reformed Church, and it is certain that he conferred upon it important and lasting benefits. His purpose was single, his love for the Church ardent and constant, his industry untiring, his influence on his own generation almost unbounded. Nevertheless, the admiration in which his work has been hitherto held seems to be somewhat indiscriminate, and to betray in his admirers the same kind of defect which existed in himself. He seems to have lacked faith in the indwelling and guidance of the Holy Spirit, in the immediate communion of the soul with God, irrespective of ministers and ordinances. Consequently the foundation which he laid for his restored church was too narrow; many were excluded who might have been very helpful to him in his work, and have given to it both more life and more durability. We rejoice, however, that thoughtful men of to-day are beginning to see the mistake, and to acknowledge that Court's ideal fell short of the gospel standard. Daniel Benoit, pastor and author of several works on the French Protestants, read before an evangelical conference at Montpellier, in October, 1891, a paper on the Huguenot character, and the transformations of Protestant piety. It was printed the next year. In this luminous essay the writer says: "Antoine Court turned back the Reformed Religion into its normal course, and restored to it those qualities of sobriety, proportion, and

dignity in fervour, of which the Camisard insurrection and the prophetic rapture had deprived it. We must, however, confess that this eminent man seems to us to have pushed reaction too far. He had the qualities of wisdom and judgment necessary in those critical times, but his doctrine, strictly orthodox, did not always possess the unction which finds its way into the heart. It was rational and didactic rather than living and affable. It is of the same kind as that ecclesiastical piety which pervades our religious history. Provided that the synods were regularly held, wise measures adopted, the pastors, the candidates, the elders, signed the confession of faith and conformed to Church discipline, the members heard the word preached from authorised lips, and refrained from all participation in the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, he seems to have been satisfied. The conversion of sinners is a matter which does not seem to have lain nearest to his heart. Such is the impression produced by an attentive study of this character otherwise so remarkable. His voluminous correspondence preserved at Geneva, and not yet thoroughly examined, furnishes constant and abundant proof of his devotion to the churches, and of his skill as an organiser ; but the Christian character in the highest sense of the word (let us have the courage to declare it) is not seen in so favourable a light. One regrets to see too much of the pre-occupation with self and the desire of rule ; one rarely discovers the accent of humility, or those expressions of personal confession and Christian experience which flow spontaneously from one who lives in familiar communion with his Master."

The reader is already acquainted with the character of Benjamin du Plan, and the contrast which it presents to that of Court. Of Du Plan, Benoit says : " The Camisard inspiration, although he repudiated its excesses, had warmed his soul ; his piety, more mystical and tender

than that of Court, was equally well tempered. The words which follow flowed from a heart deeply conscious of its own weakness : ‘ I confess that I have not done what I might have done for our poor churches. My conscience grievously reproaches me. I have loved, and still love, all that tickles the flesh or flatters the spirit ; and when I think of my end, and of the exact account of my conduct which I must render to God, I stand aghast. I fear lest I shall be treated like the wicked servant who buried his talent in the earth. Then from the bottom of my soul I cry to my Divine Saviour to deliver me from the fatal allurements which surround us ; and when I have thus besought his help, I am sensible of a new illumination in my soul, and a new flame in my heart, enabling me to form fresh resolutions in conformity with the divine will. How excellent and indispensable for the safety of our souls is the command of our blessed Saviour, Watch, watch, and pray.’ I am all the more ready,” continues Benoit, “ to quote these words, in which the moral impotence of the creature and the necessity of divine grace are so plainly affirmed, because they were rare at the period of which we are speaking. Not that the piety of the Church under the Cross did not possess admirable features. It was austere, self-renouncing, faithful in the extremest trial ; so that the heroism of the martyr of Court’s day has no need to envy that of the generations which preceded. But the inner and tender side of the Christian life was not then understood in the fulness of its sweetness, nor the necessity of conversion proclaimed with sufficient clearness and power. The desert preaching undoubtedly set forth Christ as dying for us, but it too much left in the background Christ dwelling in us. It breathed too much of the old covenant. Religion was presented as a contract between God and man. If you will keep my commandments I will pour out my blessings upon you. If you are

unfaithful, you shall be visited with my chastisements . . . All the flock are looked upon as Christians, Christians more or less faithful, sickly Christians perhaps, backsliding Christians, but still as Christians ; calls to conversion are rare. Doubtless there are happy exceptions. Paul Rabaut thus winds up one of his discourses : ‘ Would, my dear brethren, that I could make you behold yourselves, and understand the misery of a soul estranged from God, having no communion with him, and consequently subject to condemnation. If you were well acquainted with this state, if you were sensible of all its dangers, you would take no rest until the Lord should speak peace to you. Without doubt, amongst those who hear me there are sinners weary and heavy laden, souls hungering and thirsting for Christ’s righteousness. Go, go in confidence to this Divine Saviour ; it is you whom he calls ; it is you whose thirst he will quench, and satisfy your hunger ; it is you for whom he shed his blood ; it is to you that he offers all the treasures of his grace.’ ”

Rabaut, indeed, was of a more Catholic spirit than Court ; he had little of the antipathy to the “ *Inspirés* ” which characterised his predecessor. It is true that, like him, he looked askance on the Moravian Church, but his mistrust was based on quite other grounds. In a letter to Du Plan, March 9th, 1753, he says : “ You will greatly oblige me if you will give me your opinion on the doctrine of the Brethren. I have met with some members of that society, and have read some of their books, and it seems to me that there is in them both good and bad. I believe, as they do, that Jesus Christ crucified ought to be the staple of our sermons and of our meditation ; but to preach Christ and Christ crucified is to proclaim not only his death, but also the other verities of faith and the duties of morality. I see in the New Testament that Christ and his apostles enter thoroughly into detail on the vices to be

shunned and the virtues to be practised ; but this is not at all the method of these gentlemen. I see besides, in the New Testament both precepts and examples very numerous, from which we may conclude that, speaking generally, our prayers ought to be addressed to the Father through the mediation of the Son. But these gentlemen pursue a method directly opposite ; they nearly always address themselves to the Son, very seldom to the Father. The more unfathomable and beyond our comprehension is the mystery of the Trinity, the more cause we have to fear lest we should miss our way in such a matter, an inevitable consequence if we deviate, however little, from Scripture. Scripture is my rule, my compass, and from it I learn that whatsoever I shall ask the Father in the name of the Son will be granted to me."

In considering the causes which produced the decay of the Restored Church, it must not be forgotten that the same blight which fell on it fell also on all the churches of Christendom. The condition of the Church of England, and of all the dissenting bodies in this country when Wesley and Whitfield began to preach, is the counterpart of that of the French Protestants when the persecution began to relax. They all suffered from a creeping paralysis, which threatened to destroy their vital powers. Reviewing the causes, or rather features, of the declension, M. Benoit dwells on the substitution, in the sermons of the ministers, of a cold morality for the quickening doctrine of divine grace. " Salvation by good works," he remarks, " is roundly preached. Just listen, ' Sin separates man from God, charity brings him back. Has he fallen into the sin of avarice ? He practises good works, he becomes liberal to the poor, he atones for his sin by almsgiving. Has he turned a deaf ear to the cry of the wretched ? He redoubles his gifts ; he atones for his sin by alms. Has envy found its way into his heart ? He does his best to



stifle it; he atones for his sin by alms. Has he undermined the reputation of his neighbour by detraction and calumny? He is sorry for it, and he hastens to share his goods with others; he atones for his sin by alms. If there is a state of retribution after this life, if religion is not a chimera, for whom shall be reserved the rewards promised by it if not for the charitable man?' The sermon from which the above is taken was preached at Anduze in 1771, and rehearsed with applause at Bordeaux. In 1770 a pastor at Bordeaux was deposed by his consistory, with the approbation of the provincial synod, not for any grave infraction of discipline, or for preaching novel doctrines at variance with the confession of faith, but simply because, following the example of St. Paul, he strongly insisted on the impotence of man to save himself, and the necessity of grace in the work of salvation, and because he made Christ crucified the essence of his discourses.

"Again, the pastors and laymen of influence in the 18th century fell into the error of making common cause with the encyclopædists. They found in them generous defenders, but at the same time compromising allies. The leading writers of the day, Voltaire and Rousseau, D'Alembert and Helvetius, defended the Reformed Religion, but only in order that their blows might reach the Church of Rome with greater force. For them the Protestants were an inconsistent party, who, in an age of light, with more knowledge and good sense than the Romanists, were still in a measure partisans of bygone superstitions. They defended them therefore, not as Protestants, still less as evangelical Christians, but simply as interesting victims of royal despotism and clerical intolerance. The Protestants were not alive to the dangers of their advances. A pastor wrote to Voltaire: 'I bless God for your birth. You will see Jesus Christ in his glory, and

share in his happiness.'\* When the Revolution, for which their sufferings had helped to prepare the way was come," continues Benoit, "they threw themselves into politics with feverish eagerness. To confess the faith men must possess it, and the greater number had lost it. I have before me a list of thirty-four pastors who renounced their office at the Revolution, and the list is far from complete. Eleven sat in the Convention. If they maintained politically the true principles of freedom, if many of them occupied with distinction the French Tribune, they ended by losing the spirit of the gospel minister. After the Revolution the Protestants sank into a profound indifference; religion occupied a very secondary place in their minds. The preachers preached, the people listened, the consistories met, the forms of worship were preserved; beyond this few cared for religion, few occupied themselves with it; it was something outside of men's lives. This lasted many years. Unhappily the education of those who were to be the future leaders of the Church was favourable to the continuance of this state of things. It had for its foundation the Arian doctrines, which were taught in the school of Geneva. The pupil at Lausanne might pass four years as a student of theology without hearing a verse of Holy Scripture expounded, unless as an exercise in grammar."

Having thus accompanied M. Benoit in his outline picture of the declension of the Church, the reader may be not unwilling to go with him a few steps in the sketch he has given of its revival:—

"In this manner the Reformed Church, which, after having triumphed over the martyr fires of the Valois kings and the dragoons of Louis XIV, had survived the hurricane of the Reign of Terror, threatened to lose her-

\* Later the same pastor wrote to Robespierre: "Citizen, nature has given me a grandson; may he possess thy virtues."

self in the bottomless pit of doctrinal indifference and spiritual lukewarmness. But God still watched over her, no less than through the tragic season of her history. Various elements combined to renew her life. The desert faith was not yet extinct; its warmth still remained in some God-fearing men, who loved to recall the former days. These were visited by a band of Moravian evangelists, who traversed France at the beginning of this century. They were mostly artisans, and worked, like St. Paul, at their trades; men of quiet habits, not given to dogmatising, but whose religion consisted in love to Christ. Then some of our own countrymen, men of God, visited the churches, and warned the flock against the dangers of intellectualism, reminding them that the gospel is above all a spiritual power. At their call several of the pastors unfurled the gospel banner, under whose direction little companies were formed, which became the focus of living devotion. The Reformed churches might have organised themselves anew without jar or internal division, if other influences had not acted upon them. These came from England. Men who had shaken off the incredulous philosophy of the previous century, and returned to the apostolic faith, found themselves pressed to impart their convictions to others. Some who crossed the Channel were Methodists. These insisted strongly on the love of God manifested to a lost world by the gift of his Son; on the salvation, freely offered, to all who repent and believe; on a Christian life as a necessary consequence of this faith; and on the holy activity which the redeemed are called to employ for the salvation of souls. Others, like Robert Haldane, who, after having wakened up the students of Geneva, and given to the Church a Guers, a Rieu, a Bost, a Frédéric Monod, had come to pass a winter at Montauban, laid stress on the especial dogmas of Calvinism, the absolute corruption of man's nature and predestination.

All, however, strongly insisted on the divinity of Christ, and on the work of expiation accomplished on the Cross; all strove to lead their hearers to the forgotten fountain of grace, which alone can satisfy the infinite wants of the human soul. That at times there may have been intemperance in their zeal and exaggeration in their exposition of doctrine, that on more points than one their dogmatism required pruning, who is ignorant of this? And what work of God, wrought here below, shall we find wholly free from human elements? None the less was it a blessed breath of spiritual revival which then passed over our Reformed churches. Those even who were far from approving the proceedings of what is called Methodism, were forced to acknowledge in it the finger of God. 'It was by it,' wrote Samuel Vincent, in 1829, 'that we were at last aroused from our lethargy.'

"But the evil days were not yet over for the Church. A marked progress in gospel teaching was made from 1830 to 1848. But from 1850 to 1870 a sharp intellectual crisis took place. The school of critical theology exerted its baneful influence. The authority of the Old Testament was silently undermined. The prophets are no longer the inspired organs of the Almighty, but only singers of Israel, whose inspiration differs but little from that of Milton or Lamartine. In like manner the compilers of the New Testament are reduced to the rank of ordinary writers, denied the supernatural gifts of the Holy Spirit and the infallibility in doctrine which was promised them by their Master; the miracles of Christ are philosophically disposed of, since the supernatural is declared to be impossible; and his bodily resurrection denied, that foundation-stone of the Church with which she must stand or fall. It was inevitable that this theological crisis should exert a disastrous influence on the Christian life. We have seen men, otherwise highly respectable, and who have preserved a severe

morality, abandon little by little all positive belief, and drift slowly into freethinking. Such notions necessarily weaken the consciousness of sin and of the holiness of God, render prayer and the reading of the Bible less necessary, not to say useless, and, betraying us into the delusion of the sufficiency of our own natural powers, and the conceit of our own righteousness, debilitate our piety."

We may conclude this history with the words in which M. Benoit winds up his discourse. Speaking for himself and his fellow pastors, he says: "What I have said is sufficient to show the way which we have to follow. With the austere and robust piety of our fathers let us, as we are able, mingle something more mystical, more penetrating, more human. Like them, let us be men of the Book, men of the congregation, men of the family, men of our country, witnesses for Christ. Let us throw aside all egotistic preoccupation which would render us indifferent to that which is most worth living for. Let us open our eyes to the signs of the times. Let us carefully study social questions without mingling in party strife. Let us drink into the compassionate spirit of Jesus for lost souls, as for sheep having no shepherd. Let us in our discourses, and better still, in our lives, present to our fellow-countrymen the everlasting gospel of which they are ignorant. An example has been bequeathed to us by beloved and large-hearted men, whose memory will long remain in our hearts: Eugène Bersier, the glory of the Protestant pulpit, the biographer of Coligny, and in all points worthy of his hero; Edmond de Pressensé, the generous defender of all noble causes, who, even when he no longer fought in our ranks,\* belonged to us by so many titles; Dean Charles Bois, so richly endowed by the Lord; and that other dean, whom we join with this hospitable city in lamenting, that illustrious doctor, in whom we have seen revived in so

\* De Pressensé left the Reformed Church to join the Eglise Libre.

remarkable a manner the agreement between science and faith, glorious inheritance of the past.\* Compassed with such witnesses, how can we despair of the future? Whatever may be the difficulties of the present hour, let us keep up our courage! One of the traits of the Huguenot character is confidence in the future. On the morrow after the Revocation a peasant of Poitou wrote on the door of his barn this word from the prophet Isaiah, 'The desert shall blossom as the rose.' Antoine Court proved that he was right. Yes, I say, confidence! Let us in our turn, in humility and fidelity, in distrust of ourselves, and in an unceasing recourse to divine grace, realise the bold device, 'We will hold on'!"

\* Alfred Castan, dean of the faculty of medicine at Montpellier.

Appendix

THE QUAKEES OF CONGÉNIÈS









The Friends' Meeting-house, Congéniès.

## THE QUAKERS OF CONGÉNIÈS.

CLAUDE BROUSSON's project of Passive Resistance, 1683, failed because the Huguenots were not convinced that the use of the sword is forbidden in the gospel, and were therefore not prepared to commit their cause in simple faith into the Lord's hands.\* There were, however, as it appears, some who, on receiving the Declaration, were ready to make every sacrifice rather than take up arms for their religion, or repel force by force. There exists at this day a small community of Christian people, chiefly residing in the Vaunage, who regard the use of arms as unlawful to the Christian, and who claim to be descended from the French prophets.

The origin of this little church is very obscure. The late Emilien Frossard, pastor at Nîmes, gives a singular account, apparently derived from the Friends themselves, of the manner in which the society sprang into existence.† "None of the prophetesses," he says, "attracted so much attention or excited so much enthusiasm as Lucrèce ———. The moral influence which she exercised was so powerful as to cause uneasiness to the leaders of the Church, and as she persisted in speaking in the public assemblies a positive order was sent to her to refrain. On receiving this command, Lucrèce rose up, and in an inspired tone exclaimed, 'Let whoever loves me follow me.' Many hastened after her and filled her house, which from time to time became

\* See 'The Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century,' p. 95.

† We have, however, found no trace of this tradition in the Congéniès manuscripts.

a place for religious meetings." The incident belongs no doubt to the crusade undertaken by Antoine Court against the "Inspired," and especially against the women preachers, 1715-1716.\*

Another tradition, preserved in the Friends' own manuscripts, traces back their spiritual ancestry some twenty years earlier. We have before us a paper written in French, which appears to have been compiled by Jean de Marsillac about the year 1786. It is entitled 'A summary Account of the Friends of Congénies, Calvisson, and St. Gilles, near Nîmes, in Languedoc, called by the World Quakers or Fanatics.' "The first Friend," says this document, "whom their records mention to have suffered persecution was Claude Craistan, who, having preached about a quarter of an hour in a meeting of Friends assembled in a field, was seized, and suffered himself to be taken like a lamb. He was condemned to be hanged for having preached (as his sentence expressed it) *by the inspiration of fanaticism*, 12 mo. 15, 1698. He was executed; but his judges revoked that part of the sentence which condemned him to be drawn on a hurdle, saying that he had manifested no disposition to make a rebellion, but had declared publicly that Friends ought not to suffer themselves to run into desperate measures, but should bear with patience all sorts of persecution. The second of the Friends who was seized in that year was Kamaini. He too was condemned to be hanged, but his faith, patience, and moderation were so manifest that, at the very time when the judges ordered the gallows to be erected, they suffered him to escape from prison, 12 mo. 27."† The writer of the manuscript then goes on to Daniel Raoul and his disciple Flottier, whose history has already been related. ‡

\* See ante, p. 237.

† We have not met elsewhere with either of these names.

‡ See ante, Part II., Chapters II. and XI.

The Summary contains an epitome of the religious principles and practices of the Friends, but as the compilation was made after the visits of Codognon and Marsillac to London (to be related presently) some changes or additions may have been introduced by these teachers; and as their peculiar tenets come out in one way or another in the course of this outline, it is not necessary to enumerate them here.

Another proof of the descent of the Congéniès Quakers from the Camisard prophets is afforded by the mention, in the manuscripts in possession of the former, of the noted Elie Marion, whose fanatical career has been already related.\* After his return from London, Marion, with a companion named Jean Allût, are said to have made a journey to Poland (1709 to 1711) for the purpose of preaching the gospel in that country. They made many converts, but the clergy took alarm, and by the king's order all their disciples were either put to death or banished. The two missionaries, being French subjects, were let off with a summary dismissal from the kingdom. On arriving at the frontier they drove a stake into the ground, saying, "Before this stake shall rot, Poland will cease to be a kingdom."

One of the family names of the Congéniès Friends, reaching back to the earliest records, is that of Bénézet. Jean Bénézet, of Calvisson (two miles from Congéniès), who died in 1690, is believed to have been a member of this family. A manuscript record evinces their religious character: against the entry of Jean Bénézet's death is written: "He was a model of virtue and purity, and lived in the constant fear of God."† In 1715 Jean Bénézet's son, Jean Etienne, suffered the confiscation of his estate, and escaping from France took refuge in Holland. He carried with him his son, Antoine (better known by his

\* See ante, p. 209.

† See Vaux's 'Life of A. Bénézet.'

anglicised name of Anthony), then an infant of two years. After spending a few months in Rotterdam, they proceeded to London, where they resided sixteen years. Here they became acquainted with the Society of Friends, with which Anthony joined himself in membership when only fourteen years old. Perhaps the training his father had received at Calvisson in the inner school of the French prophets had prepared the way for this association, and had helped to decide young Bénézet, with his rare tenderness of conscience and love for his fellow men, thus early to cast in his lot with the Quakers.

In 1731 he removed with his parents to Philadelphia, and in a few years entered upon that course of philanthropy which has given him a foremost place amongst the benefactors of mankind, and which, in the amelioration and abolition of negro slavery, has coupled his name with that of John Woolman, who had entered on the same work some years before him. It was from Bénézet's writings that Clarkson caught the inspiration which led to the extinction of slavery in the British empire.

But Bénézet's sympathy with mankind was universal; the free negroes, the Indians, the unfortunate descendants of French colonists, education, his own church, the oppressed and the suffering, all found in him a friend who never yielded to the fear of man or ever turned back from any enterprise. Gentle and charitable in disposition, he yet set his face as a flint against injustice of every kind, and not less against covetousness and luxury. He lived, like his grandfather, in the filial fear of God, and died declaring that he could take no merit for anything he had done. Deprecating the eulogies so often pronounced over the dead, he desired that no memorial should be issued concerning himself, but added, "Nevertheless if my friends will not regard my request they may say of me: 'Anthony Bénézet was a poor creature, and through divine favour was enabled to know it.'"

We return to Frossard. After relating the story of Lucrèce he says: "Here the traditions leave a vacuum, and are silent respecting the forms which were admitted or rejected amongst this little community. They only represent it as acting in a unique and independent manner, forgotten by the crowd of enthusiasts, participating in their ill-fortune, but probably without following all their practices. They speak in a more detailed manner of a man named Paul Codognon, who, at the end [or rather about the middle] of the last century, formed the project of regulating the faith and practices of this little community. He compiled a book on this subject, which, it is said, evinced the author's want of education and the seclusion in which he had always lived. He made amends for his ignorance by his perseverance, and as there were still some obstacles to the printing of religious works in France, Codognon set out on foot for Holland. It was there that he heard for the first time of the Quakers of England and America. This discovery, and perhaps some criticism on his work, dissuaded him from publishing it." Codognon subsequently visited England, *viz.*, in 1769. Here he attended the Friends' meeting in St. Peter's Court, Westminster. He was ignorant of English, and the only Friend at the meeting who could speak French was Nicholas Naftel, a convert of Guernsey, who introduced him to John Eliot, one of the leading Friends in the city. Being of a reserved temperament, however, Codognon seems to have made but little acquaintance with the Friends, although he attended their meetings. When he returned home he took with him two of their books in French, William Penn's 'No Cross, no Crown,' and 'Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers,' concealing them under his shirt.\*

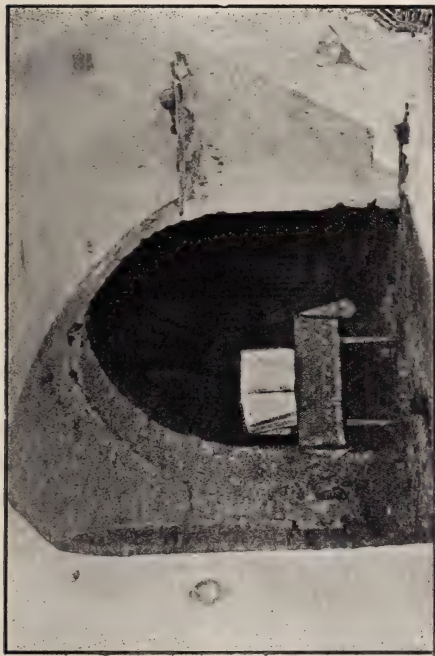
\* Christine Alsop says that Paul Codognon was sent to England to print the discourses of a "prophet" named Auzière. She adds that he made the journey chiefly on foot.

About the time when Paul Codognon went to London, we get from family traditions a glimpse of the little society to which he belonged. Twelve miles to the north-west of Calvisson, near the Vidourle, and at the foot of the Cevennes, is the village of Fontanès. This place seems to have been a location of the Quakers from the earliest times. The retreat where they used to worship is still to be seen. It was the wine-cellar of the Brun family, and was provided with a recess in the wall in which the Bibles and Psalters were concealed.\* Here these simple people were accustomed to sit in silent worship, waiting with bowed heads until the Holy Spirit should move any among them to preach or to pray. The attitude in which they sat was well known to their neighbours, who in derision gave them the nickname of *Conflairés* (Patois for *Gonfleurs*, that is to say, *Pouters*). They long preserved the prophetic gift which had been exercised by their Camisard ancestors. Daniel Brun, one of their preachers, who died in 1882, used to relate that it was deeply impressed on the minds of the Friends about the middle of the last century, that some terrible chastisement was in preparation for France, and that the nobility and clergy, who were then all-powerful, were "nothing better than a withered arm." The divine judgments impending over the country were, in his grandparents' time, a frequent subject of conversation. "It was not," he said, "that my grandfather was set against the nobility, for he was chamberlain to the viscount who occupied the château, and received from him many marks of esteem. 'What a pity,' said the nobleman one day, 'that thou art not a Catholic. If thou wert I would not let thee vegetate in this village.'"

The following anecdote, which was related to the author

\* In the present meeting-room, in the late Samuel Brun's house, one of these Bibles is still preserved, a fine copy printed in 1657.





The Cellar at Fontanès.



in 1869 by Daniel Brun, has been kindly rewritten for this work, with some additional details, by his nephew, Clément Brun. "One fine Saturday afternoon in March, 1773, a Friend named Nougarede arrived at our house in Fontanès. He was advanced in age, a native of Codognon, and was schoolmaster in that village, and a preacher of the gospel. He came, as he had sometimes done before, to attend the meeting for worship which was held in the house every Sunday. Our great-grandmother, also of Codognon, who was alone in the house, received him in her usual cordial and affable manner. After he had taken rest and refreshment, being much occupied with her household duties, she advised him to seek her husband, who was pruning olive trees not far from the village, and spend with him the couple of hours which remained before sunset. Four o'clock had just sounded from the ancient timepiece in our little parlour, which if it was not the only one in the place was at least the oldest, and the children were coming out of school. Amongst them was my grandfather, an intelligent lad of twelve years, whom his mother commissioned to show Friend Nougarede the way to the olive-garden. The garden was one of the finest in the country, but the magnificent trees which then adorned it, and the greater part of which were more than a hundred years old, were destroyed by the frost of 1829, and vines were planted by my uncle instead. Our aged Friend and the lad going up the lane to the gateway of the château, entered the courtyard, and made their way towards the north front of the building. The seigneur bore the title of Viscount of Narbonne, and was a lieutenant-general in the royal army: he spent some months at this country seat every year. The private apartments were on this side, and the windows were wide open. It was a splendid day, more like May than March; a heavy dew had fallen, and had been succeeded by a hot sun without the least breath of air

until the afternoon, when, as the two friends entered the courtyard, a gentle breeze arose from the sea, which set in motion the window-curtains glittering with gold and embroidery. Through the open windows they could make out the tapestry on the walls, the panelled ceilings, the hanging lustres, and the luxurious furniture. Nougarede stopped. My grandfather, supposing he was admiring the splendour of the decorations, pointed out to him the several apartments. 'That,' said he, extending his hand, 'is the seigneur's bed-chamber; that is his study; there are the lady's bedroom and boudoir; and there is the grand salon or reception room.' The old man listened in silence, and as though he heard nothing of what his youthful guide was saying. It was some minutes before he spoke, when he said in a solemn tone: 'All these opulent nobles, and the power with which they are invested and on which they rest, are in the sight of God only a withered arm. The bad use they have made of their authority and wealth has been displeasing to Him, and He is preparing for them a chastisement terrible but deserved. At my age it will not be permitted me to see the accomplishment; but thou art young, and wilt see it; consider well what I am going to say; there, where thou seest that luxurious furniture, those beautiful paintings, and costly decorations, in all the rooms which thou hast described to me, thou shalt see, not many years hence, thorns and briars.'

"When my grandfather grew up to manhood, he almost forgot both his friend Nougarede and the words he had spoken. But when the Revolution broke out, that terrible day of national retribution, he called to mind Nougarede and his prophecy! The populace of Nîmes, who went through the neighbouring country from mansion to mansion, throwing down every monument of feudalism, when they came to Fontanès, rushed to the château and set it on fire; they threw the costly furniture out of the windows,

with the plumed hat and military uniform of the viscount, which belonged to him as lieutenant-general, and made a bonfire of the spoil; while men with drawn swords stood round to prevent anything from being stolen or rescued from the flames. The viscount fled to Germany, where, with a crowd of the emigrant nobility, he joined the allied armies in the unsuccessful attempt to restore the old *régime*, which received so notable a check at the battle of Jemappes. His property was confiscated and sold for the benefit of the State. A merchant of Sommières, who bought the château, partially rebuilt it for his own dwelling, but without removing the brambles which had then begun to grow. His son, a noted advocate, made some improvements about the house in 1832, and planted the magnificent plane trees which now adorn the courtyard; but he, too, forbore to meddle with Nougarede's brambles. It was not till 1849 that his widow had them cleared away, and at the same time erected the iron gateway which still exists. I recollect," says Clement Brun, "having, when I was a lad, seen the brambles in all their luxuriance; nightingales and linnets built their nests in them, and the blackbirds found shelter there in winter."

Another anecdote of the same period, from the same family traditions, may interest the reader. "One Sunday in winter," writes Clément Brun, "on a dark cold evening, a few years before the Revolution of 1789, my great-grandfather's family were gathered round the wide fireplace, still to be seen in the paternal home. The group consisted of my great-grandparents, with their two sons and three daughters, and a guest who had come (like Nougarede) the evening before, to attend the meetings for worship to be held that day, to which, as was usual on such occasions, many friends had been invited from the neighbouring villages. The afternoon meeting had held late, and now, when the friends had all departed, the family and their guest were getting a good warm before retiring to bed.

“At this period, the French people, long oppressd by the nobles, who had reduced them to misery and almost to slavery, were in a state of violent effervescence. In every company, in all the squares, at every street-corner, wherever two or three persons found themselves together, all the talk was of the arbitrary and revolting vexations which the people had to endure. Vengeance was cried for: it was the hoarse murmur which is heard before the tempest. The family, who were warming themselves round the expiring embers, were irresistibly drawn to converse on the all-absorbing topic of the day. The visitor, commenting upon the misconduct of the nobility, remarked that by their tyrannical acts they had themselves forged the weapons for their own destruction. ‘The people,’ he said, ‘are weary of their rule, and God is still more weary than they; all the power they have abused shall be taken away; the chastisement which awaits them will be terrible both to themselves and to the people, and there will be great loss of life. Cruel wars will follow, and grievous calamities.’ On hearing these words, my great-grandmother cried out: ‘Good God! take us hence before that day, that we may not behold the afflictions of which our friend has spoken.’ ‘And yet,’ interrupted the guest, ‘if God should will that we should pass through these sore trials, it will be for us to submit.’ Then, after a minute’s silence, he took up the tongs, and drawing an extinguished brand from the embers, solemnly addressed her in these words: ‘If thou hast the courage, take this brand to the château, and lay it in the courtyard, and thou shalt not die until thou shalt see the window-frames reduced to the condition of this piece of charred wood.’ My grandmother took the wood, and hiding it under her cloak, glided out into the night. The village was wrapped in darkness and silence; not even the bark of a dog was heard; only the sound of her own footsteps and the beating of her heart against her breast, for

it was a rash act, which, if discovered, would have had to be atoned for by many days of imprisonment. Arrived at the château, she slipped the brand under the great gateway without being heard or observed. When, on the day of vengeance, it was reported in the village that the château was in flames, she went up to the corner of a house, whence, without being seen, she could watch the conflagration. Whilst she gazed, the flames caught the windows, which presently fell, half-consumed, to the ground."

The next incident in the annals of the little society, which has been recorded, is a correspondence between the Friends of Congénies and some English Quakers, on the attempt made by Dr. Fox in 1784 to restore prize-money to its lawful owners.

In the latter half of the last century there was living at Fowey, in Cornwall, a physician named Joseph Fox. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and, both by education and conviction, regarded war in every shape as forbidden by the precepts of the Gospel. He was part owner of the *Greyhound* and the *Brilliant*, two luggers or cutters which traded along the Cornish coast. In the struggle of the American colonies for independence, in 1776, the patriots received sympathy and aid from France. This produced a war between France and Great Britain.

It was then the barbarous practice for the owners of trading vessels, in time of war, to arm their ships under letters of marque, in order to waylay and plunder the enemy's merchantmen. In no part of England was this practice more general than in the south-western counties; and Dr. Fox's co-partners proposed to fit out the two luggers for this purpose. Fox of course protested strenuously against the iniquity of such a course of action. Being one alone, however, his protest was disregarded; the vessels were armed; and the partners refusing at the same time, either to purchase his share or to allow him to dispose of

it to any other, all he could do was to declare that he would never be a partaker in gains so acquired.

The war broke out so unexpectedly that many French craft fell an easy prey to the English cruisers; and the Greyhound and Brilliant succeeded in capturing two valuable merchantmen, *L'Aimable Française* and *L'Assurance*, together with some small coasting vessels. Joseph Fox's partners, taking advantage of his declaration, made a strenuous effort to retain all the profit of the adventure for themselves; but he believed it his Christian duty to claim his share and hold it in trust, so that when occasion should offer it might be restored to the rightful owners; and with much difficulty he succeeded in obtaining from them a sum of money, which he placed at interest in the public funds. This was in 1778.

In 1783 peace was made; and the next year, a delay having occurred from the refusal of the partners to give up the bills of lading, Joseph Fox sent his son, Dr. Edward L. Fox, to Paris, to advertise for the owners of the plundered property. A proceeding so unheard of was naturally looked upon with suspicion; and before the doctor could obtain leave to insert his advertisement in the *Gazette de France*, he had to communicate with the Count de Vergennes, one of the French ministry, who required a formal declaration that his real object was such as he professed it to be, and who added a threat of severe punishment in case of deception. Joseph Fox, who had been for some time ill, died a few days after the appearance of the advertisement.\*

\* Lloyd's Evening Post of March 9th, 1785, contained the following paragraph:—"Paris, Feb. 24. The principles of peace and quietness which characterize the Society of Quakers forbid them from taking any part in wars, and does not even suffer them to partake of any profits which may arise from such a source. One of these peaceable people was inevitably concerned in some privateers, which his partners would fit out during the late war, notwithstanding all his remonstrances and opposition, and having received his share



In consequence of the public notice thus given, applications were made by numerous parties, as proprietors or insurers: all the claims were proved to be well founded; and the chief part of the money was proportionately distributed amongst the owners of the two merchantmen and of their cargoes. Those who had been sufferers by the capture of *L'Assurance* made a public acknowledgment through the *Gazette* of this rare act of restitution, stating their desire "to give the publicity which it merits to this trait of generosity and equity, which does honour to the Society of the Quakers, and proves their fidelity to the principles of peace and unity by which they are distinguished." It is related that this partial restoration of what was looked upon as irrecoverable, was of especial value to the widow of one who had died of a broken heart in consequence of his losses.

After restoring the proportion due to the two principal vessels (about £1470, including expenses), there remained on the proceeds of the coasting craft a balance of £120, which could not be refunded, the owners being numerous, and widely scattered in various parts of France and Holland. It was concluded to appropriate this sum to the relief of decayed seamen in the French mercantile service, but no way could be found for doing this before the year 1793, when war again broke out between the two countries. Hostilities continued with little interruption till 1814, when Dr. Edward L. Fox proceeded again to Paris, and had an audience on the

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of the profits, has sent his son to this city to endeavour to find out the owners of the vessels taken by the above letters of marque, and restore to them the part he has received of those prizes, for which purpose he has published the names of all the vessels taken by the privateers fitted out by his father's house, and desires the owners or their agents to apply to Dr. Edward Long Fox, Hotel d'Yorck, Rue Jacob, à Paris."

matter with Louis XVIII, and several interviews with his ministers. Napoleon's return from Elba the next spring caused a fresh interruption to the proceedings; and it was not till 1818 that the matter was finally settled. The money, which had been invested at compound interest, had increased to £600; and this sum was deposited in "the treasury of the Invalid Seamen of France, for the relief of non-combatants of the merchant service."

Besides the applications for the restored property, Dr. Edward L. Fox received in April, 1785, a communication of a very different character. It would seem that the visit of Paul Codognon, sixteen years before, had made but a faint impression on Friends in London, of whom, indeed, he saw very little; and the letter we speak of came as a strange and very welcome surprise. It was addressed: "The Quakers of Congéniès-Calvisson, to the virtuous Fox." The writers described themselves as a little flock of about one hundred persons, opposed to war on Christian principle, and especially condemning the Camisard revolt as "an abominable rebellion against the Divine will." They express the joy it had given them to hear of the efforts used by the advertiser to fulfil the commands of Christ. The letter was signed by five men; three of the names remain in the Society at Congéniès to this day. Dr. Fox, in conjunction with Thomas Bland, of Sheffield, who was with him in Paris, sent a reply to this letter, 6 mo. 14, in which they ask a number of questions relative to the religious condition of the little Society. No answer was returned for some months, when one of its number, Jean de Marsillac, mentioned above, came to London, bringing with him a long epistle from the little community.

This man, who belonged to a family which had been ennobled for military services, had been brought up from his childhood to the profession of arms. He was a member

of the Reformed or Calvinist Church. When quite a youth, being in company with several officers, the Count d'Essec, who had become acquainted with the Friends in America, gave so favourable a relation of their principles, manners, and probity, that it took fast hold of the young man, and stimulated him to seek a further acquaintance with them. A book which he met with, and which treated of the Society, referred him to the great *Encyclopédie*, where he found mention of Barclay's 'Apology.' He was seized with an eager desire to see that work, but his desire was not gratified until after many years' enquiry, when he met with it in a bookseller's shop in Paris. Being convinced by reading it of the unlawfulness of war, he threw up his commission in the army, about the year 1777. In 1783 he visited the Friends of Congéniès, and being well satisfied with their manner of worship, cast in his lot amongst them. Of superior rank and intelligence, as well as of more ardour of devotion, he was looked up to by his brethren, and finding him disposed to make a journey to London, they put off replying to Fox and Bland's letter until they could send it by his hands. He arrived 11 mo. 30th, and the next First-day attended the Friends' Meeting in St. Peter's Court, Westminster. The letter, which was dated Congéniès, 10 mo. 4, was addressed to "Our Brethren and faithful Friends the true Christians or Quakers of England, in London." The writers speak of the kindness of Friends towards them when Codognon was in England in 1769, and invoke their renewed aid in their efforts to extricate themselves from the low condition into which they had fallen, a work which they gratefully acknowledge had been already begun by their friend Marsillac. They complain of the Protestant Calvinists as endeavouring to overturn their principles and weaken their faith. The letter is signed by forty-five men. This letter, translated by John Eliot, was read at a Meeting for Sufferings,

12 mo. 9, and some Friends were verbally requested to prepare an answer. The draft answer was adopted, 1 mo. 13, 1786, Marsillac being present.

Soon after Marsillac's return to France, we get a passing glimpse of the Congéniès Friends in a letter from James Ireland, then travelling in the country, to Matthew Wright, of Bristol, 4 mo., 1787. He says that since Marsillac had settled there, four other preachers had been raised up, who sometimes held meetings at Ledignan and St. Gilles.\* The meetings frequently lasted three hours. He reckons the number of Friends in Congéniès and the surrounding towns and villages at 200, besides several scattered families in the Lower Cevennes.† One of the brethren, who came twenty miles to see him, told him that the other Protestants despised the Friends, clapping their hands at them as they walked along the streets; but that the priest said they had done more in the line of reformation in three years than he had done in five-and-thirty. "They follow," says the writer, "mechanical employments and husbandry. Few or none are of independent means, except Marsillac. They hire substitutes when drawn for the militia. Marsillac lately, on his refusal to swear, was allowed to give his testimony without an oath. They pay the fines imposed for refusing to ornament their houses on holy days during the procession of the Host. They are winked at rather than tolerated."

Soon after his return Marsillac succeeded in procuring a royal edict which recognised the views of the Friends on water baptism. Religious toleration had made so much progress that in November, 1787, not only were the marriages and baptisms of Protestants declared valid, but a clause was added that if a child be born of a sect which

\* Like the English Friends, the preachers received no pay.

† Another manuscript of the time estimates the number of Friends at from "250 to 280, mostly residing at Congéniès."

does not admit the necessity of baptism, the father or mother's declaration of the birth before a magistrate shall be sufficient.

The correspondence on the restoration of the prize money above referred to, and Jean Marsillac's visit to London, produced a lively interest amongst Friends of England and America in their newly discovered brethren in the Vaunage; and several ministers and elders of the Society felt themselves drawn to visit them in the love of the gospel. Accordingly, in 1788, four men and three women (George and Sarah Dillwyn, from America; Mary Dudley and Robert and Sarah Grubb, from Ireland; John Eliot, of London; and Adey Bellamy, of High Wycombe) left England, and passing, some of them through Holland and Germany, some through Paris, arrived at Congéniès on the 23rd of 5th mo., 1788. Two of the party describe the interview which took place. On the coach stopping at the country inn, a large number of people surrounded them, manifesting the utmost goodwill and satisfaction. The gentlemen had alighted to make arrangements for the reception of the party; the three ladies, who remained sitting in the carriage, were moved to tears by the affectionate reception they met with, and by a sense of the "love of the Universal Father to his children, wherever they may be." The French Friends understood no English, and only two of the visitors, John Eliot and Adey Bellamy, spoke French; but the expressive language of the heart and of the eye went far to make up for the deficiency. Besides Congéniès, the strangers visited Calvisson, Fontanès, Codognon, St. Gilles and Quissac. They speak of being assisted by an intelligent young man of Calvisson, Louis Antoine Majolier, who had received a better education than the rest, and who after they left became a diligent shepherd of the flock. The narrators of the journey remark concerning these villagers that their appearance and manners bore little

resemblance to those of the Society in England, but their honest simplicity, consciousness of their defects, and tenderness of spirit, won their hearts. Their behaviour in the religious meetings recalls the state of things at the time of the old prophets. At the meetings at Congénies, between eighty and ninety persons were present. Several were strangely agitated, and spoke in quick succession; but after a few meetings had been held, and pastoral visits paid to many of the houses, the agitation ceased, and the meetings became more settled. The French law forbidding public religious meetings, except of the Roman Catholics, was not repealed till the Revolution, and Friends held their worship with locked doors. The visitors fearing they were not yet strong enough to disregard the law, did not insist on their opening their houses at their usual times of worship, but proposed that they should set apart a day for inviting their neighbours to join them. Many came, both Catholic and Protestant; the meeting was solemn, and the gospel was preached with freedom and power. The visitors commend the care exercised by the Congénies Friends for the relief of their poor, and for the moral oversight of the members; this business was transacted at an assembly of the whole church held once a month.

Some time after the return of the party to England, Louis A. Majolier visited London, where he became more intimately acquainted with the principles and discipline of the Society. A call to the ministry of the gospel sprang up in his heart, and with it an impulse to devote himself to the education of the children of his fellow professors. For this purpose he removed from Calvisson to Congénies, where, with the help of Friends in Great Britain, he opened a day and boarding school.\* Jean de Marsillac,

\* The normal fee for instruction in the village schools at that time was five sous a month!

coming to Congéniès near the end of 1789, found the school in active operation. Fourteen children of the village dined at Louis A. Majolier's, and five from St. Gilles or elsewhere lodged in the house. They were well taught and well trained. It was agreed to admit other Protestant children as day boarders. The school indeed was a great benefaction to the neighbourhood as well as to the struggling church.

But this condition of things was of short duration. The political earthquake which followed threw down both the school and the meeting. The Revolution, however, was by no means the occasion of unmixed evil to the Friends any more than to the community at large. They shared in the civil enfranchisement which was one of its earliest fruits, and it ultimately secured to them a more free exercise of their religious principles. They joined with their fellow citizens in the rejoicing which broke forth over the whole country when the National Convention struck off the intolerable burdens of feudalism and priestcraft; and on the 10th of February, 1791, they presented a memorial to the National Assembly (which had succeeded to the Convention) in which they thankfully acknowledge the great boon of liberty of worship, and plead for permission to carry out their Christian testimony against bearing arms and the taking of oaths. The president of the Assembly, the celebrated Mirabeau, returned a characteristic reply, in which, whilst he maintains what he regarded as the duty of armed resistance to tyrants, he does justice to the philanthropic sentiments of the Friends.

Marsillac was one of the deputation who carried the memorial to Paris. In a letter to James Phillips, dated 3rd month, 2nd, 1791, he says: "Two days after our last admission to the National Assembly we had the satisfaction of seeing General Lafayette, who warmly welcomed us and had us to dine with him. At his table we had an oppor-

tunity of speaking to a number of persons respecting our principles; and I distributed some of our religious books which were courteously received. A few days later we called upon Rabaut-St.-Etienne, the abbé Sièyes, Mirabeau, the abbé Gregoire (Bishop of Autun), Chaplier and several other members, as Barnave and Lameth, who pass for the first orators in the Assembly. We were very well received; they promised us their support: to them also we gave some of our books. I have since had interviews with several members of the Jacobin and other popular clubs. They have signified their esteem for us, and I have given them our books."

After this, as the reader of the history of the Revolution well knows, the political sky became lurid with tempest, moderate counsels were scattered to the winds, those who advocated them perished on the scaffold, and the Reign of Terror commenced. In this hour of sharp trial some of the Friends drew back from the way of the cross, and allowed the Christian testimonies which had been entrusted to them to fall from their hands.

The new enactments were stringent. Marsillac complains of the law requiring all Frenchmen to take the oath of fidelity to the National Assembly (which was then in a moribund condition), and of the requisition for every citizen to mount guard under pain of death. He himself, however, stood firm. "I had," he says in a letter to Robert Grubb and Mary Dudley, 7 mo. 16, 1792, "several opportunities of publicly testifying that our refusal to bear arms was not from disobedience to the laws, but in obedience to the heavenly principles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I was arrested in Paris because I did not wear the national cockade. I stated my reasons before the justices of the peace, and afterwards before Pétion the mayor, who set me at liberty, saying he knew me to be an honest man, and loyal to the constitution."



As soon as the tempest of the Revolution had spent itself, the Friends resumed their meetings, and L. A. Majolier reopened his school. Since that time the little church has been frequently visited by gospel messengers from England and America. But the soil of France, with its military conscriptions, its priestcraft, and its infidelity, has been unfavourable to the growth of that simple, spiritual Christianity which the Friends had imbibed, and the church has been unable to hold its ground.

The most remarkable of these visits was that of Stephen Grellet, of Philadelphia, a native of Limoges, who in 1807, in the course of an extensive tour in Europe, came again to the land of his birth, and sojourned for a time at Congénies. Those who are acquainted with Grellet's Memoirs, will call to mind his words uttered in the true spirit of an apostle: "The fields I have visited are white unto harvest, so that sometimes I have wished that I might have the life of Methuselah, or that the sun may never go down, that I might do my share of that great work which is to be done in these nations." From Congénies he made a circuit through the neighbouring towns and villages, holding religious meetings. At St. Hippolyte, the commissary of police brought soldiers to break up the meeting; but the men were so affected by Grellet's ministry, that they refused to obey orders, saying, "We cannot disturb a man who preaches like this." At Quissac, there being no room large enough, the people assembled in an orchard, bringing seats with them, and hanging lanterns in the trees, into which also many climbed in order to hear what was said. About 1500 assembled. "I have," writes S. Grellet, "seldom known a more solemn stillness to prevail at a meeting; the Gospel descended like dew on the tender grass. These are the plants for whom I felt so much in America, and whom the Lord now enables me to water."

Years of incessant war followed, with conscription after

conscription, the withering effect of which was severely felt by the Society. One Friend suffered imprisonment rather than do violence to his conscience; but the greater part hired substitutes, for whom they often paid an enormous price, or, after the war was over, emigrated to a kindlier clime. Christine Alsop describes the *levée en masse* of 1811, when boys of sixteen were taken from the parental roof, with the certainty almost that they would never return. "Congénies," she writes, "being on the high road from several towns and villages to Nîmes, I have often witnessed the anguish of the poor, disconsolate relatives who accompanied their children as far as our house, which stood at the end of the village, and there parted never to meet again. What has fixed itself the most in my memory is the screams and the wringing of hands which gave to my young and warm heart a thorough hatred of war and Napoleon."

As has been said, one of the oldest locations of the French Quakers is Fontanès. The private journal, from which we have several times made extracts, says of the region in which this village is situated: "We had left the round hills of the low country and had begun to ascend the mountain land, a region of wood and tillage, but also of abundance of stony ground. Where not reclaimed, the hills are clothed with box, juniper, and evergreen oak. The village of Fontanès, which is seen from a distance, is antique and quaint, with its narrow streets, stone cartways, and outside staircases. Before the appearance of the phylloxera, the vineyards came up to the houses, and there, close beside the back door, the Friends were accustomed to bury their dead. At the upper end of the village stands the château already spoken of. Our host, Clément Brun, took us up to it. At the entry to the vault, where the wine-press stood, are two stone cells, one on each side, narrow and dark. It was here that the baron used to con-

fine his offending serfs. C. Brun's great-grandfather was shut up for a night in one of them for fishing.

“ Our host also drove us to the château of La Clotte, destroyed, like that of Fontanès, at the Revolution. On the way he pointed out the wood where Cavalier and the remnant of his army passed the night after the fatal battle of Nages. This country resembles Palestine: the village on the hill opposite might almost be taken for Nazareth; and near the château we crossed the river Vidourle, whose banks at this spot are considered to be a counterpart to those of the Jordan, although in size the two are not to be compared. The château appears to be of the age of Louis XIV or XV, and must once have been a choice country house, the abode of wealth and taste. On one side the ground falls steep down to the river in a hanging wood, where nightingales were singing amongst the lovely spring foliage. On another there is a broad green terrace, which once led to a garden below, and which commands a charming prospect. We walked through the lofty but now roofless halls, and lingered a good while amongst the decayed works of man, and the ever renewed, ever fresh and beautiful handiwork of God.”

When the author was at Fontanès, some twenty years earlier, namely, in the autumn of 1869, Daniel Brun, the patriarch of the Society, was living. At his table was served trout of his own taking, for he was a skilful angler. His manners were simple and gentle, but rising into an impressive dignity when he was engaged in preaching. The author sat beside him at a Quarterly Meeting of the Church held at Nîmes, but without knowing who he was, and afterwards made a memorandum of his appearance and discourse. “ After prayer had been offered, an elderly man rose slowly and began to speak. He was tall and bony, with a peculiarly high, flattened head and short grey hair; his lips and features angular and expressive.

Stretching out his long arms, with a manner full of earnestness, he formed a striking picture. His deep voice was finely modulated. You might imagine you saw before you one of the old prophets or Desert preachers of the Cevennes; but instead of inciting his hearers to resist oppression and destroy idolators, his exhortation, although full of fervour, breathed the very soul of charity. He spoke as one whose lips had been touched with the live coal of Christ's love, and might be described in Paul's words, as 'preaching the Gospel with much assurance.' "

The religious training which the French Quakers gave their children, contrasts favourably with that of both the Catholics and Protestants by whom they were surrounded. "The education which my parents gave me," says Daniel Brun, "produced in me the fear of God, so that I could not be happy with the things of this world, and felt that I was in a state of rebellion against the Spirit of God, which was calling me to repentance and faith. I lived with other young people of my own age and condition, most of whom were Catholics. When they indulged in wrong-doing in my presence, I used to ask them how they could act so with an easy conscience. They answered, that confession would set it all right: when I said the same to the Protestant boys, they jeered at me. My companions may seem to have had an advantage over me, for they had priests and pastors, sacraments, and the means of grace; and I had nothing but the fear of God. I was so strongly persuaded that what I had within me was God's word, that for thirty years I have gone about publishing it without being discouraged by the opprobrium which has been almost everywhere cast upon me."

Daniel Brun's relatives have preserved some further reminiscences of the venerable preacher. When he was twelve years old, Stephen Grellet visited at his father's, and, as was his wont, ministered of the word of life to the

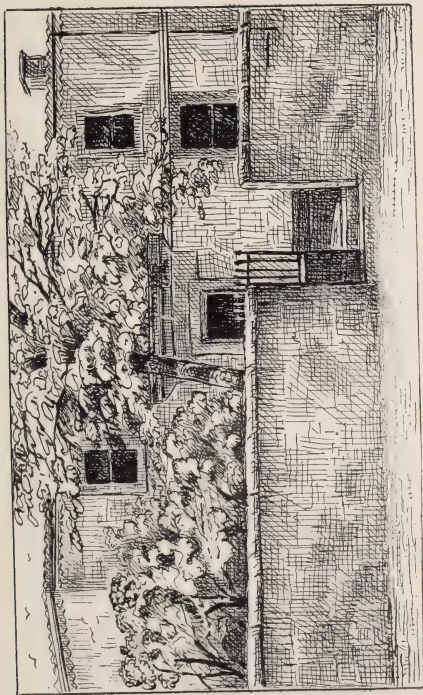
family. What he spoke made an impression on the boy's heart that was never effaced. It was not, however, until he was nearly thirty years of age that he gave himself wholly to the Lord. Then, whether at home or in the fields, whether at work or in the hours of relaxation, one thing filled his thoughts and followed him everywhere, *viz.*, the desire for a close and deep communion with Christ, who had so lovingly and urgently called him. Coming home one day from the fields, he sat down sorrowful behind a bush, and, hiding his face in his hands, wept bitterly, entreating the Lord to come to his help. His prayer was answered. He heard a voice within him say: "My child, thou longest for me, but thou art not willing to be entirely mine; thou art like the rich young man in the parable, who lacked yet one thing; thou art not willing to give up the sin which thou hidest and cherisheth in thy heart, and which thou must renounce if thou would enjoy my salvation, my grace, and my peace." Then followed (as in the experience of Augustine) a mighty struggle in his heart, during which he was entirely subdued, so that he could say with all the strength his soul was capable of: "Yes, Lord, yes! From this time forth I am thine; undivided and without reserve I give myself to Thee for ever." Hereupon a divine peace entered into his soul, and filled it with joy; for it seemed to him in that blessed hour as though God embraced his soul, and his soul embraced God. Earth seemed to be transformed, and heaven to be opened, and to come down to dwell in his heart for ever. He soon felt constrained to bear testimony to the grace which he had received, and to publish the praises of Him who had brought him from darkness to light. But, like Amos, he felt that he was a husbandman without learning, and he mistrusted his ability to instruct the flock of Christ. One day, as he was praying that the choice might fall on some one better

qualified, the same voice, which he had heard before, again spoke within him, "And thou my child!—it is *thee* whom I have chosen." His preaching was lively and persuasive; his illustrations simple and searching; above all he loved to dwell on the mercy of God to sinners. He used to call Abraham and Moses and David, and the prophets and apostles, his brethren in the faith, saying he felt near communion with them in the things of God, and was able to take their words into his mouth. On his death-bed he said: "Already Christ appears with beauty to my eyes; what will it be when I see Him in glory!" As his spirit was departing, those around him caught the words, "Bless the Lord O my soul! It is too much for me, such love, such love," and a couplet from one of his own hymns, which he used to compose in the night-watches,

"Oui, tu verras ma face ;  
Jusqu'en éternité là tu me rendras grace !"

He died April 29th, 1882, in his 83rd year.

Of Congénies, the focus of the Quaker Church, we have still something to say. It is a clean, smiling village, lying in the flat valley of the Vaunage, half encircled by rounded, stony hills. Before the invasion of the phylloxera the whole district was a land of the vine, as well as of the olive and mulberry. Louis A. Majolier's house, where he kept his school, is still standing, with its capacious arbour in front covered with a white Banksia rose, which his daughter, Christine Alsop, used to call her drawing-room. Next door to it is the commodious meeting-house, with a graveyard adjoining, in which stands an ancient fig tree, very productive twenty-five years ago, and perhaps so to the present day. The grass round the graves is in spring time bright with flowers, out of which rise the towering spires of arbor-vitæ laden with the solid white knob-fruit of the previous season. A quarter of a mile above the village is



The Majolier House, Congéniés.









The Fountain, Congéniès.

a crystal spring in a grotto, perennial, but in seasons of long drought becoming so shrunk that the peasants who wait for their turn to fill their pitchers are sometimes kept there till midnight. Congéniès, like the rest of the Vau-nage, had a strong sympathy with the Camisard cause. In December, 1703, three months before his defeat at Nages, Cavalier celebrated a victory, which he had just gained at Roques d'Aubais, by holding a prayer and psalm meeting at Congéniès, at which all the inhabitants were compelled to be present. As soon as the triumphal ceremony was over, he demolished the fortifications, and set fire to the church.

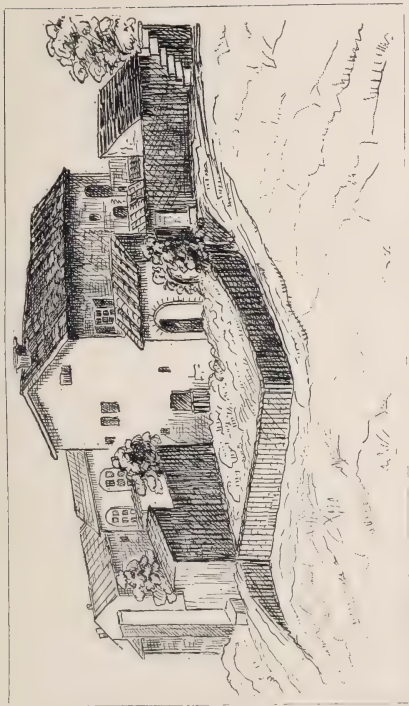
A picture of social life amongst the Friends of the village in the first and second decades of this century is drawn by Christine Alsop. "It approaches more," she says, "to having all things in common than anything else I know. You can go in and out of each other's houses without the least restraint. If one person has fruit the others partake of it. It is a constant interchange of kind offices which is little understood elsewhere. All sorts of implements for domestic use, or for agriculture, are lent and borrowed; and it not unfrequently happens, rather inconveniently sometimes, that things are taken without leave; and although a person who has been accustomed to highly civilized life may feel the want of refinement, and of intellectual society, yet there is so much of real kindness, of devotedness in affliction, and of readiness to oblige, that there is not a little to give up when an exchange is made for a life more artificial and more refined." We may add that this Arcadian mode of life is not yet extinct.

Louis Majolier died in 1842. His daughter Christine came to England with William Allen in 1817, and in 1847 was married to Robert Alsop, a minister of the gospel in the Society of Friends. Although she resided in England the greater part of her life, her heart was bound up with

her native country, to which she made frequent journeys with her husband in the service of the gospel. They were united also in many other works of charity and benevolence, and have left us a bright example of humility, diligence and godliness. If the Church of the Congénies Quakers has not increased in numbers as time has gone on, nor even been able to hold its own, it has produced not a few of those of whom our Lord said, "Ye are the salt of the earth; ye are the light of the world."

Another location of the Friends was at St. Hippolyte, a market-town about eighteen miles north-west of Fontanès, and frequently mentioned in these volumes. A mile from the town is the hamlet of La Ribière, consisting of four houses, one of which for several generations was the dwelling of the Paradon family. There is now a good road through the valley; formerly there was only a mule track. The house stands on a rock accessible from the road by a steep winding path, and has the appearance of being very ancient even in this land of old houses. Through the cart-house a very narrow door, which was concealed by faggots, led to a stable, where by the side of the rack and manger was an aperture to an inner hiding-place; this opening also could be effectually masked. The cachette itself is a misshapen cell about six feet long, and nearly as high, and three or four feet wide, with a small air-hole at the top. The house often served as a rendezvous for the Friends, and when a meeting was to be held there the farmer would load his ass with faggots and drive it towards the town, and whenever he met any of the faithful would drop in passing the two words, *Ce soir*, saying nothing else. When the hour of meeting came a watch was set, and if the sentinel heard the soldiers, or became aware of any other danger, he screeched like an owl.

At Montmeyran, nine miles south-east of Valence, has resided for three generations a family of Friends, descended,



La Ribière, the Paradon House, before the alterations.

*[From a Drawing.]*



like those of Congéniès, from the more spiritual section of the Reformed Church. The house, which is the highest in the village, is charmingly situated on the summit of a knoll surrounded by vines, orchards and fields. The mistress of the house, Madame Combe, is the author of the elegy on Marie Durand given above.\* It was from this house, with her husband, Benjamin Combe, as guide, that the writer visited Beaufort and Crest, as described in Chapter XIX. Another day he was taken, with one of his fellow-travellers, by their kind host to see a cachette in a hamlet a few miles distant. These hiding-places were numerous both in the towns and in the mountains. The road leads east, with the Alps always in view. You come first to Le Pialoux, an ancient building partially anterior to the era of the Revocation. What is now the waggon-shed or barn bears a date cut in the stone-work of a few years later, namely, 1697, and shows marks of troublous times. The small windows, high up near the roof, were protected by iron bars and shutters, and several slits remain in two of the walls from whence assailants could be fired upon. From thence you go a few steps further to another ancient square farm-house. On one side the dead stone wall is built out into a small tower, the middle chamber of which served as a hiding-place during the persecution, and Louis Ranc is said to have found safe concealment there on several occasions. The woman of the house kindly showed us the contrivance. The cachette comes at the back of the fireplace in the old kitchen or living room upstairs, from whence it was entered by a concealed door. It is a commodious cell, large enough to contain a bed and chair, and in winter it would receive warmth from the fire. There is a corresponding chamber underneath it, and another above to which access is gained by a separate stair. The cachette was also accessible from

\* See ante, p. 316.

without through a small square window which, when we were there, was completely masked by a fig tree growing up from the roadside below. It must have been the same during the persecution, for Louis Ranc is said to have climbed up and let himself down by a fig tree, and so passed to and fro through the window.

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The information contained in this Appendix is derived from the following sources :—

Manuscripts supplied by the late Josiah Forster to the author, and published by him in 'The Friend' for 1845.

Manuscripts supplied to the author by Clément Brun, of Fontanès, and conversations with the Brun family and other members of the Society in France.

Manuscript papers and letters lent to the author by Mrs. Robert Barclay, and partially made use of by her husband in his 'Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth.' London. 1876. N.B.—This chapter of R. B.'s work was left unfinished.

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